This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

UC-NRLF
B 3 794 047

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

VOLUME II.

GIFT OF
Knights of St. Patrick

SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
FIAT LVX
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

827.8c
G128
v.2

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOL. II.—YEAR 1872-73.

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY

OF

INVERNESS.

VOL. II.—YEAR 1872-73.

Clann nan Gaidheil ri Guaillean a' Cheile.

INVERNESS:
PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
THE HIGHLANDER NEWSPAPER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING
COMPANY, LIMITED, 42 CHURCH STREET.
1873.

Knights of St. G.

828c
G128
v. 2

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Office-Bearers	vii
Constitution	viii
Introduction	xiii
Results of the Battle of Culloden	1
Celtic Sympathies of Burns	1
Gaelic Lecture by the Rev. A. MacGregor, M.A.	6
Toirioc na Taine, by A. A. Carmichael, Cor. M.S. A. Scot.	25
Notes on "Toireachd na Taine," by Standish O'Grady, Esq., M.R.I.A.	39
The Study of the Gaelic Language, by W. Mackay	42
Laoidh nan Ceann, by A. A. Carmichael	46
The Annual Supper	49
Our Fires and Firesides, a Paper on Peats, by J. Murdoch	65
Sgeulachdan Ghlinn-Urchudainn, by Wm. Mackay	74
Scottish Gaelic Literature, by N. MacNeill	80
Second Annual Assembly	92
"On Letters," by Alex. Halley, Esq., M.D., F.G.S. &c.	109
List of Members	120

308243

THE
Gaelic Society of Inverness.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR THE YEAR 1873.

CHIEF.

CLUNY MACPHERSON OF CLUNY MACPHERSON.

CHIEFTAINS.

THOMAS MACKENZIE. | ALEXANDER DALLAS.
ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

HONORARY SECRETARY.

JOHN MURDOCH.

SECRETARY.

WILLIAM MACKAY, 67 CHURCH STREET.

TREASURER.

DUNCAN MACKINTOSH, BANK OF SCOTLAND.

BARD.

ANGUS MACDONALD.

LIBRARIAN.

LACHLAN MACBEAN.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

CHARLES MACKAY. | G. J. CAMPBELL.
DUNCAN MACIVER. | ALEXANDER M'LEAN.
PETER MACKINTOSH.

BANKERS.

THE CALEDONIAN BANKING COMPANY.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIRNIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

I.

'Se ainm a Chomuinn "Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis."

II.

'Siad rùintean a Chomuinn:—na buill a dheanamh foirfe ann an cleachdadh na Gailig; cinneas cànaine, bàrdachd, agus ciùil Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba; bàrdachd, seann-aithrisean, sgeulachdan, leabhraichean agus sgriobhanna Gaidhealach a thearnadh 'o dhìchuimhn'; leabhar-lann a shuidheachadh ann an Inbhirnis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh, an cànain sam bith, a bhuineas do chàileachd, fhoghlum, eachdraidheachd, sheanachasaibh agus fhior-thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd agus nan Gaidheal; còir nan Gaidheal a dhion 's an leas a chuideachadh, an cein 's am fagus.

III.

'Siad a bhitheas nam buill do'n Chomuinn dream a ghabhas suim do a rùintibh, agus a bhitheas air an tairgse agus an tairgse daingnichte aig aon choinneamh, agus air an roghnachadh le, aig a chuid a 's lugha, tri-cheathramh de na buill a roghnachadh le crannchur aig coinneamh eile. Air do'n neach a roghnaicheadh an co-thoirt iocadh gheibh e stigh gu ainm-chlar nam Ball.

IV.

Bithidh co-thoirt nam ball gu ionmhas a Chomuinn mar a leanas:—

Buill-beatha, aon iocadh de	£7	7	0
Buill-Urramach 'sa bhliadhna	0	10	6
Buill-Chumanta . Do.	0	5	0
Og-bhuill Do.	0	1	0

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

I.

The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

II.

The objects of the Society are:—The perfecting of the members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a Library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, literature, history, antiquities, and material interests of the Highlands and Highland people, the vindication of their rights, and the furtherance of their interests, both at home and abroad.

III.

The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects, and who shall be proposed and seconded at one meeting, and elected by at least three-fourths of the members voting by ballot at a subsequent meeting. On payment of the Subscription the person elected shall be admitted to the Roll of Membership.

IV.

The Subscription of members to the funds of the Society shall be as follows:—

Life Members, one payment of - - -	£7	7	0
Honorary Members, annually - - -	0	10	6
Ordinary Members, Do. - - -	0	5	0
Junior Members, Do. - - -	0	1	0

V.

Earbar riaghladh gnothuichean a Chomuinn ri Comhairle de dabhall-deug, roghnaichte le crannchur an Ceud-Mhios gach bliadhna, agus air a deanamh suas do Cheann-feadhna, tri Iar-chinn-fheadhna Cleireach Urramach, Run-chleireach, Ionmhasair, agus cuig buill eile de'n Chomunn ; feumaidh iad uile a Ghailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn, agus feumar cuigear dhiubh airson coinneamh. Lionar, o am gu am, airson an eadar-uin,' dreuchd sam bith a nithear falamh re na bliadhna.

VI.

Cumaidh an Comunn coinneamhan gach seachdhuin o thoiseach an Deicheamh-Mios gu deireadh na Giblein, airson cur air aghaidh na nithe ainmichte anns an dara Reachd ; feumar seachdnar airson coinneamh. Aig gach coinneamh mu'n seach bithidh an oraid no'n deasboireachd agus na labhrar umpa ann an Gailig.

VII.

Cumaidh an Comunn Co-chruinneachadh Bliadhnail anns an t-Seachdamh-Mios aig am bith Oraidean, leughadhan, aithriseadh agus seinn an Gailig 's am Beurla, maille ri piobaireachd agus ceòl Gaidhealach eile. Gheibh nithe Gailig an roimh-urram.

VIII.

Feudaidh an Comunn urrad 'us seachd de na buill, a tha sonruichte airson am foghlum Gaidhealach, no airson gradh dùthcha, a thaghadh gu bhi nan Cinn-fheadhna urramach.

IX.

Cha'n atharraichear cuid sam bith de'n cho-shuidheachadh gun aonta cheathar-chuigeamh do luchd-bruidhinn na Gailig an lathair aig coinneamh a ghairmeadh airson an aobhar so, air rabhadh mios aig a chuid a's lugha, agus aig an toir aig a chuid a's gaine fichead ball an guth. Feumaidh atharrachadh sam bith a thairgear a bhi daingnichte fo làmh-sgriobhadh aig a chuid a's lugha seachd buill, agus air a roi-innseadh aig coinneamh chumanta.

X.

Feudaidh an Comunn mion-laghan a dheanamh o am gu am, ach cha'n fheudar na mion-laghan so a dheanamh, atharrachadh, no chur am mùtha ach air suidheachadh aig a chuid a 's lugha, da-thrian de na buill an lathair aig coinneamh chumanta do'n Chomunn, an deigh rabhadh mios.

XI.

Taghaidh an Comunn Bàrd, Piobaire agus Fear-leabharlann.

V.

The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council of Twelve Members, chosen annually by ballot, in the month of January, and consisting of a Chief, three Chieftans, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic ; five to be a quorum. Vacancies occurring during the year shall, from time to time, be filled up *ad interim.*

VI.

The Society shall hold weekly meetings from the beginning of October to the end of April, for the furtherance of the objects specified in Article II ; seven to be a quorum. At every alternate meeting the Essay or Debate, and discussion thereon, shall be in Gaelic.

VII.

The Society shall hold an Annual Assembly in the month of July, at which there shall be Pipe and other Highland Music, Singing, Readings, Recitations, and Addresses in Gaelic and English. Gaelic subjects shall have the preference.

VIII.

The Society may elect gentlemen who are distinguished for Celtic Literary attainments or patriotism, and who are members, as Honorary Chieftans, to the number of seven.

IX.

No part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of four-fifths of the Gaelic-speaking members present at a meeting specially called for the purpose, on not less than a month's notice, and provided that not less than twenty members vote. Any proposed alteration must be signed by at least seven members, and given notice of at an ordinary meeting. No Rules or Bye-Laws can be enacted, modified, or rescinded, except on the resolution of at least two-thirds of the members present at a Business Meeting of the Society, after a month's notice.

X.

The Society shall annually elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Council regret the delay which has taken place in issuing this, the second volume of the Society's Transactions—which is largely owing to the large proportion of Gaelic lore—so much desiderated by the readers of the first volume,—forming its contents. This will be found, however, to have added to the intrinsic value of the work; and the Council are confident the volume will prove worthy to rank with the first, both in value and interest; and they trust it will meet with an equally cordial reception from the members of the Society and from the public.

A large accession to the membership of the Society, and an increase at home and abroad, of societies formed to serve the objects for which the Gaelic Society of Inverness was founded, are some of the results expected to follow this issue.

The Council are glad to find that these objects were to a considerable extent accomplished by the first volume; and the work of organization still goes on. In addition to this, several volumes of Gaelic Poetry, a commodity in which few men of business would but very recently have invested much money, have been published in the interval; and a great variety of music, in one way or another, belonging to the Highlands, or celebrating the praises of the Celt, has been put into circulation. Reference may also be made to the increasing appreciation of Gaelic and Gaelic Literature

among other peoples. The "Illustrations of Ossian," mentioned in the previous volume, were soon afterwards published—a splendid tribute to the Gaelic bard and Celtic hero, from the graphic pencil of a son of Italy, and very appropriately seconded by letter-press descriptions from the pen of Mr Murdoch, the Honorary Secretary of this Society. Special mention should be made here of "The Philologic uses of the Celtic Tongue," by Professor Geddes, a work which, though small, has already exerted a large amount of influence on the destiny of the language of the Celt.

Mr C. S. Jerram, an English gentleman and scholar, who has mastered the Gaelic tongue, has given to the world in very acceptable form and style, an English version of *Dan an Deirg* and *Tiomna Ghuill*, a fact which deserves special notice; and in connection with this, it is also very gratifying to notice that during last session, and previous to the appearance of Mr Jerram's book, a very meritorious English version of *Dan an Derig* was read to the Society by its Librarian, Mr Lachlan M'Bean. The members may possibly have the pleasure of perusing the latter in the next volume of the Transactions. The philological, topographical and other Gaelic papers appearing from time to time in the pages of the *Gael;* and in the Gaelic and Antiquarian departments of the *Highlander* newspaper afford further evidence of an increasing interest in Celtic literature and lore.

Several changes have taken place among the office-bearers since those here given were elected. Among them must be mentioned with regret the resignations of the admirable Secretary and of the Treasurer, both of whom have left the Highland Capital for other spheres of usefulness. It is gratifying to note, however, that the life membership is increasing; and the Council would earnestly recommend that connection with the Society, to all ardent and patriotic Highlanders who desire to strengthen the foundation of the Society and to increase its usefulness and influence.

The Council would again beg to solicit the attention of the

members to the claims of the Library. Quite an unusual demand for Gaelic books has sprung up, particularly from the colonies ; and unless a special effort be made at once to make the Library what it ought to be, it will ere long become a difficult matter to make satisfactory progress with that important branch of the Society's work.

The practical recognition of Gaelic as a branch of early education in our Highland Schools, and the founding of Gaelic Professorships in our Universities, are two other important objects, deserving some attention from the public, and demanding a special and speedy effort for their accomplishment on the part of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

TRANSACTIONS.

OCTOBER 3.—Upon Thursday, the 3rd day of October, 1872, the Gaelic Society of Inverness held their first meeting of the second year of their existence, within the Guildry Hall. The evening was devoted to the election of members and other business.

OCTOBER 10.—Upon this evening a debate took place in Gaelic upon the question—"Were the results of the battle of Culloden beneficial to the Highlands?" The discussion was opened by Mr James Fraser, commission agent, who, in an able and interesting address, maintained that the results *were* beneficial to the Highlands. The negative side was opened by Mr Mackay, the secretary, and thereafter a number of those present spoke upon the subject. The discussion was animated, and brought out many interesting incidents of the stirring times of the Forty-five. At the close a show of hands was taken, which was found to be in favour of the negative.

OCTOBER 17.—Upon this evening Mr Murdoch read a paper upon "The Celtic Sympathies of Burns," from which we take the following:—

THE CELTIC SYMPATHIES OF BURNS.

Robert Burns, having been born and brought up among Saxon-speaking Lowlanders, is, of course, claimed and appropriated as a gem in the crown of the chief of races, the mythic Anglo-Saxon! No doubt his mother was an Ayrshire woman. It does not, however, follow that she was a Saxon; for Ayrshire, until very recently was as Celtic as the neighbouring county of Argyle. The names

of the old towns, villages, parishes, and farms are Gaelic; and so are the names of most of the people—as is the case in Wigtonshire and the rest of Galloway. Nay, until within the last two hundred years, Gaelic was the vernacular of all that country. So that the probabilities are in favour of the supposition that even Burns's mother was a Celt. Her maiden name, "Brown," falls readily into the same preponderating scale. In the Highlands it is common, where it has two origins—the one through a literal translation, and the other through an accommodating corruption. The former, *Donn*, the Gaelic for the colour *brown*—the other is a corruption of *Briuinn*, the Gaelic of judges. Hence many in the Highlands who are called Brown in English are, in the language of the country, called *clann a'Bhriuinn*. The transition in sound from Briuin to Brown is slight, although in sense the stride is considerable between the colour Brown and the ancient Celtic functionaries the Briuins. *Briuin* itself, by the way, as well as the modern Irish *Brehon*, is a slight departure in sound, and more in spelling, but none in sense, from the real old word *Breitheamhna* (judges). *Breith* (pronounced nearly brae) is the verb to judge; *Breitheamh* (pronounced bre-av, or bre-u) is the noun which designates the official who judges; and *Breitheamhnas* (pronounced bre-anus) is the name of what the judge does (judgment). To return: William Burness, the poet's father, was, we may say, a fugitive member of a Celtic or Highland Jacobitical clan in the North of Scotland, and characterised by those qualities which bound the Highlanders to their country, their clans, their chiefs, and their king, so long as faith was kept and liberty could be enjoyed; but which, when these failed, compelled them to betake themselves to other lands.

So far, then, the Highlanders, from whose fruitful Celtic stem sprang the imperishable sons and fathers of song—Ossian, Oran, Ullin, Clan Mhuirich, Clan Chodrum, Mackay, Ross, Macdonald, MacIntyre, MacNeill, McColl, &c., would seem to have no slight claim to Coila's Rustic bard. If this claim be valid, as it certainly is plausible, it will help to account simply and naturally for his Highland predilections and sympathies. The object of his great love was Mary Campbell, a Highland girl; a circumstance to which the world is indebted for one of his best and most generally received songs, "Highland Mary." This love may, on the one hand, be traced, in some measure, to the kindred sympathy of Celtic blood; or, on the other, be regarded as the origin of that sympathy. Or, what is still more probable, this event may have roused to life and activity those inherited, but hitherto latent, Celtic tendencies and susceptibilities which ever after manifested themselves under the slightest stimulation. So that we may thus say that the Celt and

the Poet were at once awakened by the melody of love, as his muse expresses it in the "Vision":—

> "When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong,
> Keen-shivering, shot thy nerves along,
> Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
> Th' adorèd name,
> I taught thee how to pour in song
> To soothe thy flame."

Now it is not unworthy of notice that these very lines have certain marks of Celtic kinship. "Warm-blushing, strong, keen-shivering," are as if imitations of Ossian or Donnchadh Bàn. But as we cannot call them imitations we must trace them to the same fountain.

Allan Cunningham, after referring to Macpherson's Rant, says, "the genius of the North had an influence over the Poet's musings in other compositions. In 'The Highland Lassie,' the lover complains of want of wealth and of the faithlessness of fortune; but strong in affection, declares—

> 'For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
> For her I'll trace the distant shore,
> That Indian wealth may lustre throw
> Around my Highland Lassie, O!'

In the 'Northern Lassie,' he utters similar sentiments; and in the 'Braw, braw Lads of Gallawater,' his hand may be traced by the curious in Scottish song." "Stay, my Charmer," if not of Highland extraction, owes its air to the North.

He shews a strong predilection for the ideas, the spirit, the poetry, and the music of the North. In his Highland travels he was quite smitten with the ease, elegance, and sweetness of the society, as well as with the songs and their airs. Of course it was seldom that much of the original richness of the poetry was conveyed to him by a translation, which is but a miserable cribbing, cabining and confining of the Celtic poetic genius, within the bounds of the language of a "nation of shopkeepers." The music, however, took possession of him at once, as strains of liquid language fraught with wealth and melody to every tuneful soul. So thoroughly was this music cast in the same mould with his own poetic muse, that he has several scores of songs to purely Gaelic airs, many of which had not before his day even acquired Lowland

names.* Allan Cunningham again says, "I have said that he exhibited early symptoms of Jacobitism: his Highland tours and conversations with the chiefs and the ladies of the North, strengthened a liking which he seems to have inherited from his fathers." And Burns himself says, "By the bye, it is singular enough that the Scottish muses were all Jacobite. I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps anybody living has done, and I do not recollect one single stanza, or even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyrical reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick, whilst there are hundreds satirizing them. This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots' poets, *but I mean it as such.* For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said, that my heart ran before my head. And surely the gallant though unfortunate House of Stewart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a thing much more interesting than . . . ."

All the above facts, sentiments, and observations go to show the same things—the Celtic constitution and predilections of Burns; and his observations relative to the Scottish muses generally being so Jacobitical, is to the effect that they were eminently Celtic. There were many Celts on the Brunswick side, but certainly all the Scots on the Stuart side may be said to have been Highlanders. So that in saying that the Scottish muses were Jacobitical, he virtually represents them as being Highland too.

And why should it not be added in passing, that even Walter Scott drew no small share of his inspiration from Highland scenes, sentiments, and lore, as well as from this same Jacobitism. Was not Byron's harp strung in the Highlands, and vibrated by the boreal breath of "Dark Lochnagar." Campbell, too, though born in the Lowlands, it was whilst in the Higlands, the home of his fathers, in the retirement of the glens and valleys around Duntroon, listening to the roar of the western waves, as, after a race of a thousand leagues, they forced their way through the gulf of *Coire Bhreachdain*, the beautiful pastoral picture of his retreat, backed by the rugged crags of Scaraba and Alpine heights of Jura, that the

*Of the latter are—*An gille dubh, ciarr, dubh; Banarach dhonn a' Chruidh; A' chaora Chrom; Baile 'mhonaidh mhoir; Druimionn dubh; Failte na misg; "Gille Morice;" "Hee baloo;" Latha Raon ruadhraidh; An Gligearum chas; Mòrag; Oran gaoil; Oran an Aoig; Port Ruairidh dhaill; Rinn m'éudail mo mhealladh; Robaidh dona, gòrach; Iain buidhe; Tullochgorm; Coille-Chragaidh.* Besides these, several of his songs are simply to "A Gaelic Air," and to "A Highland Air;" and some to airs whose names would seem to be in a transition state from one language to another.

northern breeze which passed o'er the hills of Morvern and ruins of Selma, inspired the Celtic bard with the genius of Ossian to sing the song of liberty in the chivalric spirit of Fingal, king of heroes.

And when Burns wanted the essence of Scottish valour and warlike power, where did he look for it but among the Highland hills! In his "Earnest cry and prayer to the Scottish Representatives," although it is Scotland at large which complains, when he wants her to assume an attitude of terror to those who would refuse her demands, it is her Highland phase which he presents:—

> "An' L——d, if ance ye put her til't,
> Her tartan petticoats she'll kilt."

Alas the wearers of the "tartan kilt," who, in time of war have been the defence of England as well as of Scotland, are in time of security swept away to make room for sheep and deer.

Here again:—

> "But bring a Scotsman frae his *hill*,
> Clap in his cheek a *Highlan'* gill,
> Say such is royal George's will,
> An' there's the foe:
> He has na thought but how to kill
> Twa at a blow."

There is surely *much* in the *little*, that all he wants in the future life, is "A Highland Welcome."

One of his "Twa Dogs" is called—

> "After a dog in Highland sang,
> Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang."

This is Cuchulin's *Luath;* and the fact and manner of his introduction show to the careful and competent reader that the bard had more than a passing acquaintance with the poems of Ossian; that he must have learned the Gaelic *pronunciation* of some at least of the names which figure in Fingal—although Saxon-speaking editors, mispronouncing the dog's name, mangled the passage, thereby, reflecting but little credit on the versifying powers of their author, by making *ha'* into *have*, in a vain attempt to rhyme it with an *English* pronunciation of *l, u, a, t, h!* Burns never was so hard up for harmonious sounds as to speak or write:—

> "I've often wondered, honest Lu*ath*,
> What sort of life poor dogs like *you have*,

with the view of *th* or *ve* being sounded. When he penned that passage, he knew that *th* in Gaelic was mute, and he finished the second line accordingly with the broad Scotch, *you ha'*, and not

you have; thus commending it, as perfect rhyme, to the Gaelic ear which demanded that it should be read—

"I've often wondered, honest *Lu-a*,
What sort of life poor dogs like *you ha'*."

But from criticism let us come to his "Native Muse," who counselled him—

"Thy tuneful flame still careful fan,
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust the universal plan
Will all protect."

Coila is but a Highland lassie deified, as well in expression as in costume and proportions:—

"A hair-brained, sentimental trace
Was strongly markéd in her face;
A wildly-witty rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen wi' humour.

Down flow'd her robe in *tartan* sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! My bonny Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straight, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else cam' near it.'

These hurried notes, which are but so many straggling gleams falling from an unusual point on some of the many glorious traits which formed the character of Scotia's darling bard, indicate that whatever may have been the accidents of tongue and birth, the Poet and the Man were intensely Celtic. But, in thus appearing less Lowland and more Highland, he only stands higher as the more perfect Scot.

LECTURE BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR.

Upon the evening of 24th October the Rev. Mr Macgregor, Inverness, delivered the following Gaelic lecture in the hall of the Association Buildings, before a large audience. The chair was occupied by Mr Dallas, town clerk, who introduced the lecturer in a short but eloquent Gaelic address. Thereafter Mr Macgregor said:—

Fhir-suidhe Urramaich, a Bhantighearna, agus a Dhaoin'-uailse,

Céud mìle fàilte,
Air Comunn Gäelig Inbherneis ;
Sŏnas a's àgh,
Soirbheas a's slàinte,
Do Comunn Gäelig Inbherneis.

Tha dòchas agam gu'm bi sibh bàigheil rium, an uair a tha mi chum dìchioll a dheanamh air an fheasgair so, chum beagan nithe a leigeadh ris duibh a thaobh nan cùisean cudthromach air son an do dhealbhadh an Comunn àluinn a ta nis cruinn anns an talla so. Bha e riamh, agus bithidh e a chaoidh na nì taitneach do na Gaidheil a bhi 'còmhlachadh a' chéile, a' labhairt r'a chéile, agus a' cumail comuinn agus conaltraidh r'a chéile ann an ionad sam bith ; agus cha'n urrainn nach 'eil sin ro thaitneach gu'n teagamh ann an àite mar so, far am bheil sliochd nam beann air an aonachadh ra chéile mar Chomunn dìleas anns a' bhaile so, chum gach ni a bhuineas do'n *Ghaelig*, agus do na *Gäidheil* a chur air an aghaidh, agus a chumail air chuimhne. Tha e, uime sin, 'na aobhar aoibhneis dòmhsa a nis a bhi 'labhairt ruibh, agus a' cur fàilte oirbh 'n 'ur càinnt òirdheirc fein,—càinnt aig nach 'eil coimeas chum smuainte a' chridhe, agus feartan na h-inntinn a leigeadh ris. Tha e sòlasach an comhnuidh, a bhi tachairt ri càirdibh ann an ceàrnadh sam bith de'n t-saoghal ; ach theirinn, gu'n sgàth gu'n eagal, nach 'eil toilinntinn talmhaidh ann ni's mò, na sluagh a bhi 'gabhail còmhnuidh cuideachd ann an cărantas agus gràdh, a' labhairt r'a chéile anns a' chàinnt sin a bha ann o chian, agus a' cuideachadh le chéile mar bhràthaire, a ta air an aonachadh le cleachd, le cainnt, agus le cineadas.

Tha deagh-fhios agam air mo neo-ìomlanachd fein chum na nithe sin bu mhath leam a chur an céill duibh, a dheanamh co soilleir, reidh a's a dh' fhéumadh iad,—ach féumaidh sibh an toil a ghabhail air son a' ghnìomh, agus foighidinn a dheanamh rium rè tamuill bhig. Bu ro mhath leam gu'n cuidicheadh gach tréubh agus fine air feadh na Gaidhealtachd air fad, leis a' Chomunn so a ta air a shuidheachadh ann am baile-cìnn so na h-àirde-tuatha,—agus gun tigeadh càirdean ann an lionmhorachd o thigh Iain Ghròta a'n Gallthaobh, gu iomallaibh na Gaidhealtachd 'san àirde-deas, agus gu'n seasadh iad gu *deas, dian, tairis*, agus tréubhach air bhur taobh.

Fhir-suidhe urramaich,—Ged a bhithinn-sa cho deas-bhriathrach ris an Olladh Ian Stiùbhart *Blackie*,—no co mìn-eòlach air cùisibh agus cleachdannaibh na tìre ri "Lochabar Iochdarach,"—cha'n 'eil e a'm' chomas, air aon fheasgair mar so, labhairt ach air fior neo-ni de na nithibh éugsamhla sin bu mhiann leis a' Chomunn so a

theasairginn agus a chumail air chùimhne. Tha riaghailtean ùra rìoghachd air an deàlbhadh,—innleachdan agus ealaidhean eile air am faotuinn a mach,—laghailtean agus tionnsgnaidhean air an leigeadh ris anns na lìnntibh fòghluimte so, a ta féumail agus freagarrach annta fein; ach, tha iad so uile, mar gu'm b'ann, a' tiodhlacadh, agus a' cur tiugh-fholuchaidh air gach ni air son an robh na Gaidheil mar chinneadh air an comharrachadh a'm measg uile chinneacha na talmhuinn. Cha'n 'eil e taitneach gu'm biodh na nithe sin air an càll; agus le rùn gu'n teasairginn, agus le deagh-dhùrachd chum an cumail air chùimhne, tha Comunn Gäelig a' bhaile sô air an suidheachadh. Tha na Gaidheil 'nan *sluagh* comharraichte, tha eachdraigh nan Gaidheal comharraichte, tha *càinnt, ceòl, cantaireachd, còmhdachadh, cinneadh, cleachdanna, cruadal,* agus *càirdeas* 'nan Gaidheal, cha'n e mhàin na'n nithe ro chomharraichte annta fein, ach tha iad 'nan nithe a mheasadh co cudthromach, co ciatach, agus cò càil-ghluasadach, 's gu'n do dheal-bhadh iomadh comunn eile, ceart cosmhuil ri Comunn Gaelig Inbherneis, chum an teasairginn. Tha na buàidhean so gu léir äiridh air léudachadh orra, gach aon fa seach; ach cha cheadaich an ùine dhomh labhairt ach air beagan dhiübh aig an àm. Thugam fanear, 'san dol a mach,

Na Gaidheil fein.

Co iad? Cia as a thàinig iad? Ciod is céud-thùs doibh? Ciod air am bheil fios againn mu'n timchioll a thaobh an stuic agus am fréum aca? Tha na nithe so uile air an còmhdachadh agus air am foluchadh le tiugh-dhìomhaireachd agus dorchadas nan céud lìnn. Cha *ruig* eachdraidh air ais gu prìomh-thoiseach a' chinnidh so. Tha lionmhorachd dhaoine fòghluimte ann, a rinn an dìchioll chum so a rannsachadh a mach,—agus ged a tha iad a' co'-chòrdach, gu'm bheil na *Gaidheil* agus a *Ghaelig* anabarrach sean, gidheadh, cha'n 'eil e furasd doibh a' cheart frèumh o'n d'fhàs agus o'n d'thàinig iad a dheanamh gu soilleir a mach. Air so, chuir an Granntach, tighearna Choiridhmhonaidh, leabhar ro fhòghluimte a mach, o chionn thri fichead bliadhna air ais,—leabhar a ta leigeadh ris mòran nithe ro iongantach mu fhrèumh agus ghinealach nan Gaidheal. Tha esan a' deanamh mach, mar a ta na h-uiread de luchd-eachdraidh eile gu'n d'thàinig na Gàidheil a nàll o mhòr-thìr na h-Eorpa, agus gur i a' Ghäelig am prìomh-bhun o'n d'thàinig a' Ghréugais, an Laidinn, agus cànain eile. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach iad na Gäidheil an t-aon sluagh ris na Caledoniich, agus na Piocaich an sinsearra fein, eadhon na daoine gaisgeil sin a dhìon an dùthaich agus an saorsa fein, an aghaidh gach ionnsuidh a thugadh orra le àrmailtibh treun' nan Ròmanach. Bha Alba, no Caledonia

air a h-àiteachadh leis na Piocaich, agus thugadh leòsan ainmean, 'nan càinnt fein, air gach béinn agus baile, loch agus abhainn, agus ionad eile 'san rìoghachd. Uime sin, tha sinn a' faicinn gu ruig an là an diugh, agus dh' àindeoin gach atharrachaidh a rinneadh leis na h-Anglo-Saxons, Lochlunnaich, agus treubhan eile a thug ionnsuidh air Alba, agus a rinn gréim air earrannaibh di,—gu'm bheil iomadh àite anns a' Ghalltachd, agus ann an taobh deas na h-Alba, a' giùlan fathast nan ainmean Gaelig a thugadh dhoibh, o cheann còrr agus da mhìle bliadhna air ais, leis na Caledoniich. Tha gach ainm a tha tòiseachadh le Dùn, Bèinn, Monadh, Baile, Craig, Magh, Machair, Ach, Abhinn, Aird, Uachdar, Carn, Blar, Cùl, Drùim, Eas, Gleann, Srath, Innis, Cill, Meall, Tòrr, Cnoc, Tom, Loch, Lìnn, Pòll, Ros, Port, Tuillich, agus mòran eile, a' féuchainn air ball gur aìnmean Gäelig iad. Ann an siorramachd Air,—tha Dalbeg, Ballantrae, Auchanleck, Dalry, agus na h-uiread eile,—agus ciod iad sin ach an Dail-bheag, Bail'-an-traigh, Ach-nan-leachd, agus Dail-an-righ ?"

Cuiridh mi a nis beagan an céill mu chainnt nan Gaidheal, eadhon

A' GHAELIG.

Do gach cainnt thugamaid an t-urram do'n Ghaelig. Tha i liath-aosda, gidheadh is lùghmhor, laidir, lŭrach i, is fallain, fiachail, fìor-ghlan i. Mar òigh gheamnuidh, cha'n aill leatha gnothuch a bhi aice ri nì sam bith a ta truaillidh, no drabasda, no drochmhuinte. Ann am bèul nan laoch, is bìnn, blasda a fuaim ; agus is tìomhaidh, tròm a guth ann an gearan gach dream a ta fo bhròn ! Air Laidinn, 's air Gréugais bheir i barrachd, agus cha'n fhaighear a leithid 'ga labhairt fo'n ghréin !

Is ceart a thubhairt Ian Griogaireach, am bard, anns na briathraibh fileanta a leanas :—

Tha 'Ghaelig co luachmhor,
'S nach cuir sinn i suarach ;
Cò nach seasmhadh r'a guallain ?
'Si tha'n còradh nan uaislean,
'Ga labhairt gu'n truailleadh,
Feadh gach àit' anns an gluais iad,
Gu caithreamach, cruaidh, ceolmhor.
Gu caithreamach, &c.

Ged' chaidh a sàruch' 'na triall,
Cha do chaill i a mìagh ;
Tha i fallain o chìan,
Gun ghalar, gun ghiamh,
Buan, farumach, dian,
Gun alladh, gun fhiamh,
Anns gach talamh a dh' iarr eòlas.
Anns gach talamh, &c.

'Si bh' aig Adhamh 'sa ghàradh,
'Si bh' aig Eubha 'ga thàladh,
Gus 'n do mheall i gu bàs e,
'N uair a dh' ith e meas àluinn,
Chaidh a thoirmeasg dhà fhàgail,
'Se dh' fhag sinne 'na'r traillibh,
Ach fhuair sinn ar slànuch' is dòchas.
Ach fhuair sinn, &c.

'Nuair a chaidh an saoghal a bhàthadh,
Chaidh a' Ghäelig a theàrnadh,
Si bh' aig Noah 's an àirce,
'S aig gach curaidh a dh' fhàs uaidh,
Fhuair i 'n t-urram gu cràbhadh,
'S cha mhios i gu dànachd,
'S tha i milis a ghabhail òrain.
'S tha i milis, &c.

'Si bh' aig Tréunmor an toiseach,
A thog cìs o Righ Lochluinn,
Aig Fionn is aig Toscar,
Aig Cuchullin 's aig Oscar,
'S aig Caoilte nan cŏs-luath,
A' siubhal aonach, is slochd, is mhòr-bheann.
A' siubhal aonach, &c.

'Si bh' aig Conan 's aig Diarmad,
Aig Dubh-Chomar, 's aig Diaran,
Bha i uil' aig na Fiannaibh,
'N àm togail gu fiadhach,
No chasgadh an ìotadh,
De fhuil an nàimhdean 'san dian thòrachd.
De fhuil an nàimhdean, &c.

Cò thairgeadh dhi mi-mhodh ?
'S nach cumadh a'm mìagh i ?
Sgur i 'Ghaelig bha sgrìobhte,
Air na clachanna crìche,
Anns gach ionad de'n rìoghachd ;
Ged bha i fuidh mhi-ghean,
Tha i nise a' dìreadh,
S' gu'm mair i gu dilinn,
Mar bha i 's na linntibh o thùs !
Mar bha i, &c.

Mar so mhol am Bard Griogaireach a' Ghaelig, agus feudar a radh m'a thimchioll fein :—

'S urramach, neo-spòrsail,
Ro chòmhnard 'na labhairt e,
'S chuir rogha caoin air còmhradh
Gach Ceòlraidh bha tairis da ;

Tha iomadh ni gu seòlta,
'S gu ceòlmhor air aithris leis ;
'S mòr iongantas nan céudan,
Mu'n ghéurad a thachair da.

O ! 's luachmhor, gur luachmhor,
O ! 's luachmhor a cheileirean,
Gun aon nì annta suarach,
No tual, ach fior eireachdail,
Gu dian iad saoradh Gäelig
O sharuch' 's o dhearasan,
'S cha tearc na facaill àluinn,
O'n bhàs leò chaidh theasairginn.

Saor o dhonas, làn do shonas,
Air srath, monadh, 's glas thonnan,
Gu'n robh 'm fìrean, riamh nach sireadh
Coingheal lide Shasunnaich ;
Do'n teangaidh bhìnn, bha geamnuidh grìnn,
'N luchairt Suinn nan Ailpaineach ;
'S bha fòs aig Oisean déurach,
A' caoidh na Féinn chaidh thasgadh leis !

A' chànain a' chànain,
A' chànain bha'n toiseach i,
'S mar mhòr-chruaidh-chreagan laidir,
A tàmhsa biodh socaireach ;
'M feadh ghléusas slugan càil neach,
Cha bhàs is cha dochunn di,
Ach bheir i mach buaidh-làrach,
Feadh ghàbhanna 's dhosgannan !

'S lionmhor gaisgeach a ta aice,
'Cumail taic' is cothrom rith',
Agus caraid, le cruas daraig,
'Dol do'n charraid 'chogadh dhi,
Chum a dìonadh anns gach pìanadh,
'S chum a lìonadh dh' fhocalaibh,
'S mar lasair-chatha an léirsinn,
Gu léir-sgrios smid dhochaireach !

REV. ROBERT MACGREGOR, Skye.

Is lìonmhor na daoine fòghluimte agus tuigseach, ann an iomadh rìoghachd, a *bha*, agus a *tha* 'toirt mòr-spéis do'n Ghäelig, agus 'ga rannsachadh a mach mar sheann chanain a ta iongantach a thaobh a frèumhan agus a co'-dhealbhaidh. Cha'n 'eil ùin' agam na daoine sin ainmeachadh an nochd ; ach 'nam measg-san a ta fathasd beò aig am bheil mòr-thlachd do'n Ghaelig, agus an déigh sin, nach urrainn a labhairt, tha an t-Olladh Ian Steuart Blackie, a chual sibh a'n so, o cheann beagan mhìosan air ais. Tha, mar an céudna,

an t-Olladh Tomas Stratton, a chuir a mach leabhar beag o cheann da bhliadhna air ais, a' féuchainn gu'm bheil a' Ghäelig 'na bunait do'n Ghréugais, 's do'n Laidinn. A rìs, tha am Prionnsa Louis Lucien Bonaparte, anabarrach déidheil air a' Ghaelig, agus ro fhiosrach air gach meanglan a bhuineas di, mar a ta a' Ghaelig Fhrangach ann am Brittani, agus an Armoric, an Cornish, agus an Cimbric, agus a Ghäelig a ta 'ga labhairt fathasd 'san Odhailt (Wales), 'san Eilein Mhainneanaich, agus ann an Eirinn. Chuir am Prionnsa f'am chomhair-sa an Apocripha eadar-theangachadh chum na Gäelig Albanaich, agus rinn mi mo dhìchoill air sin a dheanamh. Ach a thuilleadh air a' mhuinntir urramaich so uile, tha tlachd mòr aig ar n-ard-Uachdaran a' Bhanrigh fein do'n Ghaelig, mar a ta aice do na Gäidheal, agus do'n Ghäidhealtachd ; agus fhuair i a rìs agus a rìs maighstirean-sgoile, chum a' Ghaèlig a theagasg d'a cuid mhac ; ach ciod an adhartas a rinn iad nan sgoilearachd Ghäidhealach, cha'n fhios dòmh-sa.

Rinneadh, mar an céudna, dichioll nach bu bheag, o àm gu h-àm, o chionn da fhichead bliadhna air ais, air luchd-turais beaga, baganta, a chur a mach anns an éididh Ghaidhealach, chum sliochd nam beann a theagasg a thaobh nithe éugsamhla a bhiodh féumail dhoibh ; ach mo thruaigh ! fhuair fear an déigh fir dhiubh bas. Chaochail iad uile, agus bu laoghach iad ! An toiseach ghabh "An Teachdaire Gaidhealach" an t-slighe, agus thug e ruaig air feadh nan garbh-chrioch, ach cha b' fhada gus an deachaidh e a dhìth. A rìs, dh' eirich suas "Caraid nan Gaidheal" 'sa bhaile so fein ; agus a rìs "Cuairtear nan Gleann," "Fear-tathaich nam beann," agus na h-uiread eile, ach chaidh as doibh gu léir, agus b' olc an airidh e. Ach cha d' fhagadh sinn fathast gu'n dòchas, oir dh' éirich o chionn ghoirid "Gäidheal" eile suas ann an Glaschu, a ta 'nis air a thurus, agus s'e dleas'nas a' Chomuinn so, agus gach uile neach eile aig am bheil dualchas agus duchas 'nan cridhe ; an aire a thoirt gu'm bi an "Gaidheal" laoghach so air 'eiridinn, agus air a chumail suas !

Air am laimh eile, cha bheag an strìth a rinneadh le muinntir chinneadail air feadh na rìoghachd, chum iad fein aonachadh r'a chéile ann an comunnaibh, gu leas na Gaidhealtachd a chur air aghaidh. Chum na crìche so tha Comunn Gäidhealach ann an Obaireadhain, Cìllribhinn, Dùneidin, Lunnain, Glaschu, 'n-America, agus ann an aitibh eile ; agus cha lugha ann an dealas agus deaghdhùrachd, an leanabh a's òige dhe'n teaghlach aluinn so, "Comunn Gäelig Inbherneis" :—

Glacam an t-àm so chum còmhdachadh,
Sàr bhuaidhean agus àilleachd a' chòir chomuinn,

Tha eòlach, tuigseach, géur,—lan gliocais agus céill,
Gu'n mhearachd gu léir, ann 'nan seòlannaibh ;
Subhailceach 'nam béus,—ro urramach gu léir,
Gur toilicht' tha mi fein, a bhi còmhladh riu.
Cha'n fhacas riamh 'san tir, aon chomunn bheir dhiubh cis,
'S ceanalt', suairce, sìobhalt', neo-spòrsail iad ;
Mar dhoimain ann an séud, tha na h-òganaich,
Le'm fòghlum, beachd, is reusan, is oirdheirceas ;
'S mar sgathan do ghloin réidh, a' glacadh gathan gréin',
Tha'n cridhe le creidimh thréun, air a stòladh dhoibh.

Fir dionaidh na Gäelig,
O gach gàbhadh is éucoir,
'S on dh' fhàs suas na h-àrmuinn,
Cha chunnard dhi géilleadh.
Cha'n ioghna ged tha i,
Sir éiridh ni's àirde,
'S gur i bha aig Adhamh
'Sa ghàradh ri Eubha ;
'S gur i bha roimh so
'N talamh 'na h-Eiphit,
Feadh mhòr-thir na h-Eorpa,
'Ga labhairt, 's ga h-éisdeachd,
'S ged 'chaidh' ruagadh air astar,
Thar na cuantaibh tha farsuing,
Fhuair i tàmh agus fasgadh
A'n Albainn 'sa'n Eirinn.
O'n t-urram, an t-urram,
An t-urram, do'n chéud chainnt'
Nach deach' mar chaidh mòran
Do chàinntibh an éug oirnn ;
Ma bhios canain air thalamh,
'Ga labhairt a'm flaitheas,
Tha mòran 'sa bharail
Gur Gaelig un té sin !

Tha nis a' Ghaelig ghrinn
Anns an rioghachd so,
Sir thogail suas a cinn,
'S 'dol an lionmhorachd.
Ged bha i ionnan 's bàlbh.
Gun ghuth oirre, no sealbh,
Cha robh i fathasd màrbh,
Agus di chuimhnich'.
Ach fo dheagh ghean gach aoin,
A frèumhan rinn i sgaoil,
Is dh' éirich i mar chraoibh
Bha 'na mìn-phreasan.

Tha uaisle nan Gàll
Uile foir oirre,

'S ga cumail ann an luach
Agus sporsalachd ;
Seadh, tha na Goill iad féin,
'Toirt aire d'a mor-fheum,
'S bu mhiannach leo gu léir
A bhi eolach oirr'—
A chum gu'm mealar leo,
Gach ionmhas tha 'na coir
'S gu'm faicear air gach seol
Uile bhoidhcheadan.
A' chànain a bha riamh
Feadh bheanntan agus shliabh,
Ban-oighre dhligheach fhior
Chaledonia !
A' chanain a's fearr
Fo na spéuran i,
Chum gach smaoin is ni
'Chur an céill innte.
Làn thorrach i gach am,
Air focail nach 'eil gann,
Tha gach càinnt eile th'ann
A' toirt géillidh dhi.
Ach tha i 'nis 'dol suas,
Air bunnchar nach gluais,
Le comhnadh Comuinn uasail,
'S cha tréig iad i.

B' iad sud an Comunn ceanalta,
Bha aineolach air do-bheirt ;
Caoimhneil, fearail, gribheagach,
Làn misniche, gu'n mhor-chùis !
Bu bheothail iad gu deasboireachd,
Co'-pairteachadh gu h-eircachdail
An eòlais le géur spreigeileachd,
Gun easbhuidh, le mor-sheòltachd.
O ! 's mor an spéis a ghabh mi dhiubh,
'Sa chaoidh cha ghabh mi aithreachas,
'S is mor mo dhùil, mar meallar mi,
Gu'm bi sinn tric comhladh !
Cha'n urrainn, is cha'n aithne dhomh,
An cliù a chur an rannaireachd,
'S cha'n innseadh Homer barraichte,
Gach snuadh tha orr, is mor-thlachd ;
No Bhirgil mòr am Feadailteach,
Bàrd urramach gun teagamh e ;
B'e Oisean liath nan ceileirean,
A mholadh air a choir iad !

Rev. Robt. MacGregor,
Kilmuir, Skye.

Bardachd nan Gaidheal.

Làbhram a nis rè mionaid no dha air bardachd nan Gaidheal. 'Si, feudaidh e bhi, bardachd Oisein, a' bhardachd a's sine a ta againn, agus tha i aillidh gun choimeas. Tha e air a dheanamh mach gu'm bheil dlùth air sea céud déug bliadhna o linn Oisein. A réir gach rannsachaidh a rinneadh, fhuair Fionn, athair Oisein bas anns a' bhliadhna 285, agus mharbhadh a mhac Oscar ann am blar fuilteach Ghabhra, bliadhna an déigh sin. Is òirdheirc na dàin a rinneadh le Oisean, agus tha nithe air am filleadh a stigh annta, a ta gu soilleir a' nochdadh an aois aca. Cha'n 'eil guth annta air aiteachadh an fhearainn, no air tréudaibh, no air clòbaireachd ; ach tha iad a' cur an céill gach ni mu chogadh, mu thréubhantas, mu ghaisge, mu'n fhoghaid, mu'n ruaig, agus mu shéilg, a' féuchainn gu'n robh muinntir na linne sin a' teachd beò air sitheann, agus air gach gnè fhiadh-bheathach 'nan còill agus na macharach. Tha mòran ann, aig nach 'eil eòlas no meas air bardachd nan linn sin, a ta 'cumail a mach nach urrainn na dain sin a bhi co sean, a' chionn nach robh iad air an sgrìobhadh sios. Dh' fheudadh iad an leisgeul cèudna a thoirt an aghaidh na Gäelig fein ; oir ghleidheadh i a mhain mar chanain gun truailleadh o na céud linntibh le béulaithris. Cha robh leabhraichean, no clòdh-bhualadh ann, ach thainig i 'nùas o'n aithair dh' ionnsuidh a' mhic, ceart mar a thainig dain Ullin, Oisein, agus Orrain, gu ruig an la an diugh. Cha'n 'eil sin iongantach an uair a chùimhnichear gu'n robh aig gach tréubh, cinneadh, fineadh, agus ceann-feadhna, am baird fein gu bhi 'deachdadh an cridhe le misnich anns a' chath, agus gu bhi 'g aithris an trèubhantais agus an cliù ann am filidheachd bhinn agus bhlasda. Bha mar bu ghnath aig gach ceann-cinnidh bard, agus piobair, agus amadan, mar bhùill do-sheachnach 'na theaghlach, agus do na bardaibh agus piòbairibh bha baile saor fearainn air a thoirt o linn gu linn. An uair a sheas Ian Lòm air baidealaibh Chaisteil Inbherlòchaidh, ag amharc air a' chath fhuilteach a bha 'ga chur gu h-iosal air an raon am fagus da, thugadh an aghaidh air a' bhard géur-bhriathrach so, a cheann nach do thog e a chlaidheamh 'san teugmhail. Ghrad-fhreagair e, agus thubhairt e le h-uaill 'na dhréuchd—" Na'n rachainn-sa sios do'n chath, agus 'nan cuirteadh gu bàs mi, cò an sin a dh' aithriseadh na gnìomharan éuchdach agus ăllail a rinneadh ; agus cò a sheinneadh cliù a' chinnidh ghaisgeil a thug a mach a' bhuaidh ?"

B'e Lachlunn Mac Néill Mhic Mhuirich, am bard, no'n Seanchaidh mu dheireadh a bha aig Cloinn Raonuill. Thug Lachlunn sgriobhadh ro iongantach seachad ann an Gaelig do dhuin'-uasal da'm b'ainn Ionraic (Henry) Mac Coinnich, a bha 'cruinneachadh

nithe mu Oisean, air son Comuinn Gaidhealaich Lunainn. Rinneadh an sgrìobhadh so ann an Eilean Bharraidh air an 9mh la de chéud mhios an fhogharaidh, 'sa bhliadhna 1800, ann an lathair Ruairidh Mhic Néill, Tighearna Bharraidh, agus mar an céudna, an lathair Dhòmhnuill Mhic Dhòmhnuill, fear Bhaile-Raill, Eoghainn Mhic Dhòmhnuill fear Gheara-sheilich, Eoghainn Mhic Dhomhnuill, fear Ghriminis, Alasdair Mhic Ghilleain, fear Hosteir, Alasdair Mhic Neachdail, Ministeir Bheinne-bhaoghla, agus Ailein Mhic Chuinn, Ministeir Uist-a-chinntuath.

Air do'n sgriobhadh so 'bhi ro fhada, cha cheaduich ùine dhomh ach beagan deth aithris a'n so, agus tha mi' deanamh sin gu fhéuchainn mar bha cùimhne aig na baird air an sinnsear fein gu céudan bliadhnaichibh air ais. Thoisich an sgriobhadh mar so:—

"Ann an tigh Phadruig Mhic Neachdail a'n Torluim, goirid o o Chaisteal Bhuirghi, ann an Siorramachd Inbherneis, an naothamh la de chéud mhios an fhogair, anns an da fhicheadamh bliadhna agus naoi déug dá aois, thainig Lachlunn Mac Neill, Mhic Lachluinn, Mhic Néill, Mhic Dhomhnuill, Mhic Lachluinn, Mhic Néill Mhòir, Mhich Lachluinn, Mhic Dhomhnuill, do shloinne chlann Mhuirich, ann an lathair Ruairidh Mhic Néill, Tighearna Bharraidh, a thabhairt a chodaich, mar is fiosrach esan, gur e fein an t-ochdamh glùn-déug o Mhuireach, a bha 'leantuinn teaghlaich Mhic-'ic-Ailein, Ceannard Chloinn Raonuill, mar bhardaibh; agus o'n am sin gu'n robh fearann Stoileagairi, agus ceithir peighinean do Dhriomasdail aca, mar dhuais bardachd o linn gu linn, feadh chuig ghluin deug, . . . a chumail suas sloinneadh agus seanchas Chloinn-Domhnuill. Agus bha mar fhiachan orra, 'nuair nach biodh mac aig a' bhard, gu'n tugadh e foghlum do mhac a bhrathar, no dha oighre, chum an coir air an fhearann a ghleidheadh; agus is ann a reir a' chleachdaidh so, fhuair Niall, athair fein, ionnsachadh gu leughadh, sgriobhadh, eachdraidh, agus bardachd, o Dhomhnull Mac Néill, Mhic Dhomhnuill, brathair athar fein.

Tha cuimhne mhath aige gu robh "Saothair Oisein" sgriobht' air craicneann, ann an gleidhteanas 'athar fein o shinnsiribh; gu robh cuid dheth na craicnean air an deanamh suas mar leabhraichean, agus cuid eile fuasgailte o cheile, anns an robh cuid do shaothair bhard eile, 'bharrachd air "Saothair Oisein."

Agus mar sin sios. Tha'n sgriobhadh so aig Lachlunn Mac Mhuirich tuilleadh 's fada, chum a bhi air a léughadh gu lèir air an fheasgair so. Féudaidh cuid agaibh smuaineachadh gu'm bheil e 'na nì iongantach, gu'm biodh cùimhn' aig a' bhàrd air ainmean a shinnsear fein, rè na h-uiread de linntibh air ais. Ach cha'n 'eil ach beag neach a rugadh 'san Eilean Sgiathanach, nach sldinn e fein air an dòigh cheudna gu cuig, deich, agus eadhon

tuilleadh linntean air ais. Air do na h-uiread a bhi dhe'n aon ainm, bha'n cleachd so freagarrach, chum eadar-dhealachadh a dheanamh 'nam measg. Tha e glé chumanta gu'n clùinn sibh Sgiathanach ag radh; "Chunnaic mi an diugh Alasdair Mac Aonghais, Mhic Dhonuill, Mhic Mhurchaidh, Mhic Dhomhnuill, Mhic Mhurchaidh, Mhic Sheumais, Mhic Alasdair, Mhic Aonghais. Chunnaic fear eile, Aonghas Mac Alasdair, 'ic Raonuill, 'ic Uisdein, 'ic Cholla, 'ic Dhomhnuill, 'ic Sheumais. Mar so sloinnidh iad an sinnseara cho luath 'sa ta 'n teangadh comusach air sin a dheanamh.

Ach abram beagan fathasd a thaobh na bardachd. Tha bardachd ro iongantach a lathair gu ruig an la 'n diugh, a rinneadh le aon de na bardaibh a dh'ainmicheadh, 'se sin Lachlunn Mor Mac Dhomhnuill Mhic Mhuirich, anns a' bhliadhna 1411. Tha ceithir cheud, tri fichead agus aon bhliadhna o'n rinneadh a' bhardachd so, ris an abrar, "Brosnachadh catha do Dhòmhnull, righ Innse-Gall, le Lachlunn Mòr Mac Mhuirich Albanaich," a bhrosnachadh Chloinn Domhnuill, a bha deich mile ann an aireamh, gu bhi gaisgeil agus treun, chum baiteal "Harla" a chur, air 25^{la} de Mhios Deirionnach an t-Samhraîdh 'sa' bhliadhna sin. Tha bhardachd so 'na h-ochd earrannan deug, earrann air son gach litir 'san aibidil Ghaelig, agus gach earrann a' toiseachadh leis an litir sin.

Cha'n aithris mi a'n so ni sam bith de bhardachd Oisein, air am bheil moran agaibh eolach. Tha comas a nis aig na Goill fein, air deagh eolas a ghabhail air na seann danaibh so, air doibh a bhi gu cothromach air an eadar-theangachadh, leis an Olladh Urramach Gilleasbuig Cleireach, Aodhair Chillemhaillidh.

Tha seann dan eile ann fathasd air a ghleidheadh a ta gu h-anabarrach boidheach air a chur r'a cheile, ris an abrar "Miann a' Bhaird Aosda." Tha e 'toiseachadh mar so :—

"O! caraibh mi ri taobh nan allt,
A shiubhlas mall le ceumaibh ciuin,
Fo sgail a' bharraich leag mo cheann,
'S bi thus', a ghrian, ro chairdeil rium.
Gu socair sìn 'san fheur mo thaobh,
Air bruaich 'nan dìthean 's nan gaoth tlà,
'S mo chas 'ga sliobadh 'sa' bhraon mhaoth,
'S e lubadh thairis caoin tro'n bhlar."

Agus mar sin sios. Tha sea earrainnean deug thar fhichead 'san dan aluinn so; ach cha'n 'eil fios ciod an linn anns an robh "Am Bard Aosda" beo, no c'ait an robh e. Tha cuid a' deanamh mach gu'm bu Sgiathanach e, agus cuid eile gu'm b' Abrach e. Cha robh reir coslais, eolas aige air a' Chreidimh Chriosduidh, ged bha e ann an deigh laithean Oisein, oir tha e 'guidhe air a' ghaoith, a cheo, no 'anam, a ghiulan gu talla Oisein agus Dhaoil, far an luidh

e sios gu brath ri taobh a chruit, a shlige, agus sgeithe a shinnsear. Thubhairt e :—

Thig le cairdeas thar a' chuain,
Osag mhìn a ghluais gu mall ;
Tog mo cheo air sgiath do luathais,
Is imich chum an Innis thall !

Biodh cruit a's slige lan rim' shaobh,
'San sgiath a dhion mo shinnsear s' chath,
Fosglaibh-sa talla Oisein 's Dhaoil,
Thig an oidhch' 's cha bhi 'm Bard air bhrath.

Ach O ! ma'n tig i, seal ma'n triall mo cheo,
Gu teach nam bard, air Ard-bheinn as nach pill,
Fair cruit, 's mo shlige dh' ionnsuidh 'n roid,
An sin, mo chruit, 's mo shlige ghraidh, slan leibh !

Cha cheadaich uine dhomh leudachadh air gach bard, ban-bhard, filidh, agus fear-dain, a bha aig na Cinn-fheadhna, agus aig na Fineachaibh Gaidhealach, o cheann ceud no dha bliadhna air ais. Bha iad ro lionmhor, agus ioma-gnetheach. Na'm measg so, bha Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, Silis Nighean Mhic Raonuill, Mac Fhionnlaidh nan da'n, Ian Lom, an Ciaran Mabach, Ian Dubh Mac Iain Mhic Ailein, an Clarsair Dall, Lachlunn Mac Thearlaich, Ian Mac Fhearachair Mhic Codruim, Gilleasbuig na Ciotaig, Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, Dughall Bochannan, Donnchadh Ban nan Oran, Rob Donn, Ian agus Seumas Mac Griogair, Uilleam Ros, Eobhan Mac Lachluinn, agus na ficheadan eile. Cha choir domh filidh Comunn Gaelic Inbherneis 'fhagail air deireadh, a thionndaidh chum na Gaelig oran aluinn ar Banrigh choir. Is lionmhor oran, iorram, dan, duan, rann, agus laoidh a rinneadh leo-san a dh' ainmich mi ; seadh, orain de gach gne agus cumadh, orain gaoil, orain-molaidh, orain-cogaidh, orain-buaidhe, orain-treubhantais, orain sgaiteach agus eisgeil, orain cainidh agus caoidh agus cumhaidh agus broin, orain-luaidhe agus iomraidh agus buain, marbh-ranna, agus an leithidibh sin. Tha na fuinn, agus na luinneagan a's boidhiche 'sa' Ghaelig, a gheibhear ann an cainnt 'sam bith eile.

Nach boidheach an t-oran a rinneadh le Domhnull Mac Aonghais, am bard Uisteach ?

" Mo nighean bhuidh bhan nam falbhadh tu leam, (tri uairean)
Gu'n ceannaichinn gùn de'n t-sioda dhuit."

C'ait am bheil oran a bheir barrachd air an aon a rinneadh le Domhnull Caimbeul, a bha 'na chleireach-eaglais aig an Urramach

Mac Aulai, sean-athair a' Mhorair Mhic Aulai, am fear-eachdraidh cliuiteach a chaochail o cheann bliadhna no dha?

"Gu mo slan a chith mi
Mo chailin dileas, donn,
Air an d' fhas an cuailean reidh,
'S air an deise dh' eireadh fonn;
'S i cainnt do bheoil bu bhinn leam,
'N uair bhiodh m' inntinn trom;
'S tu thogadh suas mo chridhe,
'Nuair bhiodh tu 'bruidhinn rium."

Piobaireachd agus Ceol nan Gaidheal.

Is i a' Phiob-mhor inneal-ciuil sonraichte Ghaidheal na h-Alba. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil an t-inneal so anabarrach sean. Bha i r'a faotiunn ann an talla an aoibhneis agus na caoidh. Dheachd a fuaim na gaisgich chum a' chath', agus chuir i failt' orra 'n am doibh pilltinn gu beanntaibh am breith. Bha aig gach ceann-cinnidh a phiobair fein, agus bha e 'dol maille ris chum gach tuasaid agus cogaidh. Bha Clann Mhic Cruimein aig Siol Leoid, Dhunbhegain mar phiobairean, o iomadh linn air ais, agus bha baile Bhoreraig aca saor air son sin. Mar an ceudna, bha Clann Mhic Artair aig Mac Dhomhnuill nan Eilean, agus Peighinn-ghobhainn aca saor mar aite comhnuidh. Bha'n da theaghlach so a' teagasg na Piobaireachd do mhoran eile, a bha 'teachd 'nan ionnsuidh as gach cearnadh dhe'n Ghaidhealtachd. Tha eadhon, gu ruig an la 'n diugh, Piobair aig gach Cath-bhuidheann Gaidhealach, a' dol maille riu do na blaraibh, agus,

"Cha do ghluais chum na tuasaid,
'S a chaoidh iad cha ghluais,
Gun am bolg-fheadan meur-thollach,
Fhuaimneach 'nan cluais."

Tha iomadh gne Phiobaireachd ann. Tha cuid ann ris an abrar "Cruinneachadh," cuid eile "Brosnachadh," cuid eile "Cumha," cuid eile "Failte," agus cuid eile "Tuireadh" mar a bha a' Phiobaireachd thiamhaidh, mhall, bhronach, bu ghnath bhi 'ga cluicheadh aig adhlacadh nam marbh. Bha duil aig na Gaidheil gu'n robh a' phiob mar gu'm b'ann a' labhairt bhriathra na Failte, no an rabhaidh, no an tuiridh, mar a dh' fheudadh a' chuis a bhith. Mar so, ann an "Cumha Mhic Leoid" bha phiob ag radh:—

"Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Cruimean,
Cha till e gu brath, gu là na cruinne,
Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Cruimean,
Cha till Mac Leoid, 's cha bheo Mac Cruimean."

Tha "Cumha Mhic an Toisich" air an doigh cheudna. Rinneadh "Failte" do Uilleam Dubh Mac Coinnich, le Fionnladh Dubh Mac Rà, 'sa bhliadhna 1715, ris an goirear gu cumanta Failte Thighearna Sheafoirt." Is piobaireachd ro ghrinn an "Fhailte" so; agus bha duil aig Cloinn Choinnich gu'n robh a' phiob a' labhairt, agus a' gradh :—

Slan gu'm pill fear 'chinn duibh,
Slan gu'n till fear 'chinn duibh,
Slan gu'm pill fear 'chinn duibh,
Slan gu'n till Uilleachan.

Slan gu'n tig, slan gu'n ruig,
Slan gu'n tig Uilleachan,
'S toil leam fein fear 'chinn duibh,
'S toil leam fein Uilleachan,

'S gaisgeach treun Uilleachan,
Claidheamh geur, 'n laimh 'n fhir-fheill,
'S na seoid ag eigheach gu leir,
'S trom beuman Uilleachain !

Bha Colladh Mac Dhomhnuill, ris an abradh iad Colladh Ciotach, 'na gaisgeach treun 'na la fein, agus bha piobair aige. Bha Colladh 'na chaisteal fein aig àm araidh, 'ga dhionadh fein mar a dh' fheudadh e; agus chunnaic am piobair na naimhdean a' tarruing dluth, agus cha b'fhad gus an d' rinn iad greim air fein, agus air a phiob. Air da a bhi deonach air a mhaighstir a theasairginn, dh'iarr e cead piobaireachd a chluicheadh, agus thug iad cead dha. Sheid e suas, agus chual Colladh 'san Dun a' phiob mar gu'm b'ann ag radh :—

" A cholladh, cuir umad, bi ullamh, bi falbh,
Bi ullamh, bi falbh, bi ullamh, bi falbh,
A Cholladh, cuir umad, bi ullamh, bi falbh,
Tha sinne a'n laimh, tha sinne a'n laimh !

Fag an ni, fag an ni, fag an ni,
Fag an ni, fag an ni, fag an ni,
Fag an ni, fag an ni, fag an ni,
Tha sinne a'n laimh, tha sinne a'n laimh !

Ramh is taoman, ramh is taoman,
Ramh is taoman, ramh is taoman,
Ramh is taoman, ramh is taoman,
Tha sinne a'n laimh, tha sinne a'n laimh !

Lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg,
Lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg,
Lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg, lamh dhearg,
Tha sinne a'n laimh, tha sinne a'n laimh,

'Cholladh, mo ghaol, seachainn an caol,
Seachainn an caol, seachainn an caol,
'Cholladh, mo ghaol, thoir ort a' Mhaol,
Buidhinn an ath, buidhinn an ath !

'Cholladh, mo ruin, seachainn an dun,
Seachainn an dun, seachainn an dun,
'Cholladh, mo ruin, seachainn an dun,
Tha sinne a'n laimh, tha sinne a'n laimh !

Bha Clann Mhic Cruimein, Dhunbheagain, a' sgriobhadh na piobaireachd sios ann an leabhar, gu bhi 'ga cumail air chuimhne ; ach cha d' rinn iad sin air an doigh air am bheil ceol 'ga sgriobhadh le muinntir eile a nis. Bha iadsan 'ga dheanamh le focail bheaga, ghoirid, a bha iad a' cur a'n altaibh a' cheile, chum fuaim an fheadain, agus na puirt a chìallachadh. Bha e rud eigin cosmhuil ri innleachd an Sol-fa, a ta 'ga gnathachadh 'san am so, ann an ceol nan Salm. Bha iadsan a' gabhail lionmhorachd fhocal ghoirid, mar hi, ri, ro, bhi, ha, ra, din, hia, di, rit, hio, dra, ti, re, dro, tiri, bhia, tara, tetiri, agus mar sin sios. Air an diogh so chuireadh iad sios piobaireachd "Failte a' Phrionnsa" mar' a leanas—

AN T-URLAR.

hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha rà,
hi o dro hà chin, hà chin hi à chin,
hi o dro hi rì, hi an an in ha rà,
hi o dro hà chin, hà chin hi ì chin,
hi o dro hi ri, hì an an in ha rà,
hi o dro hà chin, hà chin hi à chin,
hi o dro hi rì, hi an an in ha rà,
hi o dro hà chin, hà chin hi ì chin.

SIUBHAL.

hi o dro hi chin, hà chin hà chin,
hi o dro hà chin, hì chin ha chin,
hi o dro hì chin, hà chin hà chin,
hi o dro hà chin, hà chin hì chin,
hi o dro hì chin, hì chin hì chin,
hi o dro hà chin, hì chin hà chin,
hi o dro hì chin, hà chin hà chin,
hi o dro hà chin, ha chin hi chin.

TAOBHDUDH.

hio dro to, hì dro to, hà dro to, hà dro to,
ho dro to, ha dro to, hi dro to, hi à chin.
&c., &c., &c.

Eideadh agus Armachd nan Gaidheal.

A thaobh eididh nan Gaidheal, cha ruig mi'leas moran a radh, do brigh gu'm bheil sibh uile eolach oirre. Is eideadh mhaiseach i gun teagamh. Tha "Breacan-an-fheile" 'na thrusgan a ta anabarrach sean, agus a bha air a chleachdadh leis na Gaidheil o na ceud linntibh. An toiseach, gidheadh, cha robh an eideadh so, air a deanamh mar a tha i a nis. Bha i an sin, air a deanamh suas de dha shlat deug de bhreacan gun a bhi air a ghearradh idir. Bha 'm breacan so air a shuanadh, no air a phasgadh mu'n cuairt do na guaillibh, agus do'n chom, agus air fhagail an crochadh sios dh' ionnsuidh nan glun. Bha e air a cheangladh mu'n cuairt do'n chom le crios, agus bha e air a dhaingneachadh air a' ghualainn chli le bior, no le braist' airgid, no oir. An deigh sin, ghnathaicheadh an "Fheile-bheag" a bha air a deanamh air leth o'n bhreacan, agus a bha ni's cuimir', sgiobalta na'm breacan air fad, gu'n ghearradh. Tha iomadh dearbhadh againn gu'm bheil an eideadh so anabarrach sean. Thog na Romanaich balla tarsuing air Alba, eadar an amhainn "Forth" agus "Cluaidh," air an tugadh an t-ainm "Balla Antonine," an t-Impear Roimheach a chuir suas e. Thogadh am Balla so 'sa bhliadhna 140. An uair a bha an steidh aige 'ga bhuireachadh suas o cheann beagan bhliadhnaichean air ais, fhuaradh leac air an robh air an gearradh dealbh triuir dhaoine, a bha air an eideadh 'san trusgan Ghaidhealach so. Tha'n leac so air a gleidheadh gu curamach. Tha mar an ceudna, Diodorus Siculus, Tacitus, agus Cæsar, an luchd-eachdraidh Roimheach, a' cur an ceill gu'n robh na Caledoniich air an eideadh le cotaichibh air am breacadh le h-iomadh dath. Fhuaradh iomadh leac eile a ta 'dearbhadh an ni ceudna. Tha aon aig "Dupplin" ann an siorramachd Pheirt, air am bheil Gaidheal air a ghearradh 'san eideadh so, le targaid chruinn, agus le sleagh bhiorach 'na laimh. Tha aon eile a chladhaicheadh a mach aig Dul, ann an Siorramachd Pheirt, air am bheil na fir air an gearradh le sgiathaibh cruinn air an gairdean chli, agus le sporranaibh béine. Tha iomadh dearbhadh eile ann mar an ceudna, air gne, dreach, agus cumadh eididh nan Gaidheal.

'S math 'thig breacan an fheilidh
Gu leir do na suinn,
Osain ghearr air an calpannaibh
Domhail, geal, cruinn,
Iteagan dorcha air slios
Gorm uidheam cheann,
Sud i eideadh nam blar,
'S cha bi an te fhada theann!

Rev. Robert MacGregor, Kilmuir, Skye.

A thaobh armachd nan Gaidheal, tha'n luchd-eachdraidh Romanach, mar a ta Tacitus, a' cur an ceill gu'n do chleachd iad "Claidhean-mora, fada," le targaidibh beaga, cruinn, agus biodagan. Air an cosaibh bha osain-ghearra, brogan, no cuarain. An uair a chuireadh an cath air "Innis Pheirt," an lathair Righ Roibeirt III. 'sa bhliadhna 1396, le deich thar fhichead Ghaidheal air an aon taobh, an agaidh dheich thar fhichead air an taobh eile, tha fear-eachdraidh (Abbot Bower) ag innseadh 'na leabhar, gu'n robh na Gaidheil air an armadh a mhain le claidhibh, boghannaibh-saighead, agus tuaghannaibh-catha. Tha e soilleir gu'n robh armachd an t-sluaigh ghaisgeil so ag atharrachadh gu mor o linn gu linn, mar a bha innealan ura cogaidh 'gan dealbhadh, agus 'gan cleachdadh. Ach ge b'e ciod an armachd a laimhsich iad, cha b' iadsan a thionndaidheadh an cul aon chuid ri caraid, no ri namhaid!

Ach a thuilleadh air gach ni a dh' ainmicheadh, dh' fheudainn moran radh mu fhearachas-tighe, cleachdanna-du'chail, innealatreabhaidh, buill-acfhuinn, agus airneis nan Gaidheal. Tha na nithe sin gu leir airidh air beachd a ghabhail diubh, a chionn gu bheil iad nan nithe a ta air an cleachdadh gu sonraichte leis na Gaidheil fein, agus moran diubh na'n nithe nach faicear agus nach faighear, ach am measg an t-sluaigh' chliuitich so. Tha cuid a'n so a lathair an nochd, aig nach 'eil fios ciod e "Caschrom, Casdhireach, Slachdan, Groideallan, Poit-Uirearaidh, Leachd-ghradain, Muilean-leth-coise, Muilean-bradh, Bòrd-luaidh, Racan, Plocan, Cisean, Iris, Siomaid, Cliabh, Càineag, Plàt, Sgonnan, Tallan, Sunnag," agus mar sin sios.

Dh' fheudadh moran a bhi air aithris, mar an ceudna, mu na Gnàthfhocail, saobh-chrabhadh, giseag, ranntachd, dubh-cheisd, toimhseachan, taibhsearachd, sugradh, iomairt, agus cluiche, a gheibhear am measg nan Gäidheal, ach fagaidh mi iad sin, gu bhi gu soilleir air an lorgadh a mach, agus air an aithris gu h-ullamh, h-eallamh, deas-chainnteach, leis an Urramach fhoghluimte sin "Bun-Lochabar!"

Cha'n inndrinn mi, mar an ceudna, air eachdraidh chianail shliochd nam beann, a thaobh an doigh air an robh iad air an ruagadh o aois-larachaibh an sinnsear fein, air an greasadh gu criochaibh cubhann, agus na miltean diubh air an co'-eigneachadh gu dol air imirich do dhuchannaibh cein, thar chuanta farsuing agus ànradhach. Is suarach an dionadh a *ni* na feidh, na caoraich bhana, agus na cearcan-coille agus fraoich, an aghaidh an namhaid, an coimeas ri sliochd nan garbh-chrioch nach do dhiobair riamh!

Ach a thuilleadh air so, cha'n 'eil e 'a'm' chomas an nochd, mar a bha aon uair a' mhiann orm, cunntas a thoirt air na Fineachaibh

Gäidhealach, agus air gach connsachadh, cogadh, creach, agus blar fuilteach, a bha aca 'nan aimhreitibh an aghaidh a' cheile. Ghabhadh sin moran uine. Bhiodh e taitneach, mar an ceudna, leudachadh air breacannaibh nan Fineachan fa leth, air suaicheantas, gairmibh-catha, brataichibh, agus briathraibh-brosnachaidh gach Fineadh 'sa Ghaidhealtachd. Bha mor-chumlachd aig na Cinnfheadhna anns gach aite, agus air doibh a bhi mar righre beaga thar an luchd-cinnidh, bha comas beatha agus bais aca 'nan laimh. Ach dh' fhalbh na h-amanna deistinneach sin a nis; agus tha e taitneach gu'n d' fhalbh. Am feadh 'sa ta sliochd 'nam beann, 's nan gleann air feadh Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, co cliuiteach agus cruadalach 'sa bha iad riamh, bha 'n dillseachd agus an treubhantas air an gnathachadh o cheann linntean air ais, cha'n ann ri comhstrith an aghaidh a' cheile, mar is minic a bha iad, ach mar chathbhuidhean gu'n striochdadh, bha iad deas agus dileas, thar tuigse, gu bhi 'dionadh an *saorsa*, an *dùi'cha*, 'san *lagh!*

" 'S iomadh deuchainn a fhuair
Na fir ardanach, bhras,
O nach geilleadh dhiubh làmh,
Is nach tionnd'adh dhiubh cas;
'S o nach feudadh gu'n caochl'adh
An dualchas 'san cleachd,
Leis an d'fhagadh gun samhladh
An sinnseara 'sa ghleachd."

REV. ROBERT MACGREGOR, Kilmuir, Skye.

Cha tug saighdearan ni b' fhearr riamh aghaidh do namhaid. Leò-san sguabadh air falbh an eascairdean as an araich, mar a sguabar am moll le neart na gaoithe. Cha di-chuimhnichear gu brath an gaisge aig "Ticonderago," an treubhantas air la "Fontenoi," am morchruadal 'san Eiphit, agus an dian-thairisneachd anns gach cath sgriosail a chuireadh leo, air mor-thir na Roinn-Eorpa! O! cia fearail, cuimear, agus eireachdail iad 'nan eideadh fein! Cia garg agus colgach, a'n àm dol sios do'n chath! Cia minic, luath mar na h-iolairean a' dol air iteig chum cobhartaich, a ruith iad air feachd nan namh, agus a chuir iad as doibh gu tur! Cha'n 'eil e ach 'na fhearas-chuideachd dhoibh an dream a sheasas nan aghaidh a ghearradh as! Is gann a nochdas iad an treubhantas, ach an uair a tha an cunnard mor, no an namhaid garg agus dalma. An sin comhdaichidh an corruich an talamh le closaichibh nam marbh, mar a chomhdaicheas corran a' bhuanaiche an t-achadh le sguabaibh! Fhad 'sa bhios meas air fior-shaighdearachd, cha leagar air dearmad am fearalas air faiche fuilteach "Bhaterlu,"—

'S ann an sud a bha 'ghriobhag,
Le luaidh ghrad, lannaibh biorach,
'S claidhibh sgaiteach 'gan iomairt,
Le dream chalma gun tioma,
Chaidh Siol Alba gu'n ghiorraig,
Anns an t-searbh-chath air mhireadh,
'Creuchdadh chorp is 'gan liodairt,
Is 'gam fagail 'san ionad gun deo!"

REV. ROBERT MACGREGOR, of Kilmuir, Skye.

A nis, beannachd leibh air fad. Cha'n ioghna ged bhiodh uaill oirbh mar Chomunn, an uair a dh' ainmichear sibh air a Ghäelig!

"Mile beannachd, mile buaidh,
Air Comunn Uaislean mo ruin;
Cha ghluaisear Breatunn le fiamh,
'S sibhse mar dhion air a cul.
Thog Albainn a ceann le h-uaill;
Dh' fhuasgladh a' Ghaelig a' snuim:
Tha coir gach saorsainn gu feum,
Aig sliochd Ghaidheal nam beus grinn.
Thig Sonas, is Bliochd, is Maoin,
Fialachd, is Tlus, Faoilt, is Baigh,
Sgaoilidh 'nam miltibh bhur siol,
Mar rainich 'nam fiadh-ghleann fas!"

E. MAC LACHLUINN.

"An là a chìth 's nach fhaic."

On the 14th November the following paper, from Mr A. A. Carmichael, C.M.S.A.S., Creagory, Benbecula, was read :—

TOIRIOC NA TAINE.

[Seanchaidh Eachann Mac-iosaig ("Eachann Mac Ruaraidh") Croitear, Ceannlangabhat, Iocar, Uist a Chinne Deas. Sgriobhta le Alastair G. Macgillemhicheil, Creagoiridh, Beinn 'a faola, Lafheill Moire.]

Deilbh agus aobhar na sgeuil.

Bha duin-uasal ann an Eirinn ris an canadh 'ad an Du'altach. Cha bu tighearna fearainn idir e; ach bha cuid mhor an t-saoghal aige agus ionnsachadh math agus e o theaghlach miosail, agus leis a sin bha aite suidhe aige ann an cuideachd uaillsean. Cha ro eir a theolach ach aona ghille mic d'am b'ainm Cuchullain. Bha e fhein

agus Iarla Ghlinn-chuilisg comhla anns a' cholaiste agus bha 'ad nan cairdean 's nan companaich. Bha nighean an Iarla posadh agus chuir an t-Iarla cuireadh chun na bainnse dh-ionnsuidh an Du'allaich seachduin roimhe 'n am. Dh-fhalbh an Du'allach agus a bhean chun na bainnse le'n gillean, 's le'n eich dhiolta. Bha Cuchullain a' sireadh falbh ach cha leigte leis. 'Nuair a dh-fhalbh 'adsan dh-fhalbh easan as an deoghaidh. Bha ball 'us caman aige 's bha e g-iomain fad fìn foineach an la air an rathad. Am biall na h-oiche an dol fodha na greine rainig 'ad an drochaid mhor bha dol thun pelios an Iarla. Bha cu eir an drochaid ga gleidheadh 's cha leigeadh e duine seachad gun phe'eadh. Cha ro airgiod aig a' ghille. Smaointich e aige fhein gu'm bu tamailteach dha tilleadh dhachaidh agus chuir e 'm ball eir sorachag agus bhuail e steigh eir an dala ceann a choin 's a mach eir a cheann eil' e 's chuir e 'n cu na bhuta leis an drochaid.

Sin a' chiad euc a rinn Cuchullain.

Gha' e steigh an bhaile 's chun' e gillean a g-iomain agus thoisich e air iomain cò-riu. D'uair thainig an oiche thuirst e ri fear dhe na gillean bha g-iomain co ris, "Nach ann an seo" ors easan "tha teigh an Iarla?" "Sann" ors an gille eile; "De seo do ghnothuchsa ris?" "Nach eil beanais (banais) mhor ann?" "Tha." "B'fhearr liom gu'n ionnsuiche tu dhomh e." "Cha leig 'ad is teigh thu." "Tha m' athair 's mo mhathair eir a' bheanais agus fiachaidh mi an leig."

Bha 'n caisteal eir a lasadh le craoslach chraobhach sholuist. Gha' e steigh 's gha' miosg na cuideac 's thug e ruith à null 's chaidh e eadar da ghlun athar. "An tu tha seo Chuchullain?" ors athair, "'S mi" orsa Cuchullain. "Ciamar fhuair thu steigh 's an cu eir an drochaid?" "Mharbh mi 'n cu."

De'art bha ach fear do stiubhartan an Iarla 's an rum agus falbhar agus innsear dha mhaighstir cainnt Chuchullain. Leum an t-Iarla nuas. "Co tha seo ors easan a mharbh mo chu eir an drochaid?" Cha tuirst duine diog—bha eagal orra.

Thuirst an Du'altach, "Seo e, tha g-rathain rium gu'n do mharbh e do chu." "Cha chreid mi sin, gu'm marbhadh giullan beag mar sin mo chu." "O! 's mi mharbh e gu dearbh 's cha chuir thu gu duin' 's am bith eil' e ach mise" ors Cuchullain. "Bhuil," ors an t-Iarla, "feumaidh tu fuireach seac blianna sir an drochaid ga gleidheadh go 's an tog mise cu ni t-aite, neo pe'idh tu £700 Sasannach dhomh." "An ta pe'idh mise sin eir son mo mhic" ors an Du'altach; "ach mu phe'eas cha mhor is fhiach mi fhe' na dheo'-idh. Ach nam faighinn uine phe'inn sin 's mi fhe' bhi mar bha mi roimhe."

Dh-eirich Cuchullain na sl.easadh agus thuirt e "Cha phaigh thu

athair aon sgillin, ach theid mis' thuin na drochaid ga gleidheadh dha, agus fuiridh mi blianna, agus feumaidh easan cearstas a' choin a chumail riumsa."

Bha Cuchullain a sin blianna eir an drochaid. Bha e fuasach eirson sgoil, agus a chuile duine thigeadh chun na drochaid theireadh e ris "Cha leig mi null thu mar toir thu dhomh leasan, agus d'uair thigeadh duin-uasal bheireadh e dha am pé'eadh, agus an leasan cò-ris.

Leis cho dichiollach 'sa bha e ga togail, dh-ionnsuich e mar-seo moran sgoil'. Thainig e sin dachaidh. Bha anns an am sin dh'an t-saoghal colaiste ann un Dun-sgathaich 's an Eileann-Sgitheanach agus cha ro fear ris am b'fhiach fear a ra an rioghac na h-Alba, an Sasunn no an Eirinn nach cuireadh a mhac ga ionnsachadh ann. Cha ro meas eir fear ach fear a gheo'adh ionnsuchadh an Dun-sgathaich. Cha ro sgoil no faolum no math-chleas nach faight ann, 's cha ro meas eir cleas ach cleas a gheobht' ann. Cha bhiodh Cuchullain beo mar leigt' eir falbh a sgoil Dhun-Sgathaich e, agus leigeadh air falbh e. Bha e naogh blianna an sin. Bha uasal Albannach d'am b'ainm Am Feardiag mac Daimbain anns an sgoil ra linn Chuchullain agus be ciad ghaisgeach an t-saoghail e ra linn fhein. Bha'm Feardiag agus Cuchullain a' laidhe 'sa g-eiridh comhla fad nan naogh blianna agus 'ad nan companaich aig a' cheile. 'N am bha 'ad a dealachadh mhionnaich 'ad ga cheile nach cuireadh an dala fear trioblaid eir an fhear eile gu brach. Cha ro sian a dh-ionnsuich an dala fear nach d-ionnsuich am fear eile ach aon chleas a bh' aig Cuchullain ris an cante an gath-balg. *

Bha gillean aca agus b'iad an da bhrathair an da ghille. 'Se gille na h-Iuraich a b-ainm do ghille 'n Fhirdhiag agus Laochaire Mac Nearst a b'ainm do ghille Chuchullain.

Bha na gillean aca nam *pagechan* aca 's an sgoil agus cha ro 'ad fhein cli. Lean Laochaire Mac Nearst Cuchullain agus Gille na h-Iuraich am Feardiag.

Dh-fhag 'ad Dun-Sgathaich agus thill Cuchullain dachaidh a dh-Eirinn. Thainig Cuchullain agus Laochaire Mac Nearst dhachaidh gu ruig teigh an Du' altaich an Grianan-math an Eirinn. Bha lechiad agh aig an Du'altach ann an eileann mara agus, de ach rug te aca laogh agus cha ro fios fo thalamh na criosdac cait an d-fhuair e tara. Cha ro dath bh'ann am bogha frois no ann an

* Tha'n Seanchaidh ag rath gur h-ann a muigh eir uacar uisge dh-fheumta an gath-balg a chluich.

iarmailt nan speur no ann an coille-blianain a' chuain nach robh eir an laogh. Cha bhiodh Cuchullain beo 'se na ghille tapaidh an deigh tighinn far na drochaid mar h-ainmichte an laogh eir fhein. Cha ro athair deonach an laogh a thoirt dha bho'n nach bu laogh boirionn e. "Feumaidh mi fhaighinn. 'S fhearr liom am firionn seo na deich bhoirionn, agus fhuair en laogh. Cha robh an laogh ach na laogh ri linn Cuchullain falbh a sgoil an Dun-Sgathaich ach bha e na tharbh ri linn dha tilleadh as. Cha ro a leithid an Eirinn ach e fhein. Tha e 'san eachdraidh gu'n cuireadh e marst eir dhàir le geum an Coig Choigeamh na h-Eirionn. Be'n Donn-Guaillionn a b'ainm dha.

Thill Cuchullain dachaidh a Ghrian-math an Eirinn agus bhith-eadh e fhein 'sa Ghille Laochaire Mac Nearst a' falbh a shealg gu tao' eile na h-Eirionn. Bha e taghal eir nighinn a Ghairbh Mhic Stairn, agus theireadh e rithe, "Thig mi'n diugh, 's thig mi 'm maireach," 's dhianadh e coineamh rithe, agus 'se bun a bh-ann gu'n do theich i leis. Thug e dhachaidh i gu teigh athar agus chaidh e eir teigh dha fhein 's bha e fhé' 's ise riarachadh a cheile gle mhath.

Bu bharuinn eir dala leth Eirinn 's an am boirionnach ris an canta Maoim a Chruachain agus bu righ eir an leth eile Oiriol Fhaolamach. Bha 'ad nam bantraichean le cheile. Bhuail an cairdean 's an comhairleichean eir a dh-rath riu gu'm bu choir dhaibh posadh 's an cuid a chur ri cheile. Bha fear ionad righ aicese, mac peathar 'i fhein d'm b-ainm Fearghus Philisteach agus chuir a Bharuinn a comhairle ris am posadh i Oiriol. "Am bi thu deonach mise phosagh Oirill?" ors ise. "Bithidh mi" orsa Fearghus "gle dheonach thu ga phosadh gu dearbh. Tha uallach trom orm fhein agus tha mi eirson aotromachadh."

Chuireadh gu posadh 'ad agus phòs Maoim a Chruachain agus Oiriol Fhaolumach. Am ceann mios no rud-eigin chaidh 'ad gu butar-scionn 's throd 'ad. Bhuail an dala h-aon eir cur a dh-ailis eir an t-aon eile gu ro barrac aig eir a chuid an t-saoghal. Thois-icheadh a seo eir cunntas an stuic agus d'uair chunntadh 's a chuir-eadh ra cheile 'n stoc bha tarbh aigesan a bharrac oirise. Be ainm an tairbh, am Binne-bheoch.*

---

* The reciter says that Binne-bheoch means "the horned beast," and I think he may be right. In Uist, "binneach," or "beannach," is applied to a horned animal, generally to an animal with high horns. "Caora-bhinneach," or, more correctly, "Caora-bheannach," is applied to the old and now nearly extinct Hebridean breed of sheep with four, five, and even sometimes six horns.

Bhuail a' Bharuin a sin eir feoraich a dh-Fhearghus cait am faighte tarbh a gha'adh eir a Bhinne-bheoch agus a gheo'adh buaidh eir 's nach bitheadh a beo shaoghail aice mar faigheadh.

"Cha 'n 'ainne dhomhse sin" orsa Fearghus "cait am faighear tarbh a gha'as eir, 'sa bheir buaidh eir ach an Donn-guaillionn aig an Du'allach 's a ri fhein cha'n e sin an sugradh dol na dhàil no fhaighinn uaithe. Tha e fhein laidir 's tha mhac ro laidir leomach moralach 's mar faighear le sith e chan fheighear idir le feirg e." "Cha 'n eil duin agam dha 'n fhearr thig a chuis chur an ceil na sibh fhein. Theid sibh a shireadh an tairbh agus bheir sibh leibh tri-diag dha na gillean mora," orsa Bharuinn.

Chaidh Fearghus Philisteach agus tri-diag dha na gillean mor' aig Maoim a Chruachain a shireadh an Donn-ghuaillionn. Rainig 'ad teigh an Du'altaich ma mheadhan la 's chaidh Fearghus is steigh a thalla an Du'altaich. Shir e'n tara as a sheasamh "Tha cabhag orst" ors an Du'allach, "'n ann eir toir teine thainig thu? Dian suidhe 's ga' do sgial."

"Cha dian gos am faigh mi fios ceann mo ghnothuich." "An ta cha 'n ann agams tha sin ri thoirst dhuit ach aig mo Mhac, Cuchullain. Tha e 'sa bheinn sheilg ach bithidh e dhachaidh am bial an anamoich. 'Se do bheatha cò-rium fhein a noc agus fuirich gos an tig Cuchullain o'n t-sheilg." Tha gillean mor' agam, a thug mi liom gus mo chuideacha leis an tara 's cha'n eil e freagrach 'ad-san a bhi co-ruinn." Tha saillean gu leoir agamsa 's an cuir sinn eir dhòigh 'ad.

Chuireadh biadh 'us deoch agus aodach leapa gu leoir thun nan gillean mora. Ghabh 'ad an dall daorach. Bha Fearghus agus an Du'altach ag ol 's an teigh mhor gos an tainig Cuchullain dhachaidh am bial na h-oiche.

'Chuala Cuchullain roicealac 's an t-sobhal aig athair agus ghabh e null. Thainig e an sin an teigh mhor agus gha' e steigh far an ro athar agus Fearghus a' caitheamh an fheasgair gu cridheil. "Sin fear do ghnothuich" ors an Du'allach ri Fearghus. Thoisich a sin Fearghus eir sireadh an tairbh eir Cuchullain cho milist 's cho seolta 's cho briathrach 'sa b'urra dha. "Gheo' thu" ors easan "do dhor 's do airgiod agus cairdeas na Maoim Chruachain agus lamh dheas Oirill." Cha tuirst Cuchullain guth ach dh-eisd e ris. Thionndaidh e chulaobh. "Am faigh mi 'n tarbh?"

"Cha'n eil fiosam nach foigh." Ghrad dh-eirich Fearghus a mach agus thug e 'n sothal eir far an ro na gillean-mora. Lean Cuchullain e. Bha na gillean eir an dalladh leis an daoraich. "An d-fhuair thu'n tara?" ors a chuile fear ria' ri Fearghus.

"Fhuair mi ach cha'n fhaigheadh mo ghillean e." "Am fear

seo 's am fear 'ad eile carson nach faigheadh do ghillean e ? Mar faigheadh 'ad a dheoin e bheireadh 'ad a dhaineoin e" orsa chuile fear riabh. Chuala Cuchullain a' chainnt agus thill e eir ais. Thill Fearghus eir ais dha'n teigh agus chaidil e fhein agus an Du'allach 's an aon rum.

Chaidh Cuchullain 's chuir e gad eir dorust an t-saothail los nach faigheadh duine mach agus chuir e'n teigh na theine 's loisg e ma'n ceann e.

Bha Fearghus agus an Du'allach fada gun chadal ach a seanachas—duine thall 's duine bhos. 'D uair thainig Cuchullain a steigh 'sa mhaduin thog Fearghus a cheann 's chunnaig e Cuchullain thall eadar e 's an uinneag. "Seadh bheil sibh dol bhi cho math 's 'ur gealltanas an diugh ?" orsa Fearghus.

"Tha gu dearbh. Gu deart [de ruid ?] a gheall mi ?" "Nach do gheall sibh dhomh an tarbh—an Donn-guaillionn dhomh ?" "Gu de 'n gealltanus a rinn mi? An tuirst mi riut ach nach ro fiosam nach faigheadh agus tha fiosam an diugh nach faigh thu e. Na'n tuga tusa leat cuideaca mhoghail 's docha gu'm faighe tu leat an tarbh."

Chuir Fearghus uime agus chaidh e mach agus b'e chiad sealladh a bhuail a shuil an sothal na shineadh agus cnàbhann nan daoin' aige eir ghoil nan gual loisgte. Chaidh e dhachaidh.

"An d-fhuair thu'n tara—an tara Fhearghuis—caite bheil an tara ?" orsa Mhaoim Chruachain.

"Cha d-fhuair 's ga de chuire' tu cuideac bu mhutha eir falbh cha'n fhaigheadh 'ad an tara," agus dh-innis e dha'n Bhàrinn 'mar dh-eirich dha na gillean.

Bhòinicheadh a sin eir a Bharuin agus eir Oiril dol cola rist, 's chaidh 'ad cola. Ach mu'n tainig ceann mhios throd iad a rist agus a rist ma'n Bhinne-bheoch. Chuir a sin a Mhaoim Chruachain litirichion a mach fad agus farsuinn feadh Albainn, Shasuinn agus Eirinn, fear 's am bith thigeadh thoirst a mach an Donn ghuaillionn gu'm bu leis or agus airgiod gu leoir, cairdeas leaghais na Maoim Chruachain agus lamh dheas Oirill."*

Bha Mhaoim Chruachain na seann chaillich ghrainnde ghlais.

Chuir a sin boirionnach bha mu'n cairst di fhein na ceann litir a chuir thun an Fhir-diag.

---

*The reciter explains this frequent phrase thus: — He says that "Cairdeas leaghas na Maoim Chruachain" means the Queen's "healing friendship"; and that "Lamh dheas Oirill" means Oiriol's place with herself. To my thinking, "Lamh dheas Oiriol" would signify Oiriol's right-hand friendship."

Rinn i sin ach cha b' ann gu posadh na dad ach gu cuilm mhor bha i gos a thoirst seachad. Bha brathairean an Fhirdhiag a muigh aig a bhuain agus am Feardiag a spaidsearac mu'n cuairst daibh 's gu'n e dianadh dad nuair a thainig an litir. Shuidh e eir carn faisg eir na buanaichean agus leugh e litir na Maoim Chruachain.

"Tha litir a seo ors easan, a thainig thugam o'n Mhaoim Chruachain ag cur ma 'm choineamh dol a chumail cuilm agus cuideac lethe." "Chuala sinn ma 'n litir sin roimhe. Gos do phosadh!" ors a bhrathair 's e taruinn as. "Deart tha thu g-rath? Ne mise phosadh an t-seann scrait chaillich. Leora cha phosadh ga nam bitheadh eir thalamh na talamhuin ach i fhein a bhoirionnaich. Ach gun teagamh 's am bith feumaidh mi a Bhàruinn a fhreagairst o na chuir i fios orm.

Dh-fhalbh am Feardiag, e fhein agus a ghille, gille na h-Iuraich, agus rainig 'ad pelios Bàruinn Eirinn. Bha là'n sgaoilte rompa. Thoisich ol 'us ceol 'us danns agus gairdeachas 'us greannachas mor ri linn ciad ghaisgeach an t-saoghail tighinn dha'n duthaich.

['S ann dha na fir mhora bha am Feardiag agus dha na fir bheaga Cuchullain.] Chuir a Mhaoim Chruachain ceist ris an Fhear-dhiag. "De 's lagha gha'as tu" ors ise "agus dol a ghleic ri Cuchullain eir faiche-choraig eir da uair 'iag a'm maireach?"

A Mhaoim Chruachain agus a Bharuin Eirinn dhianainse gniomh gaisgich agus euc curaidh a chuire 'tu ma m'choineamh, agus a b'urra mi dhianadh; aah dol a ghleic m' chaomh chompanch Cuchullain rud nach urra 's nach dian mi. Mise dhol a ghleic Cuchullain! 'Ne am fear bha laidhe 'sa g'eiridh nam bhrollach fad nan naogh blianna agus is docha liom na gin dha'm bhrathairen fhé'! Mise dhol a ghleic ri Cuchullain! Ghleacainn fear a ghleacadh ris agus cha chuirinn eir eirson rud 's am bith."

'Thoisich a sin an t-ol agus chuireadh eir 'us eir gus na chuireadh an dall daorach eir a ghaisgeach, am Feardiag, agus thuit e far an ro' e. Cha ro do nearst ann am *pageachun* leibideach Maoim a Chruachain na thogadh as a siod e, agus leigeadh leis laidh far an ro' e agus chuireadh cuirigeann fairis eir. Sgri' a Mhaoim Chruachain litir fhoilleil mhosach an ainm an Fhirdiag gu'n reachadh e ghleac Cuchullain agus chuir i siod na phoca. Aig a bhraiceas an la'ir na mhaireach thuirst ise:

"Seadh Albannaich mhath bheil thu deas deonach do ghealltanas an raoir a chumail dhomh an diugh—dol a ghleic Cuchullain 's an Donn-guaillionn thoirst thugamsa?"

"Ne mise reachadh a ghleac Cuchullain! Fear mo bhithidh 's mo bhrollaich 's mo bhraghaid a tha laidhe 'sa g-eiridh co-rium fad nan naogh blianna. Bu chruaidh bhiodh a chuis orm d'uair nach reachainn a ghleac ri fear a ghleacadh ris. Mas ann eirson seo thug thu cuireadh cuilme dhomhsa cha'n 'eil mi d'chomain."

"Seall eir an litir tha d' phoca 's eir a ghealladh thug thu dhomh."

Chuir am Feardiag a lamh na phoca 's thug e mach an litir 's leugh e i. Chrom e cheann, 'us bhruc a dheoir gu frasach trom.

Ach mar dhuine 's mar ghaisgeach cha tigeadh e'n cois fhacail, agus sgri' e litir thun Cuchullain a choinneachadh eir Faiche choraig eir da uair-iag am maireach. Direach d'uair bha Cuchullain agus Laochaire folbh an bheinn-sheilg co choinnich 's an dorust 'ad ach teacaire an Fhir-dhiag leis an litir.

"Seadh! seadh! Bheil fios agadsa Laochaire de'n litir a fhuair mise seo?" orsa Cuchullain agus dh-inns e dha.

"Cha'n aona ghnothuch cearst tha eir aire" arsa Laochaire 's cha teid thu thoirst coinneamh no comhail dha. Na 'm bu ghnothach cearst a bhitheadh ga dhi thigeadh e lom 'us direach far an ro' thu cho luath 'sa bhuail a chas fiar Eirinn." "'S docha nach do bhrist e eir na mionnan a bh' eadaruinn" ors Cuchullain. "O 's docha nach do bhrist" orsa Laochaire "ach de idir a thug dha gu'n tighinn lom us direach far an so thu an aite fios a chur orst gu faiche-choraig?" "'Sdrochuair," orsa Cuchullain; bheir mi comhail dha co dhiu biodh i math no dona.

Choinnich na fir eir Faiche-choraig 's chuir 'ad failte chridheil eir a cheile. Phog an da bhrathair Laochaire Mac Nearst, agus Gille na h-Iuraich, a cheile aon uair agus, phog an da ghaisgeach, Cuchullain agus am Fear-diag, a cheile da uair. Bha 'ad a sin a spaidsearac a sios 'sa suas agus nan cairdean m'an bha 'ad riabh. "De na cleasun ris am bith sinn an diugh? ors am Feardiag. "Cleas 's am bith thogras sibh fhein orsa Cuchullain." "Nach bith sinn a caitheamh na sleagha an cul na h-eara?" Thug 'ad treis, mar sin. "Coma liom, ors 'm Fear-diag de'n doigh leibideach shuarach sin, cloinne bige. Ga'amid an t-seann doigh chearst." "Taing a Ni-math orsa Cuchullain gur tusa bhrist eir na mionnan 's nach mise."

Lean an ruaig a seo Cuchullain gus na chuireadh a mach eir tao' eile faiche-choraig e. N'ann a brath am bas a leigeil thugam a tha thu, ors easan ri Laochaire Mac Nearst? Ruith Laochaire 's chuir e stad eir a bhial-ath. Thill Cuchullain an torac eir an Fhear-dhiag.

Dh-eubh am Feardiag ri Gille na h-Iuraich ruith a leigeil dha'n bhial-ath 's leig e ruith dha'n t-sruth 's thill am Feardiag an tòrac eir Cuchullain gu tao' eil Faiche-choraig. Leum Laochaire 's rug e eir a bhrathair agus sparr e tarann na chluais ri craoibh. Spion Gille na h-Iuraich a' chraobh as a friamh agus lig e 'n t-ath agus chuir am Feardiag eir Cuchullain. Leum Laochaire agus rug e eir a bhrathair agus spion e 'n ceann as an amhuich aige agas stad e am bial-ath. Bha bhrathair marbh. Bha Cuchullain ris a ghath-bhalg agus cha ro 'n cleas seo idir aig an Fhear-dhiag.

Mharbhadh am Feardiag. Sgriobh Cuchullain a sin litir dh-ionnsuidh na Maoim Chruachain: "Dh-fhairstlich siod orst mar a dh-fhairstlich a chuile h-ionsuidh eile 'thug 'sa bheir thu eir an Donn-guaillionn a thoirst a mach." An uliai-thruis a bh-ann, chuireadh fios eir a Gharbh mac Stairn 'us teigheteas aig eir taobh eile dh-Eirinn.

Thainig e 's chuir a Bharuin failtè chridheil chaoimhneil eir agus mar chumha 's mar choineamh eir dol a ghleac Chuchullain chum an tairbh a thoirst a mach. "Gheo thu ors ise or agus airgiod gu leoir, cairdeas leighis na Maoim Chruachain agus lamh dheas Oiril." "Bha mise la dha'n ro' mi" ors an Garbh coir "'s bheirinn tarbh a mach dha'n Mhaoim Chruachain na'm b'urra mi, 's an la eir a bheil an diugh bheirinn diachuin dha n'am b'eudar." Bha e sin fad seacuin ga phrapadh (? *prop*) 's ga phripadh (? *bribe*) 's ga bhia'adh aig a Bharuinn. "'S ann a bhrogaicheas mi orm" ors an Garbh "fiach am faic mi mo nighean 's am faigh mi 'n Donn-Guaillionn dha'n Bharuinn." * * * *

Bha Cuchullain a' falbh gu beinn-sheilg la agus chunnaic e 'n Garbh a' tighinn agus thill e dhachaidh le cabhaig. "Nach eil d'athair a tighinn gu faiche-choraig" ors eise r'a mhnaoi. "An ta cha'n aon rud math tha ga dhi. 'S cinnteach gur h-ann eir thoir an tairbh tha e tighinn—tarbh na duibhe!" "De ni sinn?" (Cha ro toil aig Cuchullain dol a mhar'adh a Ghairbh.) "Ni, tilg thusa dhiot do chomhdach, 's leum eir mo chulao an leabaidh 's their mise gur leana mic a chuir mi chun an t-Saoghail thu. Fuinnidh mi bonnach 's cuiridh mi ghreidiol na bhroinn 's bheir mi dha e mar ghreim curaidh."

Thainig an Garbh eir a shnòdan fhein, a' sealltuin thuige 's bh' uaithe. Thainig e steigh 's bheannaich e dha'n teigh 's dh'an teolach.

"Tha ghaoth eir dorust nan laoch," ors easan. "An ta tha," ors ise le guth boc "ach cha bhiodh e mar sin na'n ro' na laoich fhein aig an teigh."

"Gu de dhianadh 'ad 's gu'n ach an aon dorust eir an teigh?"

"Bheireadh 'ad eir an taigh agus chuireadh 'ad tao na gaoith' san

fhasga agus tao' an fhasgai 'sa ghaoith." "An ta tha gniomh ghaisgeach a sin gu' dearbh agus bha mi fhé' la dha'n ro mi 's dhianainn gniomh gaisgich cuideac ; ach cha duiliom gu'n deanainn sin an la b'fhearr bha mi riabh ach fiacham ris."

Chaidh an Garbh a mach agus sgaoil e 'lamhun ri ceann an teighe agus thug e ionsuidh thogail eir agus a shiamh mu'n cuairst, ach cha tug e glidneachadh eir."

Thill e steigh. "Dh-fhairstlich siod orm 's ma riar fhein cha'n ioghnadh ged' a dh-fhairstlicheadh an la b'fhearr bha mi riabh. Ach caite bheil na laoich fhein?" "Tha sa bheinn sheilg." "'S gu de tha thus dianadh 's an leabaidh 's do shuil cho beo 's do ghuth cho laidir?" "Tha mi'n deigh m' asaid 's leana chur chun an t-saoghail." "U 's ciadach an tinneas a th-orst—an tinneas is fhearr na'n t-slainte. De chlann a th'agad?" "Tha mac." "Cha b'urra bhi b'fhearr. Thatar ag rath riumsa gu'm bi fiaclann aig mic nan gaisgeach d'uair a bheirear 'ad. Fiachair am mac mar an t-athair do mhac-sa." Chuir e mhiar am bial an leainibh 's chaill e barr a mheoir ra linn. "Ud! ud! ud! 's mac mar an t-athair thu gu dearbh. 'S math liom nach mi bhios beo ri linn dhuit tighinn gu ire deich blianna fichead a dh-aois. Ach gu de 'm bonnach mor seo an oir an teine is mutha dha na chunna mi riabh?" "Cha'n eil ach bonnach a bhios aig na laoich d'uair thig 'ad as a bheinnsheilg." "Theirte laoch rium fhein la dha'n ro mi 's feumaidh mi blas a bhonnaich fhiachain."

Thug e greim as a bhonnach agus chuireadh tri chlaragun a dorust a bheoil. "Ud! ud a ri! fhein tha greim curaidh a seo gu dearbh."

"Ach cait a bheil an Donn-guaillionn?" "Tha e aig a bhuachaille co-ris a chrodh." "An eirich thu 's an leig thu fhaicinn dhomh cait a bheil an crodh. 'S e sin rud is laogha is cor 'omh dhiana agus dh-eirich i agus sheall i dha an rathad a gha'adh e. Chuir an "leanabh" eir a culaobh cagar na cluais i ga sheoladh rathad fada fiaraidh agus rinn i sin. "Thatar ag rath riumsa" ors an Garbh mac Stairn, 's an dealachadh "gur tu mo nighean—'s tha mi nist a faicinn gur tu."

Sgiobalaich Cuchullain aodach eir agus thar e as, 's bha e aig a chrodh mu'n rainig an Garbh.

"Tilg dhiot a bhuachaille" ors easan "agus thoir dhomhs do chuid aodaich 's cuir thus orst m'aodach-sa 's teich dha'n ghleann ad shios leis an Donn-guaillionn agus ceithir no coig da na mairst." Rinn am buachaille mar a shireadh eir.

Thainig a sin an Garbh 's e na chrŭthail chrăthail, mhor bhodaich. "Seadh a bhuachaille an e siod an Donn-guaillionn," ors eise 's e tothadh ri tarbh bha shios a miosg na tain 's cha ro 'n

tarbh, sin fhein cli ga da b' ao-coltach ris an Donn-ghuaillionn e. "'S e" ors am "buachaille." Ghabh an Garbh 'sam "buachaille" sios a choi'ead na taine 's an tairbh, agus mhol 'us mhol an Garbh an tain agus tarbh Chuchullain.

"'Sann a thainig mis eirson an tairbh" ors an Garbh "'s tha nám' a bhi folbh leis 's an t-anamoch a tighinn a "bhuachaille!" "Cha bhi'n t-im sin eir an roinn sin, cha leig mise leat an tarbh gos am foigh mi ordan mo mhaighstir 's gos an tig e dhachaidh as a bheinn sheilg." "Cha bhi mi fuireach ris," ors an Garbh 's rug e eir *oiric* eir an tarbh gos a thoirt leis. Leum am "buachaille" 's rug e eir *oiric* eile 'n tairbh 's an tarbh cha leigeadh e leis. Bha 'ad a sin a drăothadh an tairbh o cheile. "Agam fhein a bhios e" theireadh an darna fear; "fiach riut theireadh am fear eile," gos na shrac 'ad an tarabh o cheile o chlar aodain gu bun *urabail.* Chuir am "buachaille" car ma cheann dha'n leth aige fhein 's bhuail e'n Garbh leis 's rinn e bŭta dheth 'sa pholl. "'Usa! bhodaich mhosaich le d' spadaireac a tighinn a chur drăogh eir tarbh mo mhaighstir 's gu'n e fhein aig an teigh gus a thoirst dhuit." Dh-eirich an Garbh 's chrath e'm poll dheth fhein. "Crosam a dhol an carrabh a mhaighstir d'uair tha'm buachaille cho treasa seo" ors easan 's e crathadh a phuill dheth fhein. "Bu cho math liom Cuchullain a bhi am beinn 's a bhi aig baile an la thiginn an rathad. Ach a bhuachaille, bheil cleas 's am bith agadsa bhios Cuchullain a dianadh fiach an dian mi fhein e?" "Tha sin agam, fear na dha." "Siuthad ma tha! dian e," agus bhrosnaich e am "buachaille" gu cleasun Chuchullain a shealltain dha. Gu'm b'e chiad chleas a sheall am "buachaille" dha, trăigh us dorn-gulban * a thomhas thar bearradh creaige.

---

* "Trăigh 'us dorn-gulban" is a trick that used to be practised by boys of old in the Highlands, though probably they are becoming wiser now. A boy stands on the edge of a rock, and places the heel of one foot on the edge, and the heel of the other foot to the toe of that one, and his two closed fists side by side to the point of that toe again. He then leaps backward—if he can. The higher the rock the greater the feat. See *Leabhar Na Feinne,*—

"Thomh'se tu traigh 'us dorn-gulban
Mach o urracagun (*a*) na dairich (*b*).
Mor Chalum, Mor dhugh Chalum,
Dian laidhe le Moir a Chalum."

An old sarcastic Barra song, levelled at a former factor there, who was famous for his yarns about his own feats of agility and strength.

(*a.*) "Urrachagun" are the pins to which the halyards of a boat are fastened.

(*b.*) "Na daraich," the boat, an old name, not now used.—A. A. C.

Ach ga do thomhais am "buachaille" an traigh 's an dorn-gulban gu sgiolta cha b' ionan sin 's mar a dh-eirich dha'n Gharbh. D'uair chrom e cheann a dhianadh a chleas chuir am "buachaille" ghlaic an cul a amhcha 's thilg e sios leis a chreaig e.

Dh-fhalbh Cuchullain a sin gu dol dhachaidh 's de thachair eir anns a ghleann ach lorg mhor-mhor duine agus brùit. Bha fhad agus a liad fhein an lorgan duine bha an deo'aidh na bruit agus mu dhe'inn lorg na bruit cha 'n 'eil fios de mheudac a bh'ann. Lean Cuchullain an da lorg mhor a bha seo fiach am faiceadh e de bu 's ciall daibh. D'uair bha e dol seachad gualain na beinne chunnaic e duine shios ri taobh an lochain agus tarbh aig eir *oiric*. Smeid an duine eir agus dh-eubh e ris. Bha eagal eir Cuchullain dol na choir ach coma co-dhiu chaidh e far an ro e.

"Siuthad, cuidich mis" ors am fear mor. "Cha chuidich mi gos an cluinn mi de's aobhar dhuit mo chuideachadh iarraidh." "Innsidh mi sin dhuit. Tha mi o chionn sheac blianna toirst toirioc na taine bho m' bhrathair; ach mu'n tar mi dhol na dail tha easan agam, 's ga toirst uam. Ach cuidich thusa mi 's bithidh i againn marbh mu'n tig e agus tha cruach mhor mhoine thallad eir am bruich sinn i agus bithidh sinn na's treasa gu cath an deigh a h-ichidh."

Mharbh am fear mor agus Cuchullain an tarbh agus dh-fhadaidh 'ad teine fo'n chruaich mhoine agus chuir 'ad an tarabh eir a muin ga rosladh. D'uair bha 'an rosladh bruich thoisich 'ad ri icheadh ach mu'n d' fhuair 'ad ach gle bheag icheadh dheth thainig brathair an fhir-mhoir eir am muin. Bha chraos fosgailt 's dhianadh a chridhe 's a ghruthan solust romh bhial. Sheas e ri tao' thall a bháigh 's shin an da bhrathair eir caitheadh nan sleagh eir a cheile. Shin Cuchullain ri cuideachadh an fhir mhoir bha eir a thaobh fhein ach cha tilgeadh [chuireadh] e 'shaighead treasa trian dha'n astar. Ruith e sin mu chuairst a' bhaigh agus shin e ri dochan an fhir mhoir o chul (reachadh e steigh fo gho'al), ann an cul nam bailc. Bha'm fear mor a faireacain tachas ri cul a chas agus thug e suil far a ghualain agus faicear Cuchullain. Bhuail e breab eir o thaobh a chuil agus tilgear Cuchullain a null gu tao' thall a bhaigh agus cait a mhi-sheala a phorst an do stad e ach gu'm b'ann an *oiric* an tairbh! Ach na fhuair easan a mhialainte tighinn as a sin cha d'fhuair duine riabh roimhe no na dheo'igh urrad. Cò-ris mhialaint a fhuair e, bhrist e chlaidh a tighinn as.

Dh-falbh e sin, 's a chlaidh briste na dhorn. Bu tamailteach leis dol dhachaidh gu'n fhios nach saoileadh bean-an-teighe gur h-ann a gleac ri h-athair fhein a bhrist e 'n claidh. Thaghail e sin ann an ceardaich 'san dol seachad fiach am faigheadh e chlaidh eir a charadh. Bha cheardach lan dhaoine mar a bha chuile

ceardach riabh 's a bhitheas. Shir e eir a ghobha chlaidh a charadh.

"Cha chairich mi 's cha gha' e caradh gos an inns thu ciamar a bhrist thu e no gu de an gniomh gaisgich no an tapadh a rinn thu?" Cuir a mach na daoine mata (bha tamailt eir innseadh an la'ar na'n daoine gur h-ann ri linn dha bi ga thoirst fhein á *oiric* an tairbh a bhrist e chlaidh). Chuir an gobha mach na daoine. Ach dh-fhalaich nighean mhor mhungach rua leis a gho'a i fhein fo'n bhalg 's bha i g-eisdeac a chuile druideadh seanchais bha eadar a h-athair agus Cuchullain. "Cha'n ann ad' Chu Chullain bha thu 'n uair sin idir ach ad Chu adhriac" ors ise ri linn dhi seanachas Chuchullain a chluinntinn. Siod Cuchullain a mach an dorust leis an tamailt. Cha do sheall e na dheo'igh 's cha d' fhuirich e ri sleagh no claidh. * * * *

Treis an deo'igh seo thainig te do chlann a Challadair far an robh a Mhaoim Chruachain agus thug i comhairle oirre. "O na dh-fhairstlich an Donn-guaillionn eir gaisgich an t-saoghail cuir a nis fios eir reisemeid de bhoirionaich na h-Eirionn agus boirionnach 'na sinilear eir an ceann agus thoir la blair 'us baiteil do Chuchullain eir faiche-choraig agus bithidh mi fhein is mo dha phiuthair ga d' chomhnadh."

Rinneadh seo. Chruinnich a Mhaoim Chruchain reisemeid do bhoirionnaich na h-Eirionn agus boirionnach na sinilear (? *seanalair*) eir an ceann agus chuireadh gu faiche choraig ad gu la blair as baiteil a thorist do Chuchullain.

Chuala Cuchullain seo ach cha ro bheag no mhor a dh-umhail aige dhiu. Bha e dianadh gu'n cuireadh e fhein agus a ghille ri boirionnaich an t-saoghail. Rinneadh a seo la blair. Chaidh Cuchullain agus a ghille chun a bhial áth. Bha Maoim a Chruachain fLein eir ceann a sluaigh.

Bha Cuchullain ga'n leagail nam bŭtaichean a sios lis an t-struth gus an ro e toirst sgrios eir reisemeid an deigh reisemeid. Le teas na h-obrach thug e chlogad far a chinn agus leag e ri thaobh e.

Thionndaidh a Mhaoim Chruachain a sin gu gnua ri Feannag, nigheann a Challadair, agus thuirt i rithe—"Na'nn a brath mo chuid airm leigeil gu bas tha thu an deigh dhuit duais mhor a gha-'ail uam?"

Ghrad leum Feannag an rioc feannaig anns an speur agus thainig i nall 's bhuail i eir seoladh anns an adhar o's cionn Chuchullain. Cha do chuir easan diu dhi—shaoil leis gu'm b'fheannag ghrannda ghlas i. Leig ise sios mionnach glaisein lan puisein eir a cheann ruisgte. Laidh siod eir an ionachain aigesan• agus leig e osna ghointe bhais as. Tha mo nearst 's mo leirsin am threigsin, a dheo Laochaire caite bheil thu?" "Ri d' thaobh." "Cuir clach

am laimh fiach gu de 'n euc a ni mi." Chuir Laochaire clach na laimh agus shăd Cuchullain a chlach. "Am fac thu ca na bhuail a chlach a Laochaire?" "Bhuail an cul a chinn eir an dobhar-chu 's e eir strabh na fal' eir an ath. "An do mharbh mi e?" "O mharbh gu dearbh; cha'n eil sgrid ann—shaor e na raimh." "Tha sin ag innseadh gu bheil am bas agamsa. Bha e 's an dailgneac gu h-e sin a chiad euc 's an t-euc mu dheireadh a dhianainnse, cu 'mhar'adh. Tog thusa an claidh mor eir mo ghualain agus cuir an t-sleagh mhor fo m' uc. Saoilidh 'ad gu'm bith mi beo 's cha tig 'ad a nall eir an ath. Sinidh tus aiste gu Goll brathair mo mhathar agus innsidh tu dha mar thachair, ach fiach gu'n tiaruin thu do bheatha eir ra linn."

Shin Laochaire mac Nearst a mach agus rainig e'n Fhinn—bha 'ad an Eirinn 's an am. "Seadh a Laochaire, ciamar a dh-fhag thu mo chaomh charaid Cuchullain," orsa Goll. "Bha e diana teigh ur dha fhein d'uair a dh-fhag mis, e." "O! Seadh! seadh! 'n ann mar seo a tha. 'Togaidh an goraiche 'n caisteal 's ga'aidh an gliocaire comhnuidh ann.' Nach math gu'm foghnadh dhasan an seann talla bh' aig an Du'altach athair. Ach bithidh an oige 'san leom fuaighte ri cheile agus sin mar a dh-eirich do Cuchullain 's dha'n teigh ur tha e togail." "U! cha'n 'eil ann ach bothan beag, d'uair a laidhèas e eir dhruim direach bithidh a shron 'sa ghath-droma." "Deart a thuirst thu mar sin? 'S ionnan sin 's gu bheil mo chaomh charaid Cuchullain marbh." "Cha tug mise guth eir bas—fhianuis sin orst fhein." "Cha tug thu 'ille mhaith 's tu nach tug. Co eir am bu chruaidhe bas deagh mhaighstir no eir deagh ghille? Ach cha'n am seo gu fuireach 's Cuchullain na eigin." 'N am bhi dol seachad eir coille bhuain Goll tri ghadun chaola chruaidh agus chuir e siod eir bac ruithe Laochaire. "Seo" ors easan "cum sin gos an lion mis 'ad leis na cinn is docha leat fhein a bhi eir ghad."

Thainig Feannag nigheann a Challadair a nall agus bhuail i eir seoladh o's cionn Chuchullain. Bha i tighinn na bu daine 's na bu daine mar bhios na feannagun grannda'n comhuich gus mu dhireadh na laidh i eir a ghualainn dhios.

"Tha'n t-suil a dunadh 's am bial a gròbadh 's faodaidh luc nan cleas tighinn a nall" orsa Feannag.

Chrom Goll agus Laochaire le Faiche-choraig agus shin 'ad eir arm na Maoim Chruachain as an h-uair. Leig Laochaire ruith leis na gadan tri uairean. Thiondaidh Goll ris gu gnua. Ma bhios ceann a dhi nan tri ghad seo feumaidh do cheann fhein no mo cheann fhein dol eir a ghad ga lionadh. Seo d'uair a leig Laochaire ris do Gholl gun h-ruith a leig leis na gŏid.

Thog 'ad a sin leo corp Chuchullain agus dh-amhlaiceadh e. Tha 'n sgial a mach.

NOTE.—The reciter is 76 years old. He was a joiner by trade, but failing health and sight disabled him from work for some years back. He is a descendant of, and is called after, Hector Macleod, the Uist bard, who so sweetly sung—

"Moch maduinn Cheitein 's a cheo
'Nám dha'n ghrein togail fo neoil,"

and who rendered good service to many who were out in the '45.

The reciter says he heard "Toirioc Na Taine" 60 years ago from a Ruaraidh Rua Mac Cuithein, a native of North Uist, but who travelled in South Uist as a sort of catechist. This catechiser was a celebrated reciter and *seanchaidh*. He probably knew more ancient Gaelic poetry than any man of his day. The poetry and traditions of the Feinne were his principal themes, and these he always handled with much ability and acceptance to his ever varying yet ever admiring audience.

Mac Cuithein gave much information about Gaelic poetry to Campbell, the author of "Albyn's Authology" (?), and through Campbell's influence, Lord Macdonald, the present young lord's grandfather, gave Mac Cuithein a piece of land rent-free in N. Uist during the remainder of his life. His son is grieve with the Misses Macdonald, Scolpaig, N. Uist, ach cha mhac mar an t-athair e. He has no old lore whatever.

Mac Cuithein, better known as "Ruaraidh Ruadh," died about fifty years ago.

NOTES ON "TOIREACHD NA TAINE."

We are indebted for the following valuable Notes on "TOIREACHD NA TAINE" to Standish O'Grady, Esq., M.R.I.A. :—

This story begins with one of that series of feats by Cuchullin which in Irish are known as "Maic-ghnìomhartha Chongculainn," or "Cuchullin's exploits while a boy." In the "Tain Bo Chuailgne," these doings are related round the camp fire to "Meadhbh Chruachna" and her husband Ailill, by Fergus Mac Róich and other warriors of Ulster who were then in the service, having left their own country in the matter of the sons of Uisneach, who had been killed whilst under the protection of Fergus. These exploits are narrated shortly after the setting out of the "Toireacht," in order to prepare Meadhbh of Cruachan and Ailill, and give them to understand what they might expect at Cuchullin's hands. In the Book of Leinster and other MSS., Culann, smith to Conchabhar Mac Neasa, King of Ulster, makes a feast for the latter. The King asks Cuchullin, whose name was at that time Sétanta Beag Mac Sualtaim, to join them. The boy says he will follow later. He does so, and is attacked by a famous "ár-chú" of Culann's outside the fort. Having taken with him his ball (liathroit, as a ball is still called at present,) and "caman" (word still in use, as is also the implement itself,) to beguile the way, he slays the hound

as here described. Culann makes a great fuss over his loss, and Setanta having promised not only to get him a pup of the same breed, but to act himself as watchdog until the whelp should be "inghnfomha," or fit for action ; that wise man Cathbhadh Draoi, who was present, is so delighted with the lad's judgment against himself, that upon the spot he dubs him "Cu Chulainn ;" "Fearr liom m'ainm fein, eadhon Setanta mac Sualtaim," ar an mac beag. "Na h-abair sin, a mhic bhig," ar Cathbhadh Draoi, "oir canfaid fir Eireann agus Alban an ainm sin, agus bhus lan beóil fear Eireann agus Alban de'n ainm sin." Thereupon he adopts the name.

His father's name is written in the Book of Leinster, "Sualtach and Sualtaim." In a good vellum MS., of about 1460, in the British Museum, I find "Sudholtach." (The orthography of this MS. is, however, very affected and uncouth, and evidently of purpose. The scribes of this period, or rather some of them, appear to have amused themselves by altering the spelling of almost every word). In a fine paper copy of the "Tain Bo Chuailgne," written in the County Louth in 1800 from another MS. of 1730, it stands "Subhaltach." When the tale has for so long a period been perpetuated orally, it is quite natural that the name should have glided into one quite similar in sound, but more intelligible to the reciters of the day. Hence we have here "Dubhaltach." This was common as a Christian name in Ireland down to the latter half of the seventeenth century.

There are in Irish two versions of "Coimpert Chongculainn," or Cuchullin's Birth, differing in some respects, but agreeing in this, that Sualtach was his mother's husband, but only nominally his father. The circumstances connected with Cuchullin's birth are flavoured with the supernatural. Sualtach, in the Tain Bo Chuailgne, appears more or less in the light of an old woman, and is treated with scant respect by his hardy stepson, or whatever we may call him. He is eventually killed by Cuchullin's horse, "An Liath Macha"—Macha's Grey—which plays a great part in the Cuchullin cycle of legends. In the Tain Bo Chuailgne Sualtach does not appear much, nor does he fight at all.

We have in Irish no record of the time during which Cuchullin played the watchdog's part.

The "Maic-ghnfomhartha" do not speak of his being sent into the "Domhan shoir," but his journey to and sojourn at Scathach's shool of arms in Skye are minutely related in the tale called "Tochmarc Eimhre," or the Wooing of Eimhear (by Cuchullin). In the Irish tales "an Domhan shoir" is often used for Alba.

In Irish the "gilla" or "ara" of Cuchullin is Laogh Mac Rianghabhra, a very fine character, who accompanied him in all his doings till death. He never dissuaded him from any enterprise. Among the "Maic-ghnfomhartha" is an account of the day upon which Cuchullin first took arms, and first went into a chariot. Arms and chariot had been given to him by Connor, the King, who also lent him one of his charioteers, Iomhar Mac Rianghabhar, a brother to Laogh Mac Rianghabhar. This Iomhar was a man of a different stamp from Laogh, and on Cuchullin's first expedition seeks to dissuade him from killing

some deer (which, however, we are not told were pets of Connor's), from ascending a mountain, and from entering the stronghold of the three sons of Neachfa (their mother), &c., &c. Cuchullin acts in spite of him, and of course triumphs. I cannot account for the name Neart. Cuchullin had a great friend, Lughaidh stiabh *n-dearg* (Lughaidh of red stripes), being so marked round neck and waist. He also had a contemporary named Laoghaire, but his cognomen was Buadhach.

In the Irish versions the attendants of Meadhbh's envoy are all called "eachlachs," as are also their equals in all other tales of this and considerably later ages. The "Galléglach," or, as sometimes written, "Goglaoch," was the heavy, armed soldier of Ireland down to the middle ages, and down to the close of the Elizabethan war. He was so called because of the long shirt of mail in which he fought, as well as, perhaps, the great battle-axe which distinguished him from the Ceatharnach (kern, or "light-infantry" man), who borrowed from the Gall, or Scandinavian. The word is always spelt with two *l's*.

It was Cuchullin that had the "Ga Bulga" (in the Irish version), and Feardiadh calls out to his gille to prevent Laogh's sending it down to the stream to Cuchullin. He succeeds a few times, but eventually Cuchullin gets the "ga," and slays Feardiadh.

The story of the bannock with the griddle inside, and mock-child in bed, is known in Ireland, but not told of Cuchullin. It is sometimes told of Fionn, sometimes of some anonymous Fathach or other, and so on.

With the death of the Feardiadh this tale diverges quite away from the Tain Bo Chuailgne, in which there is nothing answering to what follows. The counsel given to Meadhbh to send for the children of "An Caladair," belongs to the story called "*Brisleach mor Maighe Muirtheimhne*," in which Cuchullin lost his life by practices of magic. During the Tain he fought with and slew one *Calaitin dana* and his twenty-seven sons. Calaitin, however, had left his wife *torrach* when he went to follow the Tain, and she brought forth three sons, and as many daughters. These Meadhbh had educated as sorcerers, with a view to the future punishment of Cuchullin, for whom she had "a stone in her sleeve" ever since the Tain. The story of the Brisleach is very long, occupying 77 closely-written quarto pages in a MS. in the British Museum, in the old hand, and full of contractions.

In the Brisleach, Cuchullin, wounded to death, goes down to the brink of a small loch. "Agus do ghabh Laogh ag ceangal agus ag cornghadh a chneadh agus a chreucht, go rabhadar ag imtheilgean fola, gur ba chaoba cródheargo agus linnte fola foir-dheirge an lochan leathan linn-uaithne uadha; agus ni fada do bhí amhlaidh sin an uair do chonnairc an dobhar-chu ag 'ol a fhola, agus an uair do chonnairc-sean crú a chuirp ag an g-coin da chaitheamh do ghabh cloch chuige de chiumhais an chalaidh, agus thug urchar do'n dobhar-choin, agus do mharbh i. Beir buaidh agus beannacht, a Chuagain! ar Laogh; ni tugadh riamh urchar budh fhearr na sin, agus ni thainic do shaoghal fos, agus dioghail thu fein air fhearaibh Eireann. Truagh sin, a Laoigh! ar Cuchulainn. Ni mhuirbhfead-sa duine na ainmhidhe d'a eis-si sud go brath! agus cu an cheud eucht do righne misi ariamh,

agus do tairrngireadh go m-budh chu m'eucht deidheanach." I quote the above from a MS. of 1712, to show how closely the two versions agree in this incident. *Dobhar-chu* is an otter. *Dobhar* is water. In Cormac's Glossary we find "Dobur=uisce. Unde dicitur dobar-cu; agus do breth dobar-ci imorro is in Chombreic (*i.e.*, Dobur= water, whence is named dobar-cu; and moreover [the name of] dobor-ci is given it in the Cambrian [Welsh])." Under another head he says, "Dobur=uisce, unde dicitur dobar-chu. i. dobran." (Modern dobhran= dobharan. From Stokes's translation of Cormac's Glossary).* The modern Welsh words are "Dwfr," water. "Ci," a dog in composition, "dwfr-gi," water-dog, otter. Cornish, "dofer-ghi" (the same). Breton, "dour-gi," and also "ki-dour" (this last "Cu dobhair). "Dobhar-chu" is obsolete all over Ireland, except in the County Donegal, where "Dobhar" also enters into the names of places, as "Gaoth-dobhair" (Anglice, Gweedore; gaoth=a stream left on the strand by the falling tide). Brother Michael O'Clery (one of the "IV. Masters," and himself a Donegal man), in his Glossary of Old Irish Words, printed at Louvain in 1641, explains "Dobhar-chu" by *madra uisge*, which is the present name for an otter in Munster and South Leinster. In Connaught and the West of Ulster and Leinster, it is called "madadh uisge." In Irish "cu" is feminine, and thus declined:— "An chu, na con, do'n choin; Plural, na cointe, or na coin (the latter the commonest form), na g-con, do na conaibh.

It looks as if "dobhar-chu" had lost its meaning in the district where this tale was taken down, and its place supplied by a word of very similar sound and intelligible to the people of the period, just as the Norman French Oyez! Oyez! (listen! listen!), by which silence is proclaimed in an English Court of Justice, has long been transformed into Oh yes! Oh yes! It is evident that "dobhar-chu" is a better description of an otter than "odhar-chu," for that is not his colour. So thought the Gaelic bard who sang—

"Fhuair mi lorg an dobhrain duinn,
An dobhrain duinn, an dobhrain duinn!
Fhuair lorg an dobhrain duinn,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain!"

NOVEMBER 21.—We take the following extract from a paper read by Mr. William Mackay, on

THE STUDY OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

"Sweet tongue of our druids and bards of past ages!
Sweet tongue of our monarchs, our saints, and our sages!
Sweet tongue of our heroes and free-born sires!
When we cease to preserve thee, our glory expires."

---

* *Tobar*, well, remains in use as one form of the ancient word *Dobhar*, water. Also *Dobhran*, a sulky boy; and *ball-dobhrain*.]

The Gaelic language has in its time encountered many a foe; but of all those, the Gaelic people has been its most deadly. This seems strange, but it is no less the truth. We cannot blame any but ourselves for the decay of our national tongue. The blame is often placed upon the shoulders of our Saxon neighbours, but it is as well to lay it at the door of the Hottentot or of the Red Indian—the fault is ours and no other's. In what respect, then, have we Highlanders erred? Simply in this—that we have neglected the language which Providence gave us to foster and preserve. We may think that we do well if we learn to *speak* Gaelic; but in the circumstances which now exist, we prove faithless in the trust placed in us as keepers of our language if we do not read, write, and cultivate it. To-day, scholars rejoice in the venerable pages of Greek and Roman authors; but how much of Greek and Latin would we now have, if the people whose languages these were, were content with the mere ability to speak them? And in what condition would the English, French, and other modern languages be, were the people who speak them so dead to their responsibilities as we, and our brethren the Kelts of Ireland, are to ours? The Kelts of Wales hold an honourable position in regard to their language. Although they are hemmed in by the English to a greater extent than either we or the Irish are, it is as difficult to find a Welshman who cannot write Welsh as it is to find a Highlander or an Irishman who *can* write Gaelic. The Welsh language is taught in the Welsh schools; there are numerous Welsh periodicals, and there is not in Wales a town of any importance without its Welsh newspaper or newspapers. Let us contrast with this flourishing state of matters, the sad state of native literature in the Highlands, and Ireland. Except in a few remote districts, the children in these countries are not taught, or even allowed to speak, their native tongue in school; and consequently we have an anomaly which does not in any other country exist—people "educated and intelligent," and yet unable to read or write their mother tongue! But there is another and more painful result of this unnatural system of education;—there are numerous cases of persons who are able to read English fluently without understanding a sentence of what they read!

As to the Gaelic press, only two Gaelic magazines exist, and there is no Gaelic newspaper.* Our magazines, the *Gael* and the

* Since the above was written, *The Highlander* (Inverness), containing a Gaelic department, has been started. The Very Rev. Professor Bourke, of Tuam, Ireland, has also commenced to publish a series of Gaelic lessons, &c., in the columns of the *Tuam News*.

Banner of Truth, are well conducted and merit our best support. If Highlanders do their duty towards these young periodicals, Gaelic literature will greatly gain thereby. There is room for more such publications, were we Kelts only willing to devote a very short time to the acquisition of a scholarly knowledge of our language. Once able to read Gaelic, there will be no danger of our being willing to forget it. The gems hid under its folds are too precious to admit of their being slighted by any one able to appreciate them; and I consider that we commit a crime indeed, if, through our apathy and neglect, we fail to hand down those treasures to posterity. The beauties of our tongue already attract the notice of the intelligent and unbiassed stranger. Among the Germans, French, and English, are enthusiastic Keltic students, and if we Highlanders do not in this revival become the leaders, and gather that which Gaelic-speaking people only can gather, we shall, as I have said, incur a heavy responsibility to posterity. Low as the Keltic languages are in the estimation of many, they will yet be deemed as valuable to philology as Greek or Latin. We may rejoice in the anticipated death of the Keltic, but that language shall not die. As a spoken language, at present the mother-tongue of 5,000,000 of people, we may guarantee to it a lease of several centuries yet to come; but after it does, in a good old age, follow the course of the ancient languages already gone, and cease to be spoken, it will live in books and in the heads of the learned.

It is generally taken for granted that Gaelic is a language difficult to learn—impossible to spell; but had those who are of this opinion devoted to Gaelic but the hundredth part of the time which they devoted to English before they became masters of its orthography, their tale would be very different. The principles of Gaelic orthography are few and simple; and if these principles are mastered, the language is mastered. If you speak Gaelic, I assure you that two months' earnest study—two hours every evening—will result in your being able to write it. This is more than can be said of English. In a pamphlet by an "Englishman, B.D.," the following passage occurs:—"In orthography, Irish"—that is, Gaelic—"has great superiority over English. There are easy rules which insure correctness. The Welsh claims the same superiority. According to Dr Johnson, the Welsh, two hundred years ago—we must say three hundred—insulted the English for the instability of their orthography. They reproach us on the same ground to this day. We have in English no fixed principle of orthography, and it is one of the serious imperfections of our language. Mr. Ellis asserts (1), that no Englishman can tell with

certainty how to pronounce any word which he has only seen written; (2) that no Englishman can tell with certainty how to spell a word which he has only heard spoken and never seen written." Of the principles to which I have referred, I shall here only make mention of that of "broad to broad and narrow to narrow," which in itself is almost a complete key to our orthography.

As members of the Gaelic Society, our duty is to make ourselves perfectly acquainted with our language, as it is written. As Secretary of the Society, I experience the greatest difficulty in getting members to write Gaelic papers. This state of matters in the second year of our existence is a slur upon our reputation which must not be allowed to exist. We must have the language practically and systematically taught to us, either at our ordinary meetings, or at a class specially formed. Acquaint yourselves with the writing of the language, by corresponding in it. If there is any one among my young friends here—and it is but charitable to suppose that there is—who has not yet forgot his first love towards some daughter of the mountains, in his native glen, let him correspond with her in the sweet and natural tongue of *Uilleam Ros.*

The subjects of my observations to-night are such as may be discussed; I therefore conclude. Permit me to do so in the words of the Rev. Professor Mullin, of Lochrea, Ireland, slightly altered to suit Highlanders. No Irishman will censure us for the liberty we take in thus adopting unto ourselves the words of an eloquent poem of which the sons of Erin are justly proud. The Kelts of Ireland and the Kelts of Scotland have a common language; and all differences and quarrels between them over that language are suicidal to their common cause. Let us hope that the unfortunate jealousies which for so long a time separated the Keltic scholars of Scotland and Ireland are now cast into that oblivion which endeth not—

> "Oh, be *Highland*, Highlanders, and rally for the dear old tongue,
> Which, as ivy to a ruin, to the dear old land has clung!
> Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck, the only and the last,
> To show what Albin ought to be, by pointing to the Past!"

DECEMBER 5th.—There was a paper read this evening, which may be regarded as a sequel to, if not a fragment of the tale, of which so much is given, under the head of "Toiriocc na Taine." Throughout the Highlands this paper is known as

LAOIDH NAN CEANN.

[Bho Dhonull Mac-an-t-Saoir,* Aird, Beinn-nam-faothala, Uist, 22na Mart, 1867. Taken down by
ALEX. A. CARMICHAEL.]

Mharbhadh Cuchullain a' cogadh an aghaidh Maoim a Chruachain. 'Nuair a leonadh e leis a' bhuitsich Feannag nighean a Challadair, thuirst e r'a ghille, Laoghaire mac Nearst, "A Laoghaire mhic Neirst, a threin ghaisgich, agus a dheagh sheirbheisich dhilis, fhuair mis mo bhuille bàis. Ach cuir thusa 'm sheasamh mi agus sleagh fo gach achlais agam agus te eile fo m' uc [bhrollach] a chumas am sheasamh mi, am fianuis sluagh Maoim a Chruachain; agus cumaidh so Maoim a Chruachain agus a cuid airm gu'n tighinn a nall eir Ath-Crioch." Rinn Laoghaire mar a shir a mhaighstir eir. "Falbhaidh tu nis a Laoghaire, agus bheir thu fios ga'm chaomh charaid Connul gu'n do mharbhadh a dhalta (? *oide*) Cuchullain."

Chuir Connul bòidean agus briathran eir fhein gu marbhadh e neach eir bith a thigeadh a thoirt fios dha eir bas Chuchullain. Bha fios aig Laoghaire eir a so.

Rainig Laoghaire taigh Chonnuil agus chaidh e 's taigh. Ghabh Connul naigheac Chuchullain deth gu suilbhearra — "Seadh a Laoghaire, ciamar tha mo chaomh charaid Cuchullain?" orsa Connul. "Tha gu math," orsa Laoghaire. "Tha e 'n trast deigh taigh ùr a dhianadh." "Gu de 'n taigh a rinn e mar sin?" orsa Connul. "Nach bu mhath gu'm fonadh dhàsan' an t-seann aitreamh aosmhor mhor bha aig a shinnsre?" "Rinn teigh anns an fhasan ur." "Gu de am fasan a fhuair e mar sin?" "O cha'n eil ann ach taigh beag. An uair a laidheas e eir a dhruim-direach eir an urlar agus a shineas e a chasun buailidh bonn a chas ceann-iocrach, agus crun a chinn ceann-uacrach, agus barr a shroine droma-mhaide 'n taighe." "'S ionnan sin" orsa "Connul agus gu bheil mo chaomh charaid Cuchullain marbh." "Cha tug mis iomara eir bas a Chonnuil," orsa Laoghaire, "fhiannis sin orst fhein, is tu thug iomara eir a bhas agus cha mhise."

---

* Donald Macintyre, usually called "Do'ul mac Dho'uil 'ic Thearlaich," died in 1868. He was a sort of catechist among the Roman Catholic population of Uist and Barra. His lays of Ossian were in more request than his lays of Rome. The younger people used to tease him much, when he would break out into great fits of swearing. One of the priests told me that the Barra people—no saints—complained that he introduced several new oaths amongst them. A. A. C.

" O cha tug a laochain 's tu nach tug. Co leis am bu chruaidhe bas Chuchullain na leatsa fhein. Biodhmid a falbh a Laoghaire," agus dh-falbh Connul agus Laoghaire.

A chiad choille choinnich Connul chaidh e 's taigh innte agus bhuain e seac gaid (? *goid*) ura dha'n chaol bu ruighne agus chuir e siod eir bac ruighe Laoghaire.

Innsidh tu nis dhomhsa a Laoghaire co na daoine bu deise agus na cairdean bu dilse bha aig Maoim a Chruachain agus a b-fhaide bh' eir a taobh 'sa chogadh agus cha'n fhag mise ceann eir amhach (*aca*) gus an lion mi na seac goid so."

Rainig 'ad Ath-Crioch far an tugadh am blar agus fhuair 'ad Cuchullain na sheasadh ris na sleaghun agus e marbh gun deo, agus sluagh Maoim a Chruachain thall ma choineamh ga choimhead agus nach leigeadh an t-eagal leo tighinn a nall na b'fhaisg eir (gu'n fhios an robh e marbh).

Ghabh Connul a null agus shin e eir sliocadh agus eir seacadh sluagh Maoim a Chruachain. Ghabh e sios roimh 'n teis meadhoin 's a suas roimh 'n teis meadhoin ; a null eir an tarsuin sa nall eir an tarsuin, eir an oir, eir am fiaradh agus eir am fad-fhiaradh gus an robh na seac goid aig Laoghaire lan dha na cinn. Ach an deigh sin uile bha tuille namh aig Cuchullain bu mhath le Laoghaire mbarbhadh agus leig e ruith le fear dha na gaid. Thoisich Connul as ur agus bha e ga'm bualadh thall 's gan seacadh a bhos ; ga'n sliocadh shios 's ga'n leagail shuas fad da la agus da oiche gus na lionadh na gaid a rist.

Dh-falbh a sin Connul agus Laoghaire agus na cinn ac eir a muin anns na gaid. Bha 'ad ga'n leon leis an acras agus an am bhi dol seachad eir aitreabh mhor a bha sin ; fhuair 'ad cuireadh a staigh gu'n dinnteir. Nuair a ghabh iad an dinnteir (agus m' anam fhein bu mhath a thoill 'ad i), thainig 'ad a mach, agus thainig ainnir aillidh a mach as an deigh oir bu ghaisgeach sgiamhach Connul. An trath chunnaig an ainnir na cinn eir na gaid bhuail i eir faighneac do Chonnul co na cinn a bha ann agus bha Connul ga freagairst.

An Ainnir—" A Chonnuil shealbhaich nan ceann,
Is cinnteach mi gu'n dhearg thu t-airm ;
Na cinn sin a th'agad eir ghad—
An sloinntear leat eir fad na soinn ?"

Connul—" A nighean shoirbhearstach nan each,
Ainnir og nam bria'ra binn
An eirig Chochullain nan cleas
Thugadh (Thogadh ?) liom fo dheas na cinn."

An Ainnir—"Co e an ceann, donn, molach mor
Is deirge nan ros a ghruaidh ghlan
A chuir thu thall eir a thaobh clí ?
A Chonnuil mhoir is ailli dreach."

Connul—"Maoire foirbhearstach nan each
Macan le'n creachta gach cuan ;
Sgar mi dheasan fhein an ceann
'S ann liom fein a thuit a shluagh."

An Ainnir—"A Chonnuil mhoir le d' ghaisgeadh righ
Co a (? e) an ceann eil eir dhiol chaich,
'Fhalt orbhuidh eir dhealra grinn—
Gu molach sliom mar airgiod nàmh (bàn).

Connul—"Mac-a(n)-Lŭthaidh o (n) Ros-rua(dh)
Mac na h-uaille thuit le m' nearst,
Mo dhoigh ! gur h-e siod fhein a th'ann
Ard Righ Lochlan nan lann breac."

An Ainnir—"Co an da çheann so th'eir a laimh chli
Is aille lí 's cha'n olc (? mhiosa) an dealbh,
A Chonnuil mhoir le d' ghaisgeadh righ
Is cinnteach mi gu'n dhearg thu d' airm."

Connul—"Cumhal agus Connul cruaidh
Dist a bhuineadh buaidh 's an léirg [*am feirg* ?]
Thugadh liom an cinn fo dheas
Dh-fhag mi an cuirp fo an aon leirg."

An Ainnir—"Co an da cheann so eir a laimh dheis
A Chonnuil nan cleasun aigh—
Aon dath eir falta nam fear ?
O ! 's meirig bean ga bheil am baigh."

Connul—"Ceann Mhanuis ŭs Mhuinngidh mhoir,
'S e mo dhoigh gu'r h-eud a th' ann ;
Aca fhuaradh ceann a' Choin
Eir maogh Theamh-righ nan struth seimh."

An Ainnir—"Co a (? e) an ceann a chitheam thall
'Us fhalt fann gu molach sliom
A rasg mar fheur 's a dheud mar bhlath
Is ailli na cach cruth a chinn ?"

Connul—"Mac mo pheathar o'n Tur-sheimh
Sgar mi fhein a cheann o chorp;

'S niarach an onair mac righ
Iomachair gu min eir an fhalt."

An Ainnir—"Co na sia cinn a chitheam thall
A chuir thu dhiot eir *a thaobh ma thuath*
Is guirme aogasg 's is caoine rasg
Is duighe falt a Chonnuil chruaigh?"

Connul—"Seisear bhraithrean a bh' ann
'Siod 'ad thall 's an clab ri gaoith—
Clann Challadair nan cleas
Dream nach robh eir leas mo ghaoil.

"Ceann eir fhichead 's fichead ciad
Gu'n iomaradh eir fear creuc no lŏt
Do chlann mhetheun 'us mhaca righ 'un
Thuit an eirig ceann a Chŏin."

"Feannag, agus Annag, agus Mor chiar triuir chlann a Challadair, a bha g' ionnsachadh na sgoil fhausanac fad sheac blianna ann an in'arna." SEANACHAIDH.

See this poem in the "Dean's Book," pp. 58 and 41.
See also "Torac na Taine," a tale called in Irish "Tain Bo Chuailgne" in "Manuscript Material of Irish History," p. 716.

THE ANNUAL SUPPER

Was held on the 26th December, in the Royal Hotel. We give the report which appeared in the *Inverness Advertiser*:—

There was a large and influential attendance. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond occupied the chair, and the croupiers were Mr. Dallas, solicitor, and Mr. Murdoch. The company included—Sheriff Macdonald; Mr. Colvin, solicitor; Mr. Alex. Fraser, solicitor; Mr. Fraser, C.E.; Mr. Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland; Mr. Barclay, accountant; Mr. Maclennan, Tartan Warehouse; Mr. R. Grant, do.; Mr. Macdonald, the Exchange, Treasurer of the Society; Mr. Duncan Maciver, cabinetmaker; Mr. Finlay Maciver, gilder; Mr. Donald Maciver, student; Mr. Charles Mackay, Drummond; Mr. Alex. Mackay, Rose Street;

Bailie Simpson; Bailie Macbean; Bailie Baillie; Mr. Mackenzie, Clachnacuddin House; Mr. T. D. Campbell, Church Street; Mr. G. J. Campbell, writer; Mr. J. H. Mackenzie, bookseller; Mr. Mackay, bookseller; Mr. D. Campbell, draper; Mr. A. Mackenzie, Church Street; Mr. A. Macdonald, New Market; Mr. Huntly Fraser, merchant; Mr. Angus Macdonald, Bard to the Society; Mr. Ross, Gas and Water Co.'s Office; Mr. Tulloch, painter: Mr. Kenneth Fraser, writer; Mr. Alex. Fraser, do.; Mr. W. B. Forsyth, *Advertiser;* Mr. Barron, *Courier;* Mr. W. Mackay, Secretary to the Society; Mr. John Munro, wine merchant; Mr. Alex. Grant, Church Street; Mr. Cumming, Allanfearn; Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, Workman's Club Buildings; Mr. D. Fraser, Glenelg; Mr. Wood, *Courier* Office; Mr. Mackenzie, teacher, Maryburgh; Mr. A. Macleod, Huntly Street; Captain Mackenzie, Telford Road; Mr. Logan, Stoneyfield; Mr. William Campbell, Castle Street, &c.

After an excellent supper (served up in Mr Christie's best style, and including a first-class bill of fare) had been done ample justice to, the Chairman rose and proposed in succession the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Captain Robert Grant, 4th I.H.R.V., responding for the volunteers. At the call of the Chair, the Secretary, Mr William Mackay, then read the following report:—

"At the end of the first year's existence of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, it may not be out of place to refer to a few particulars in connection with its founding and constitution. After some correspondence in the columns of the *Inverness Advertiser* by "U. M'C.," "Clachnacuddin," "Mealfourvonie," &c., on the subject of a Gaelic Society in the Capital of the Highlands, an advertisement appeared in the papers announcing that a meeting of those favourable to the proposal would be held in the Association Buildings, on the evening of the 4th September 1871. At this meeting it was formally resolved that a Gaelic Society should be established in Inverness, and a committee was appointed to frame a constitution. By the 28th of the same month, this committee had their work finished, and that evening the Society was formally constituted, the number who enrolled themselves as members being twenty-four. From this date the Society met regularly, and additions were made from time to time to the membership, until, at the first annual assembly, held on 12th July last, there were 119 on the roll. This gathering, at which there were about 1,000 present, was a success in every respect, and the immediate result was a large accession of members. It is now gratifying to report that at this, the close of our first financial year, there are 182

members on the roll. The Gaelic Society, having objects so thoroughly national and patriotic, ought to be one of our most popular institutions, and in order that it should continue to prosper as it has hitherto done, I would suggest that each member should make it a point to secure at least one new member during the year upon which we are now about to enter—a plan which has been so successfully adopted by a kindred Society, the Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club.

"Of the work done by the Society, I need not give details, seeing that the first volume of our Transactions is now on the table, and that each member will be presented with a copy in a few days. Suffice it to say that our doings have been as varied in character as the objects of the Society. The lectures and essays delivered, to the date of the assembly in July, will be found in the Transactions, except six papers not published, as explained in the introduction to the volume. The opening lecture of this session was delivered in Gaelic by the Rev. Mr. Macgregor, and up to this date the following papers were read at the ordinary meetings, viz.:—"Toireachd na Taine," an ancient Gaelic legend collected by Mr. Carmichael, Lochmaddy; "The Study of the Gaelic Language," by the Secretary; "Laoidh nan Ceann," an ancient Gaelic legend, collected by Mr. Carmichael; and "The Undeveloped Resources and Capabilities of the Highlands," by Mr. Fraser, C.E.

"One of the objects of the Society is the formation of a library of books and manuscripts bearing upon the genius, literature, history, antiquities, and material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; and in connection with this a valuable collection has already been made, principally by donation. A list of the donations is given at the end of the Transactions.

"From the Treasurer's account for the year it appears that the amount of the receipts, including subscriptions and money taken at the public lectures, is £102 18s 6d; the total expenditure, including expenses in connection with the lectures, the publishing of the Transactions, &c., £82 9s 9d; leaving a balance in favour of the Society of £20 8s 9d.

"It has to be explained that after each member is supplied with a copy of the Transactions there will be over 200 copies in the hands of the Society for sale; and I may also mention that, as it was decided that the Society's year should close on 31st December, the expenditure extends over fifteen months, while the subscriptions are only for one year.

"A proposal to found a Gaelic bursary in one of our Universities was brought under the consideration of the Council, and they hope

that at an early period the Society will be in a position to carry this proposal into effect.

"The Council take this opportunity of impressing upon the members the desirability of a regular attendance at the meetings of the Society. Seeing that the office-bearers give their onerous services gratuitously, their work will be materially facilitated if the members will be prompt in paying their subscriptions, and otherwise assist in furthering the objects of the Society.

"The present acting Council now retire from office, and at a meeting to be held early in January, it falls to the Society to nominate office-bearers for next year. The meeting will be announced by advertisement, and it is desirable that there should be a large attendance, as the appointment of office-bearers for the year is obviously a very important matter."

The Chairman, in rising to propose the toast of the evening, "Success to the Inverness Gaelic Society," which was received with enthusiasm, said that before proceeding to read some notes he had prepared for the occasion, he had a remark to make, suggested by an observation in the excellent report just read. He referred to the importance of procuring additional members to the Society. He undertook to act on that suggestion himself, and he trusted the other members would do the same, and at least secure one additional member each. He was the more pressed to do this, because looking at the handsome volume of the Society's Transactions just published, he felt himself placed in rather a peculiar position. Only two individuals appeared on the list of life members. One of these was their excellent President and Chief, Cluny Macpherson, and the other his humble self. Now, in heraldry a Highland Chief held the rank of an English Baron, and was entitled to two supporters. As to getting additional members, for his part he undertook to procure the one recommended, so he hoped the company would exert themselves, for the importance of a Chief depended upon his following. Another remark he wished to make was with reference to the two hundred surplus copies of the Society's Transactions. He thought that work would increase their membership, and that it would be an excellent plan for procuring members were a circular and copy of the Secretary's report sent out to forty or fifty of the most influential Highland gentlemen in the north. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh then proceeded as follows:—Twice happy is such a society as the present, since it combines two such potent elements of strength as judgment and enthusiasm. Upon the latter I need not dwell—it is unquenchable; but if we carry the former also, we must attain our ends. Are the ends then we seek, namely,

"The perfecting of the members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people—and, generally, the furtherance of their interests, whether at home or abroad"—justifiable and necessary? The presence of such an attendance as I now see before me answers in the affirmative. All of us are working men, and in turning for a time from the harassing and anxious exertions of every-day life, could any pursuit or relaxation be more fit than that which, combining judgment with enthusiasm, causes us to investigate the past. In the expressive words of Dr Johnson, "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." Our views are not aggressive; they are, on the contrary, defensive and preservative. We are proud of being Highlanders, and of our language; and jealous of the fame of those who have preceded us. We owe much to Sir Walter Scott for his pictures of the Highlands and Highlanders—in truth, a debt which can never be repaid. Such an expression as "my heart warms at the sight of the tartan," merits, and will have, immortality. But when it is gravely said that he *created* Scotland, and especially the Highlands—while we are forced to admit that such a statement is but the reflex of English opinion—we are called on to deny its truth. These ideas are not confined to the common people, for you will find in works by such an accomplished author as the writer of "The Greatest of the Plantagenets," &c., such a distortion of facts, such a barefaced justification of Edward the First's proceedings, as compels any Scotsman of proper feeling indignantly to protest against the language used, the inferences drawn, and the results arrived at. In the matter of our unrivalled scenery, the author of the "Playground of Europe" writes of the Highlands as "a country of dumpy heather-clad hills" In the keeping up of national traits and feeling, and in a minor degree, local aspirations, we are broadly and frequently told that being now an integral part of a great empire, we but betray a narrow and petty provincialism. I have yet to learn that men devoted to their country, to its ancient language, to their place of nativity, are thereby generally worse citizens. This field is, however, wide, and I for the present shall confine myself to four points. First, I

shall touch upon the necessity of societies such as ours removing by every legitimate mode the idea that the Highlands was a barbarous country, and the people little better than savages. Such charges have been iterated and reiterated. Let them be refuted and again refuted by facts, as these are gathered from cotemporary sources and documents of the past. We at once admit that in the early and middle ages, as they may be termed, of authentic Scottish history, much shedding of blood, cruelties, and rapine prevailed. But I ask, were these so peculiar to the Highlands that *they* must be singled out and held up to reprobation? Were there no Border feuds? Was there no debateable land, so rife with murder and bloodshed as to have necessitated the most arbitrary exercise of power by one of the Scottish Kings? So much for the South of Scotland. Again, in the north, in the counties of Sutherland and Caithness, and in the northern isles, I say unhesitatingly that more purposeless, more sanguine, and more cruel slaughters occurred among the population of Scandinavian descent than will be found in the darkest annals of the Highlands, properly so called. Just let me ask, would any true Highlander—of whom it has been well said that he is always a gentleman—parade by way of epitaph his misdeeds upon his tombstone? But what says a Scandinavian called Donald Mac-Mhorchie-ic-eoin-mhoir of himself? Here it is —"Donald Mack, here lyis lo; vas ill to his frend and var to his fo, true to his maister in veird and vo. 1623." Why, a dog is faithful to his master. Again, was it a Highlander who ordered the head of a man of some status to be instantly struck off because, in the streets of Inverness more than 300 years ago, the unfortunate took "the crown of the causeway?" The more original documents are searched out, the more will it be found, as I feel satisfied from my own researches, that the general character of the Highlander was peaceful, and the undoubted painful events which are scattered over history will be traced to the fact that the people and their immediate masters were driven to desperation by the grinding encroachments of strangers from the south and west. The Parliamentary and criminal records which exist containing such deplorable complaints of the doings of "broken men" in the Highlands and Islands must be received with caution, now that we are acquainted with the favouritism and corruption which surrounded the Court, and sat upon the bench. I do not deny that these criminal proceedings took place, but I say that many of them were unjustifiable, and instigated for private ends. If the Highlanders were, as they have been so often depicted, how is it that so great a change has taken place within little more than a century? The instincts, habits, and actings of race can not, and are

not, removed or set aside by Acts of Parliament. We in the Highlands are perhaps the most peaceable, law-abiding people in the world, and if we wish our posterity to think well of us, as all of us must do, then it is not only our duty, but we ought to esteem it our privilege, to rehabilitate our predecessors, by giving them the justice they have not hitherto received. In reference to our own peaceful state and immunity from crime of any magnitude, not merely in the country, but in our northern towns and villages, is it unjustifiable to notice what has been said a few days ago of the assizes of the south?—"A succession of murders and minor outrages has presented a picture of drunken brutality such as might be more fitly expected in some savage island in the far Pacific, where the natives have just tasted for the first time the terrible poison of drink. The northern circuit has been the chief scene of these horrors, and they tell a shocking story of the state of the well-paid working classes in the district of which Durham is the centre." Do I refer to these with satisfaction? No. I merely wish to remind dwellers in "Merrie England" of the danger of throwing stones from within glass houses. Second—I shall refer to the collection and preservation of Gaelic literature of whatever character. In referring to Gaelic literature, we can never overestimate our indebtedness to Macpherson. Before his first appearance, everything connected with the ancient state of the Highlands was looked on with disfavour, and by many then living in the Highlands with contempt. It needed, therefore, some strong stimulant to arouse a counter-spirit of enquiry and defence. This was presented in the works of Ossian, which as given by Macpherson so startled the public, that two violent currents set in, one in disparagement and the other in vindication. The enquiries instituted by the Highland Society, and by private parties, had the great good fortune to bring to light vast masses of song, recitation, and legend, which otherwise would in all probability have been lost. We now know pretty well what parts are authentic, and what Macpherson's own. In justice to Macpherson it may be admitted that the portions supposed to be his own are equal to the originals; and his great poetic genius is undeniable. We, of course, don't justify his conduct in respect of the famous poems, but really his reputation, private and political, was so bad, that as concerns the poems, the indirect results having been so important, a veil, at least by Highlanders, may be drawn over his translations. Fresh upon the discussions, Dr. Johnson, rough but honest, comes upon the scene, and were it only for his language in regard to Flora Macdonald and his reflections upon landing in Iona, we do forgive all his harsh sayings. He says—"We are now treading that illustri-

ous island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Talk of Scotland being destitute of wood. What now-a-days would English railways and collieries do without our Highland timber? What would Johnson say, what would the hundreds of scribblers say, when decrying the antiquity of the Gaelic language, if they had lived to read the "Book of Deer?" This discovery marks a white stone in the history of Gaelic literature. It is neither more nor less than this, that the oldest Scottish document known to exist, is not written in the English language, but in the Gaelic. Aye, and in Gaelic which is readable by ordinary Gaelic students. I observe Professor Innes describes the writing of the Gaelic chronicle as the hand of the 11th century. Others put it earlier, but in any case it now stands as the very first document purely relating to Scotland which exists. The few other documents remaining of that century are in Latin. The antiquity of the language as a written one being thus so satisfactorily established, it would be highly becoming in a Society like ours to search for and print all manuscripts in the language, and to issue in a convenient form new editions of scarce and curious works. Further, all poetry, songs, stories, legends, riddles, incantations, and others should be carefully sought out, collected, and printed. That much in this way has been done, and particularly of late by Campbell of Islay and others is gladly admitted; but much more can yet be preserved of what still floats about in the Highlands and Islands. And here I would hope and trust that the first volume of our Transactions, so satisfactory in every respect, is but the beginning of a long and useful series. A word of caution, however, is perhaps necessary in the collection of stories. If we are listening to a fairy or other legend, imagination alone is at work, and the more vivid the scenes the better. On the other hand, historical stories must be very carefully sifted, for it is well known that events and persons have become blended, though having in reality no connection with each other. And as for dates, few Highlanders only speaking Gaelic can be relied on for periods prior to Culloden. There are many enquiries, no doubt, of a minor character, but still of interest, which our Society might undertake, serving for "Occasional Papers," as I may call them.

We must not forget to keep in view that the sure mode of permanently and widely enlisting the sympathies and support of Highlanders generally is by *popularising* Gaelic literature, and the past history of the Highlands. It will not do to have learned essays alone, which, to many, and these leal Highlanders too, are as pleasant reading as a dictionary or grammar. Carrying out these views I would suggest such an investigation as the real origin of *Piobaireachd Dhomhnuill Duibh*. If you were to ask nine out of ten, they would doubtless say, of course, it is a tune composed in honour of one of the chiefs of the Camerons. Is Lochiel not *Mac Domhnuill Duibh?* But, notwithstanding, there will be found one man who will say, and perhaps he alone is right, that it was composed in honour of Donald Balloch, at the time of the first battle of Inverlochy. The name of Donald Balloch has had to me from a child something of a charm—as I doubt not it has had to many of you—and I, just in passing, notice that lately, when painfully deciphering an old charter, signed at Inverness in 1446, I was delighted to find the name of Donald Balloch as one of the witnesses, bringing him, as it were, almost bodily before me. Another enquiry might, as I have referred to Inverlochy, be this—Was or was not Montrose actually present at the battle there in 1645? Did he command the royal army, and see Mac-Cailean-Mor sneak off ignominiously in his galley? Most people will say—Yes, he was present; but others will say No: that the battle was a surprise brought on by the wonted impetuosity of the Macdonalds, and that Montrose, who had been in the neighbourhood of Killychumin, did not get back until all was over. Third—The placing of monuments, tablets, or memorials in honour of distinguished Highlanders, or to commemorate great historic events, might well form an important part of the objects of our Society. The name of Flora Macdonald has lately been honoured by a monument which confers the highest credit on the inceptors of the scheme, and those who carried it out; and I must particularly refer to Mackintosh, who lent the influence of an ancient and honoured name; to Mr. Walter Carruthers, who brought the tact, knowledge, and perseverance which have made his paper such a power in the north; to Mr. Alexander Ross, whose massive but chaste design will hand down his name with honour to late generations. Here I cannot help saying of Mr. Ross, that I feel assured the polished citizens of Athens would not have used any artist in the shabby and unfair way those who affect to call their city the Modern Athens have used him! Also, Mr. Forsyth, sculptor, who did his part so well. The name of the Rev. Mr. Macgregor, also a true Highlander, who suggested the memorial forty years

ago, and assisted to carry it out, should not be overlooked. In looking over the list of subscribers, Highland feeling may be seen in miniature, and although we don't find the name of the two Skye potentates, we find with pleasure scores of Macdonalds and Macleods giving their shillings and half-crowns. Next, I would speak of the field of Culloden. The scene of the battle is visited by hundreds yearly, and from the farthest corners of the earth. That visitors are disappointed will I think be conceded. What form the memorial should take it is not for me to say. All I say is that something ought to be done, and I am aware that Culloden is very willing that something be done, and to take that leading part which becomes him. It occurs to me that this is a subject fairly falling within our province to discuss, and to endeavour in concert with those interested to carry out. Lastly, we have tablets to erect in honour of poets such as *Ian Lom* and others. He lived and had his croft of Clachaig in Brae-Lochaber, "the bard's croft," from the time of the Lords of the Isles. His politics were so much in unison with my own, that before this I should have caused a monument to be erected at Kilchaoril, where it might be naturally supposed his remains would lie; but the matter has stood over, as I have read that he was buried in the church of Duthil. Now, with this locality, or the name of Grant, he could have had no sympathy whatever. I will be very thankful to receive information on this point, and if the story about Duthil be mythical, and there be every reason to suppose he was buried with his kindred, then the picturesque and commanding spot which holds the remains of so many of the brave men and fair women of the Brae of Lochaber, shall not want a suitable memorial of the renowned *Ian Lom*. Fourth, I would direct attention to the importance of encouraging feelings of attachment in Highlanders to the place of their own or their ancestors' birth. This opens such wide questions as to prevent more than a passing reference. We complain that in the past too many have been compulsorily expatriated. I complain of the great indifference shown by many who have made fortunes in the south or abroad to the land of their birth or origin. Unfortunately, land in the Highlands has changed hands greatly; nay, is changing, and will continue to change. Who are taking possession of the Highlands? As a rule, we are safe to reply sportsmen, or business men. The former necessarily wish as few as possible, and they have no common sympathies. The latter look to returns for their money, and that, it is well known, is easier, if not more certain, from large farms and skilled husbandry. I must not be misunderstood on the matter of sportsmen. Through them rents have quadrupled, whereby the area

of taxation has been so much enlarged, as materially to reduce it. Superior houses have been planted everywhere, good wages are given, and the nature of the occupations evokes rude health to the employed, perpetuated in a vigorous offspring. But notwithstanding, the Highlands can sustain a much larger population than now exists, always, however, if judiciously distributed, taking the climate and locality into account. To do away with sport in a rough and ready manner would be fatal to the Highlands; but, on the other hand, how much fine arable land, what pretty green spots, where cattle were wont to be herded, what numbers of houses, with occasionally an ash tree or a rowan, to denote that one with a taste above his fellows had there his loved abode, are to be found on large sheep farms? But the grass of the arable lands is grey from decay; heather slowly but surely encroaches on the natural pastures; and not the ruins of cottars' houses, but dismantled walls of the habitations of gentlemen tenants, are found on the possession of a large non-resident sheep farmer. Such places ought again to have their healthy and happy occupants; the land should again be tilled; cattle should again abound, and with all this sport could have its fair place and share. Now, it appears to me that as we cannot look for amelioration from the new classes of buyers I have referred to, we can with reasonable assurance of hope look to such an amelioration, if the Highlands were owned chiefly by Highlanders. What I would wish to impress upon every ambitious young Highlander, determined to win fortune, that he ought to keep in view the acquisition of land as his last and ultimate object, and having so acquired it, to do all in his power for its improvement and development, and for the comfort and happiness of the inhabitants. Such as have followed learned professions, engaged in the service of our country, or occupied in trade, and enabled to retire with comfort, should spend as much of the remainder of their days in the Highlands as possible, where their wealth would do good to trade, and their influence be productive of benefit. Now, as an example of what I have been alluding to, take the case of Mr. Matheson, M.P. Is there a better landlord anywhere? How much has he not done for the North? Is not his name and reputation such as may be envied by the oldest, proudest, or noblest of our northern houses? Now when young, let us say when at school at Inverness, and with the world all before him, must he not have often thought that his ancestors had been great Ross-shire proprietors; were unjustly forfeited at Inverness 400 years ago, and it should be his ambition not only to refound his ancient house, but to extend its borders. We cannot doubt that such feelings and aspirations existed, waft-

ing him on to fortune. Why should not others do the same? Rather is there not every call upon Frasers, Macdonalds, Macleods, Macneills, Macleans, &c., to bestir themselves, re-acquire their old habitations, and inaugurate a new and happier era, when wealth and sympathy would go hand in hand. In furthering such and kindred objects, societies like ours may do much good, and I now ask you to drink prosperity to "The Gaelic Society of Inverness."

A Gaelic song was then sung by Mr. Hugh Rose.

Mr. Dallas proposed the next toast. This duty, he said, is greatly simplified and rendered easier by the very felicitous and lucid manner in which the Chairman has already set forth the objects of such societies as the Gaelic Society of Inverness. My toast is "Kindred Societies"—a very comprehensive style and title of toast as you will presently see, not by the length of my remarks, but by the bare enumeration of societies established and now existing for purposes kindred to our own. Our leading purposes among others are the perfecting of the members in the use of the Gaelic language—the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands—and the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry, traditions, legends, books and MSS., and also the furtherance of the interests of the Gaelic people whether at home or abroad. The Gaelic language, it is commonly believed, is destined soon to die out as a spoken language. I am inclined to join this belief, and to say for many reasons which I deem cogent, that I think it would not be against the prosperity of the Highlands of Scotland that it should to that extent disappear. It happens that this island of Great Britain is a great commercial country; and I think no one will deny that we should all agree upon one common vernacular tongue for the transaction of our common business. We are not sufficiently extensive commercially even to render separate languages in the least necessary for our own internal or home transactions, and the English language is now the language in which all our business is transacted. The stated periodical and most welcome visits of English sportsmen to our Highland glens has tended greatly to the extinction of Gaelic as a spoken language. This, however, need not in any way interfere with or impede the progress of such societies; but on the contrary, the very fact that a language so interesting as disclosing legendary lore is destined in the course and progress of events to die out as a spoken language is the best reason why such societies should start up for its preservation and proper culture. The kindred societies to whose prosperity I ask you to join me in this toast comprehend no fewer than sixteen

separate bodies. But before naming them perhaps you will allow me so far digress as to say that I in common with others regret that we have no ladies present this evening. The ladies must form a part of all such societies as ours. I have no doubt that the different societies whose prosperity you are asked to toast have lady members, and so have we to a limited extent. I have no intention of violating the rules by introducing politics, but whatever may be said of the great question of women suffrage, and whether the concession of that vast privilege to the fair sex would be attended on the one hand with the immense advantages to the human race which its advocates contend for, or on the other with the dire consequences anticipated by some people, I think we will agree here that the co-operation of the silken cords of all society—the bonds that bind men in peace and harmony with each other—would certainly be a most potent auxiliary to such societies as ours and our kindred brethren. Mr. Dallas concluded by enumerating the kindred societies referred to, and asking for a hearty bumper to their health and prosperity. Should any of their members ever come among us here we would receive them with a hearty *céud mìle fàilte.*

After some excellent pipe music, including a beautiful *piobaireachd*, from Pipe-Major Maclennan, the veteran piper of the H.L.I. Militia, who was in attendance, and performed during supper and between the toasts,

Sheriff Macdonald rose and proposed, in the Gaelic language, the toast of "The Gaelic People," which called forth loud cheers.

Mr. Murdoch proposed "Celtic Literature." He said that after the very excellent opening address of the Chairman, and the reference of Mr. Dallas to so many kindred societies engaged in advancing Celtic literature, there was little left for him to say at that late hour. He always felt the awkwardness of the position in which he stood, owing to the attitude taken up by considerable numbers who asserted that there was no Celtic literature at all. He seemed as if he were acting in antagonism where he was only asserting facts, which should be known to all intelligent men. There was neither antagonism nor anything narrowing in setting forth the facts and claims of Celtic literature; we were rather insisting upon contributing our share to the literature of the world, and in our researches we came into friendly contact with our friends in Wales, in the Isle of Man, and in Ireland, which were teeming with valuable materials of this kind. Indeed, Celtic literature was to be found where but very few looked for it; and it was curious to observe the different treatments extended to Macpherson when he laid before the world what were really and

ostensibly Celtic poems, and to Tennyson when he brought forth really Celtic poems under an English guise. No one raised a question as to the latter, whilst a regular war arose out of the former. The "Idyls of the King" were not only Celtic in their subject and their incidents, but they were positively Welsh ballads, and so much so, that whole lines, sentences, paragraphs, and even pages, with merely artistic touches, could be traced to Lady G. Fullerton's translations of Welsh into English. Another unexpected quarter in which we found Celtic literature was Buchanan's History of Scotland, composed by a born Celt, from Celtic authorities, and with an intensely Celtic argument. The spirit of the Celtic polity is particularly strong in his arguments on the succession to the throne. It was, perhaps, after all, consistent, first to steal our literature, and then say we had none! There were three famous Gaelic compositions of which it was said :—"*Gach dan gu dan an Deirg; gach sgeul gu sgeul Chonail; agus gach laoidh gu laoidh an amadain mhoir;*" conveying that the standard to which each poem was to be referred was the song of the Red; each story to the story of Connal; and each lay to the lay of the Great Fool. "The Red" was Diarmid O'Duine; of all the great Connals, the one in *the* story was Connal Gulbinn; and the Great Fool was no fool at all. There was no occasion for him to say another word in favour of the toast, unless it were that they should fill their glasses of good Ness water, and drink a bumper to Celtic Literature.

The song "Scotland Yet" was sung in excellent style by Mr. Campbell (of Messrs. Davidson & Scott, solicitors).

Mr. Fraser, C.E., gave the health of "The Provost and Magistrates of Inverness," and in doing so referred to the importance and extent of their duties, discharged without fee or reward, and frequently he believed at the cost of much time and trouble which might have been devoted to their own business. Three bailies had honoured this meeting with their presence, and were members of the Society; but every member of the Council ought to join them, and thereby show a good example to the rest of the community.

Bailie Simpson responded. Any little time or trouble devoted to the affairs of the town by his colleagues and himself was amply repaid by securing the good will of those they represented. He was particularly well pleased to see presiding over the company to-night his old and esteemed friend so long at the Council board, and would for one be delighted if Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh came back among them and gave them a helping hand. They had fought together for a long time in a minority, but the tables were now turned, and the side with which he acted had things now pretty much their own way. He trusted their excellent Chairman

to-night would by-and-bye return with honour to the Council where he served so long and faithfully.

"Come under my plaidie," an excellent Gaelic translation, was sung in a hearty and humorous style, at the call of the Chairman, by Mr. Cumming, Allanfearn.

The Chairman then proposed "the Ladies," which, he said, might have more appropriately been given to Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, who had lately been acting as gallant advocate for the sex. He expressed cordial approval of the proposal to have lady members, and their presence at the festive meetings of the Society.

Mr. Fraser, Faillie, gave "the Press," coupled with the local newspapers, which was responded to by Mr. W. B. Forsyth.

The song "Wha'll be King but Chairlie," in Gaelic and English, was sung in capital style by Sheriff Macdonald, after which the Chairman proposed a hearty bumper to the worthy Sheriff's health, and the Sheriff suitably acknowledged the compliment, stating that now he was an enrolled member of the Society he should be only too glad to do all that lay in his power to promote its interests.

Mr. Alex. Mackenzie proposed "the Members of Committee," coupled with their excellent and efficient Secretary, Mr. William Mackay. Next to the toast of the ladies, this was the one he most preferred to give. The great and successful exertions made by the members of the committee in conducting the affairs of this Society, and the perseverance and sound practical sense they invariably exhibited, led to the gratifying position which the Society had now attained. And to the Secretary they were specially indebted for the attention he devoted to their affairs. He had other duties of his own to attend to, and yet without fee or reward he gave much of his time and talents—many of his hours of sleep, it was to be feared—to pushing forward the work of the Society. He trusted the Society would not loose his services, which had been invaluable up to the present and would be so henceforward.

Mr. Mackay, in thanking the company for the honour done him, said he only regretted that he was not able to devote more of his time to the Society's affairs; but what he had been able to do, had been a pleasure and delight to him—it had brought him many personal friends, whose acquaintance he might never otherwise have formed, and it had brought him into correspondence with some of the most eminent literary men in the country—a circumstance of which he would be proud as long as he lived. He had been greatly helped in the performance of his duties by Mr. Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland, and but for that gentleman's

willing and valuable assistance he could never have undertaken the amount of work that had occasionally to be done.

Bailie Macbean proposed "the Chairman."

The Chairman, in responding, said that he had much pleasure in being present to-night, and when called on to preside over the meeting, though he had much other business to attend to, and his health was not what he would like it to be, he found he really could not refuse, for his sympathies and his heart were with them in this matter.

A Gaelic song was sung by Mr. Charles Mackay, Drummond.

The Chairman rose and proposed "the health of their friends from a distance," to whom the Society were much indebted for their attendance to-night, and for the interest they showed in its affairs. He coupled the toast with Mr. Fraser, a gentleman who had come all the way from Glenelg to be present at this meeting.

Mr. Fraser expressed his thanks for so kindly remembering the strangers from a distance. The best return he could make for this kindness was to state that having already become a member, he promised to secure another one to the Society. He was much gratified by the success of this meeting, and should have great pleasure in circulating all he had seen and heard to-night.

Mr. Dallas proposed "Our Chief, Cluny Macpherson," whom they should be proud of having at their head. Their Chief had delivered the best Gaelic address ever given before the members of this Society. Cluny was not a young man, but he was still a splendid specimen of a Highlander. If he remembered aright, it was of Cluny that Sir Walter Scott wrote in 1825 as the "fine spirited lad" who headed the procession of Highlanders on the occasion of Mons Meg being placed in Edinburgh Castle.

The Chairman said Mr. Dallas was right as to the remark of Sir Walter Scott.

The toast of "the Croupiers" was then proposed by Bailie Simpson, and acknowledged by Mr. Dallas, after which Mr. Alex. Mackenzie proposed "the Absent Members," and in so doing suggested that those members at a distance who were unable to attend the meetings of the Society, might show their interest in its concerns by writing papers, which would be read at their meetings by some other member residing in town—many could write such papers, and would have the pleasure of seeing them in the Society's handsome volume of Transactions.

Messrs. Mackay and Mackintosh then sung together a Gaelic song, and the Chairman proposed that as the hour was late it was about time to part. He said they were exceedingly indebted to the gentlemen who had favoured them with songs, especially Gaelic

ones, and who had contributed so much to the harmony of the evening. Before parting they could not do less than tender their acknowledgments to Mr. and Mrs. Christie for the excellent manner in which they had discharged their part of the duties—the attendance having been entirely satisfactory and all the materials supplied most excellent, for which they deserved the company's best thanks.

The meeting then broke up, after singing together at the Chairman's suggestion the bard of the Society's Gaelic translation of the National Anthem.

JANUARY 30, 1874.—On this date Mr. John Murdoch read a paper on

OUR FIRES AND FIRE-SIDES.

The subject which I have chosen is a practical one, and I hope you will consider it seasonable. Even to those in whom the organs of ideality, wonder, and wit are largely developed, this evening devoted to the grosser matters of our Fires and Fire-sides will not, I hope, be a great sacrifice.

I have chosen this subject at the present time, thinking that the exhorbitant price of fuel might induce people to give an amount of attention to the economics of our fires and fire-places which they might decline to do when coals were only at a reasonable price.

No doubt there could be a good deal of poetry and sentiment entwined around the subject. Numbers of beautiful pictures could be conjured up about our ingle-sides, our blazing logs, and our family circles, with their endearing associations and memories; but in one brief hour I can hardly dispose of the mass of matter which I have to lay before you; and in justice to myself, and in mercy to you, I shall not give more time to the subject.

"And," some one asks, "if we are not to have poetry and sentiment around our hearths, what are we to have?"

You shall have a treatise on our Fires, our Fire-places, and our Fuel.

In the first place, I need hardly mention the fact, that no question presses so heavily upon all classes of the community at this moment as that of Fuel does; and if I can do ever so little towards the solution of that question, it is my duty to do so.

Hitherto, as a rule, we have applied our fuel as if it had been an object with us to get it out of the way; or to burn as much as possible and get the least possible heat from it. For example, the practice of placing the fresh coal on the top of the fire is one of the most flagrant pieces of waste of which we need be guilty. A great deal of the heat of the existing fire is expended in forcing up the chimney the gas which is distilled from the fresh coal. Large volumes of smoke escape up the chimney, or out through the house, when a fresh supply of coal is put on. The smoke which we thus waste is the material out of which, with more scientific contrivances, illuminating gas is manufactured. This smoke escapes, not only to our own direct and immediate loss, but it becomes a nuisance to the whole community; and what should be heating and lighting our houses, falls in smuts and in flakes of soot upon our persons, and upon white dresses which are spread or hung out to dry. That this is good fuel, you have abundance of proof in the fact that soot takes fire so readily when it falls back into the fire-place; and what we want is an apparatus which will burn it before it has gone up the chimney at all. Another proof is often dsplayed to you in the fire-place when you take time to watch it. You see a jet of brown smoke escaping from a piece of fresh coal which has begun to split and crumble with the heat. Set a taper to this jet, and it becomes a bright and beautiful flame. Now, what is true of these jets of smoke is true of nearly the whole smoke together; and one of the practical questions which have been asked a thousand times is, "How can we best consume our own smoke, and convert it into heat and light?"

There have been a good many contrivances invented for this purpose, but there have been a good many—no doubt very stupid—excuses for not departing from the old wasteful way. The principle of all of them may be said to be one. You have a good example in the paraffin lamp of the present day. Without the brass dome and the glass, one-half the gas of the oil would escape in smoke, and rest in soot upon your ceilings and walls. But with the dome, the heat of the existing flame is kept in so as to set fire to part of that smoke; and when the glass is added, much even of what escapes the dome is kindled, and light comes out of darkness. The same thing is done in those furnaces in which the smoke of the fresh coal is made to pass closely over the red embers; or still better, where this gas is made to pass up, or down, or across, as the case may be, right through the strong, red fire. This is the secret of the whole affair—of consuming your own smoke, and taking both heat and light out of darkness.

The thing has been accomplished in thousands of instances, by

simply placing the red fire on the top of the fresh coal. Then, as the gas or smoke escapes from the newly-heated coal, it passes into the overlying fire, is kindled, and becomes fire instead of smoke.

But the waste of fuel in these and in other respects is almost insignificant, as compared with the waste of fire after we have kindled it. The practice of putting our fire places, three sides in the wall, and only one side towards us, is surely very absurd in a country where heat is an object. At a rough estimate, we do not get more than one-fourth of the heat which is thus generated. You have, in fact, fire enough in one stupidly arranged grate or stove to give as much heat to each of three apartments as it at present gives to one, not to speak of the further heating which might be effected with what escapes by the vent.

Every one who has seen the American stoves and ranges in use knows the very small amount of fuel which can be made to do the work of a very large fire in our ordinary ranges. And I have seen a Belgian apparatus which heated five different pans with a fire which you could put into a gallon measure. In Sweden they have carried their economical invention so far as to make one small fire cook half-a-dozen different dishes in such rapid succession as to be done simultaneously. They have a case covered with wadding, so as that it will allow scarcely any of the heat which it receives to escape. There is a cooking pan, or pot, or kettle, which fits exactly into this case. It is charged, say, with so many pounds of mutton to be boiled. It is placed in an opening in the stove, until it has begun to boil. The Swede lifts the heated vessel, and places it in the non-conducting wadding. The potatoes, the pie, the pudding, are in succession brought to the boil in the same manner, and placed in their respective non-conducting cases; and thus you see another way in which one small fire can be made to do three, four, or five times the cooking which we, in our extravagance, would think of making it do!

Instead of letting the heat away into dead walls, we should let it into one or two other rooms, and instead of letting so much heat out at the top of the chimney, make it heat one or two apartments in different storeys. This has actually been done by a clergyman near Dumfries. Then, there is the heating of a whole house by means of hot air pipes, by means of hot water, or by means of steam. The kitchen fire, with any of these, would render any other fire entirely unnecessary in a large house; and what people would in former years have scouted as un-British, &c., will, in the year 1875, be adopted as eminently practical and necessary, and we will wonder at our own slavish conformity to a wasteful custom.

No doubt it is pleasant to see the flame of our fires, and to watch the faces, of which we have heard so much; but these, I fancy, must give way to the inevitable, as our pleasant sailing craft gave way to the grinding and champing of the steamboat; as the pleasant stage coach made way for the iron horse and his train of unpoetical vans; and as the old system of signals from hill-top to hill-top has been banished by the telegraph.

For my own part, I look forward to the time when these hot air and hot water appliances shall have made our houses ten times more pleasant than they ever were with grates.

Let us have those appliances once in general use, and you will have every new house fitted up with means of delectable cleanliness which will give to every family at home some of the luxuries which cannot at present be enjoyed excepting at the cost of a visit to an establishment like Cluny Hill.

But I must pass from this mere economy in the use of fuel to the subject of how and where we are to get fuel with which to supply the more economical fire-places of the no distant future.

For my part, I do not see any good reason why we, away in the North, or why others away to the West, have waited so long to be taught the use of our peat bogs. I am afraid this waiting was only a matter of silly fashion and prejudice, begotten of a false deference to the denizens of the coal-producing regions of Great Britain. This is no mere flight of fancy; nor is it a random shaft let fly at another people. It is a well-grounded conviction of mine that in too many things—I do not say in all—we in the Highlands neglect advantages which nature has given us, for no better reason than that the example of utilizing them has not been set in the Lowlands. England and the South of Scotland have their coal beds far down in the bowels of the earth; we have ours spread out on the face of the earth. Thus, coal has had to be brought up at terrible sacrifices, physical, social, and moral; in so much, that whole populations have been, to a notorious degree and extent, demoralized, or, as some would say, brutalized—at any rate, degraded—far below the general level of our working classes. Yet, we have stood by lamenting the absence of the coal beds which cost so much, whilst our own coal beds might have been turned to account, in the light of day, and in the balmy breath of heaven. The right way of following the example of England would have been to go to work at the peat which God gave us, as she did at her own coal.

True, we have been cutting peats. But peats are not genteel. They are only fuel for poor, vulgar mountaineers! We adopted the fire-places, too, of the coal countries, and thus shut ourselves

out from the use of peats. Our peat-burning neighbours and progenitors had their fires in the middle of the floor, with none of the heat escaping into dead walls, and not much of it even escaping by the "lum." They had the full benefit of all they burned.

To this night I have a lively impression. and a grateful recollection of a warning I got at a peat fire in a village inn in the south-west of Ireland nine years ago. I had travelled twenty-five Irish miles on a Bianconi, out-side car, in pelting rain, all the way from Killarney to Kenmere. Finishing my business at the latter place, I set out on a forty-two miles' journey in the evening of the same day, on another outside car, drawn by a blind horse, as it proved, and driven by a dozing coachman. About ten o'clock we came to a stage at the village of Sneem. I need not tell you that we were cold, and stiff, and hungry. I was shown into a tidy little stall-like room, to await the tea, the toast, the bacon, and the eggs. I did not stay long in my stall. I made a hurried survey, and shortly found the kitchen, bright and warm, and comfortable, and homely, where I readily received a hearty welcome from the inmates, who sat around the peat fire in the middle of the floor. I feel as if some of that warmth were still about me, and the picture of that pleasant, homely group still hanging up among my mind's furnishings and adornments. In and around that fire you can get poetry and philosophy as well as domestic economy, if you choose to hover about it. For me, I must leave it, and turn to our own peats and peat bogs.

There are fourteen years, or more, since I endeavoured to impress the public with the value of our peat mosses; and when the country began in the beginning of last autumn, to feel the pressure of the coal famine, and when there was reason to think that there would be some weather to dry peats, I wrote to one of our local papers on the subject, urging that steps should be taken immediately to cut peats, and have them ready for the winter. Since then, numbers of others have taken the subject up.

It is far within the mark to say that in the Highlands we have 1,000,000 acres of peat bog, the depth of three feet. In Ireland there are over four and a quarter million acres, estimated at an average depth of eleven feet.

Our own million acres will give nearly five billions of solid yards; and if you assume that five yards will yield a ton of dried peat, compressed peat, or dense peat, as the case may be, we have one billion of tons of excellent fuel in Scotland, and somewhere about twelve billions in Ireland.

Now, as to the use of peat, that, as we have seen, is no innovation. There may, of course, be room for great improvements in

the mode of preparation, both as regards economy in production, and pleasantness and utility in consumption.

There are many processes in which peat, even as at present prepared in the Highlands, is found more serviceable than coal; as in smelting and finishing the best descriptions of iron, and in making malt for distillation. For both of these purposes there has been a considerable traffic in peats ever since I can remember.

The using of our peat mosses would give to our own people the employment and wages which we now pay to others for the mining of coals. It would create traffic for the railways which pass over our mosses—as the Highland, the Dingwall and Skye, and the Sutherland and Caithness. It would lay bare for cultivation vast tracts of country now felt to be needed for the production of straw, hay, and turnips with which to produce more and cheaper beef and mutton.

In regard to the reclamation of land, I remember when Blair Drummond Moss was being reclaimed, and so great was the value attached to the land beneath the peat, that men were employed, and machinery was invented, to remove the peat moss into the river Forth, to be carried down the Firth, and now you will see some of the finest farms and crops in Scotland where, forty years ago, there was nothing but a brown wilderness, fit habitation for nothing but snipe!

I do not know any towns so well situated as Inverness, Nairn and Forres for turning our peat resources to account. I have been on the look-out for available mosses, and I find the finest fields for such an undertaking on the south side of the Highland line, between Dava and Grantown, and Kildrummie Moss, near Nairn.

The peats which come into Inverness are brought a distance of from seven to ten miles in small carts, at a cost which you can readily understand to be enormous. To Forres they could be taken by train from Dava, and thus be less than half the price we pay for them in Inverness.

I know that many persons found coals cheaper than peats, and that coals are used in the heart of peat-producing countries. That is only analogous to the other fact that coals from Newcastle and from Lanark are burnt over the coal mines of Brora and Kilkenny. You can well understand that it would not pay the Durham and Staffordshire farmers to dig for their own use, the coal which lies under their own homesteads. The concentration of trained force and the division of labour make it better for the farmers to stick to their agriculture and for the miners to stick to their mining. If the coalmasters had no better roads to their pits than our farmers

have to their mosses, and if they had no regular traffic, they would find the production of coals just as bad, if not worse, than our ordinary citizens find the producing of peats.

With trained hands, with proper implements and machinery, with drying sheds, with good roads, tramways, and railways—all made available for turning our mosses to account—does it not stand to reason that we might have peat fuel at our doors, at least as much cheaper as it is nearer to us than coal.

And what is thus, as I think, so obvious *a priori*, is established by facts gathered from different parts of the Continent of Europe and America.

It is reported that on the Grand Trunk Railway, peat is manufactured in large quantities, at a cost of 9s to 10s per ton, where coals were 40s, and now, in all probability, 45s or perhaps 50s per ton. Peat, there, then, where the manufacture is gone about as it ought to be with us, is not one-fourth the cost of the coal.

Another test. On a train running 177 miles, the coal expenditure was found to be £6. It took £6 3s worth of wood to do the same work; but with peat it was done for £1 10s. There, they use machinery for pulping the peat moss. It is then lifted by another machine which travels over the ground, and spreads the pulp over the grass, heather, and rushes. In this rough way it is left to dry, and afterwards gathered in shapeless masses, and burnt without any further preparation. You will observe, that in this instance, the only improvement consists in the use of machinery. There is evidently no improvement in the finished article.

In Bavaria, there are considerable manufactories of peat, simply cut and prepared as is done already in this country; and the chief use to which the article is applied is that of feeding railway engines.

In the Netherlands, peat, of the ordinary description, is the staple fuel of the country; and during the season people flock in from Hanover, and from the adjacent parts of Germany to work in the mosses, the same as the Irish reapers used to migrate to the English and Scotch harvest, and as the hop-pickers flock to Kent and Farnham.

But in the Netherlands the manufacture of peat has made some progress towards the production of a perfect article of fuel. So it has in Bavaria, in Prussia, in Bohemia, and in France.

There have been two principles attempted to be carried out in this improved manufacture. The one is that of compressing the peat by machinery. This finished article I wish you to remember under the name of "compressed peat." The other principle is that of so preparing and placing the material, that it will become dense

in obedience to the law by which the particles of matter are drawn to each other. The finished article in this case is called "dense peat."

Of the first of these, I shall only wait to say, that machinery is used to tear up the moss, and reduce it as quickly as possible to dust. This is then placed in a machine, and so driven together by force, that it comes out in solid cakes, ready for use. I have seen them, and in form they were very much like as if you cut a large sausage in discs of about an inch and a-half in thickness.

Attempts have been made to compress the peat in a wet state, but I do not know that it has been successfully done anywhere.

One of the methods adopted is that of reducing the moss to the finest pulp, then spreading it out of a certain thickness, and allowing it to dry and solidify of its own accord.

It is a curious thing that this method is simply an improvement upon what was done by our forefathers when the more tenacious bogs had been exhausted. I have seen them take the more brittle strata of the peat, mix the substance with water, and spread it out on the sward. In the course of a few days, it had acquired a certain degree of solidity, when they entered with their bare feet, and cut it in long pieces from side to side of the patch. It was then cut across into lengths of an ordinary peat, and afterwards treated in every respect as is done with peats cut in the usual way.

Now, in the four northern provinces of Holland, in Brandenberg, in Gratzen, in Bohemia, and in the French department of Oise, the old-fashioned principle is being carried out by machinery. The material is macerated by being put through a machine somewhat like that used in preparing clay for making bricks.

In some of these places, the macerated mass comes out in two continuous pieces, which are cut, either by hand or by machinery, into suitable lengths. The peats are then placed on trays, and laid out to dry in racks.

At Aibling, in Bavaria, the material is prepared in pretty much the same way, under the direction of Dr. Herold of Munich; but instead of being formed into peats or bricks, it is cut into junks of about four inches in length. These pieces are placed upon enclined trays, on which they move, gradually passing from one tray to another, until at the end of their journey they drop off in dry balls.

At Gratzen, and at several other places, the pulp is simply spread out on a prepared surface, and levelled to a certain thickness by means of boards attached to the feet of the workers. In the course of a day or two, or three, according to the state of the weather, the stratum is cut, lengthwise and across, into something

the size and shape of bricks. And such is the attraction of the particles that every peat is found in the course of drying to contract and solidify so as to leave a large space between the rows, where there was only a cut to begin with.

When they are sufficiently firm to be handled, they are lifted and placed in racks to dry.

It is to be noticed that in all the instances I have given, the exceptiing Aibling, the drying is done in the open air. Dr. Herold, however, has done what I have no doubt we shall do when we take the matter up—he has erected sheds, so as not only to keep off the rain, but cause a greater draught through the racks.

There is one fact which I shall mention by way of counterbalancing what a very patriotic gentleman in Ross-shire said a short time ago. Early in the season he went manfully into the peat-cutting; but when the time for carrying them home arrived, he made inquiry, and found that to get at them you had to wade through two hundred yards of water! This "dished" his peat-cutting enterprise, and he gave the fact to the world as an evidence of the impossibility of doing anything in the matter. But mark.

In the peat manufacture of M. Colart at Fontaine-sur-Somme, the material is all taken from a marsh under water, from one to two feet in depth. The peat is actually cut under the water. And a German of the name of Brosowsky has invented a machine to be used for the purpose. What would our friend in Ross-shire say to these Frenchmen and Germans? What they would say to him, I presume, would be, to adapt his plans to the requirements of the case, and not to wait till Jupiter dried up the marsh.

Even in the German case, the finished article did not cost more than 6s per ton, including the labour of taking the raw material from under the water.

The cost at Herzfelde was 6s 6d per ton; at Aibling, 12s 2d, but expected to be reduced by Dr. Herold; in America, on the Grand Trunk, 9s to 10s; New England, 8s to 10s; New York, 9s to 10s.

I have said nothing about Box's method, which has been patented, and which has been pretty well ventilated in the press. Besides, there are some points connected with that method of which some of us are not quite sure yet.

I must not, however, pass over the fact, that we can have light as well as heat from peat. I have seen peat gas made, I have seen it burnt, and have seen it tested, and know it to be a fact that it can be made; and it is expected that the suburb of Inchecore, near Dublin, will be lighted with gas made from peat.

Another fact. You will see in this day's *Scotsman* that a com-

pany is being formed to manufacture fuel from the bogs of Kerry, in the south-west of Ireland.

And speaking of Ireland, as I should like to so do of Scotland, I must direct attention to the fact that a commission, originated by Mr. Edward Purdon, ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, and proprietor of *The Irish Farmer's Gazette*, has just returned from the Continent with a large mass of valuable information—not merely in theory or in science—as to what has actually been done in the way of utilizing bogs to yield fuel. To the report published by this commission I am indebted for some of the most telling facts in this paper; and when we in this country, as well as our friends in Ireland, shall have had the sense to make proper use of our bogs, we shall, if we have the good taste and honesty which ought to characterise us, ascribe a good deal of the result to the patriotism and enterprise of Alderman Purdon, and to the information collected and made public by the other members of the commission.

FEBRUARY 6, 1873.—On this date Mr. William Mackay read a second paper on the Legends of Glen-Urquhart. For the first paper, *see* Transactions, Vol. I., p. 43.

SGEULACHDAN GHLINN-URCHUDAINN.

(An dara earrann.)

'Nuair a leugh mi dhuibh a' cheud earrann de na sgeulachdan so, mu dheireadh na bliadhna 1871, dh' ainmich mi gu'm b'i mo dhùrachd, ged' b'i sud a' chéud oidhche, nach b'i an oidhche mu dheireadh a chuireadh an Comunn air leth airson sgéulachdan na Gaidhealtachd. Bho sin fhuair sinn sgeula no dha bho Alasdar Mac Gillemhicheil, a tha ro-thaitneach. Is mòr am feum a dheanadh sibhse a chaidh àrach ann an Glinn na Gaidhealtachd na'n sgriobhadh sibh gach seann sgéul a chuala sibh 'am bun teintean céilidh bhur n-òige. Tha na sgéulachdan so taitneach ma tha iad faoin; agus creidibh mise gu'n tig an là anns am bi iad glé mheasail. Cha'n eil cunntas chinnteach againn air moran de chleachdaidhean ar n-aithrichean, agus tha e àraid dhuinn am beagan a th' againn a thionail 'sa ghleidheadh gu cùramach, am fad 'sa tha sinn an comas sin a dheanadh.

Toisichidh mi nis' a rithist air sgeulachdan "Gleann mo chridhe rinn m' arach òg" le sgeula Mhonaidh Mac Righ Lochlainn 'thoir dhuibh.

Monaidh Mac Righ Lochlainn.

Bho chionn iomadh linn bha Albainn air a sgiursadh gu cruaidh le na Lochlannaich—daoine borb a thainig a nall à Lochlann a thogail creach 'sa ghabhail seilbh ann an tìr a' Ghaidheil. Bha Monaidh, Mac Righ Lochlainn, na laoch calm, agus b'e miann a chridhe cogadh a dheanadh an aghaidh nan Gaidheal, agus cliù a chosnadh ann an righeachd 'athar. Anns a' bheachd so thionail e buidheann mhath dhe flathaibh òga Lochlainn, agus ghabh esa agus iadsa an cuan, chum seoladh gu Albainn. Bha piuthair aig Monaidh aig an robh mòr ghaol dha, agus sheòl ise maille ris. Thainig na Lochlannaich air tir ann an Araghaidheal, agus air ball thòisich iad air cuir fàs 'us losgadh. Dh'eirich na Gaidheil an guaillean a chéile, agus chuir iad an ruaig air Monaidh agus a chuid daoine. Rinn na Lochlannaich air an cuid long, ach bha na Gaidheal rompa; agus b'fhéudar dhaibh tilleadh gu tuath agus na longan fhagail air an culaobh. Theich iad tre Ghleann mor na h-Alba, agus lean a' chuid bu ghaisgeanda dhe na Gaidheil gus an d' thainig iad gu Gleann-Urchudainn. Ann an so—air Craig Mhònaidh—rinn na Lochlannaich seasamh chruaidh an aghaidh nan Gaidheal. Ach dhlùthaich Sliochd nam Beann orra, agus chaidh catha chuir air Dail-a'-Mhonaidh anns an d'theach cuir as dha neart nan Lochlannach. Theich Monaidh suas an Gleann le 'phiuthair, ach chaidh chuir gu bas ann an Coire-Mhonaidh, 'us e gu dicheallach ga 'dian-sa. Dh' adhlaic sluagh a' Ghlinn e ann an Uaigh Mhonaidh 'sa Choire agus ghabh iad gu caoimhneil ris a' bhoirionnach. Bha i beò maille riu fad iomadh la, agus fhuair i bas 'nam measg. Tha aite cumhang fasgathach eadar da sgorr ann an Craig Mhònadh ris an abarar fhathast Leabaidh nighean an Righ; agus 's iomadh sìneadh Sàbaid a rinn mi innte. 'Nuair a tha mi 'n sin tha Srath àluinn Urchudainn gu leir fo mo chomhar, agus dhomsa cha'n 'eil sealladh eile fo'n ghrein coimeas ris air feasgar Domhnaich samhraidh!

Domhnul Breac 's na Piochdaich.

Tha 'n sgeula so air a toir bho Bheurla fhir de phaipearan naigheachd a' bhaile so (*Inverness Courier*, July 2, 1868). Mar a tha sgeula Mhonaidh, tha i cuir solus air ainmean nan aite 'tha tachairt innte:—

Rinn Domhnul Breac, righ Dhail-an-righ, a chaidh chrùnadh ann an Dun-Stathanais 's a bhliadhna 637, cogadh an aghaidh nam Piochdach, no na Cruithne Tuath, agus dh' fhalbh e le moran sluaigh chum 's gu'n glacadh e lùchairt righ nam Piochdach—

Caisteal Spioradail, aig Ceann an ear Loch Nis. Air a shlighe thainig e gu Caisteal-na-Sròine (Caisteal Urchudainn) agus thug e ionnsuidh air a ghlacadh. Ach cha robh e farasda so a dheanadh, agus air do Domhnul 'chluinntinn gu'n robh armachd mhor de Phiochdaich a tarruing dluth air, dh'fhàg e an caisteal, agus chaidh e 'nan coinneamh-sa; agus chaidh baiteal a chuir aig Dochnalurg anns an d' fhuair e buaidh. Ach 's ann a thog so na Piochdaich uile, agus b'fheudar dha Domhnul tilleadh gu Urchudainn a rithist. Chaidh blàr fuilteach eile 'chuir aig Poll a' Ghaoir fo Chraig Mhonaidh, agus a rithist bhuadhaich Domhnul. Faisg air Poll a' Ghaoir tha aite ris an canar Blar na Geilt far an do chuir buidheann de dh-armachd Dhomhnuil eagal mor air cuid de dh-armachd nam Piochdach. Tha glaic eile so, faisg air Tigh Bhaile-macathan, ris an canar Lag nan Cuspairean. Ged a chaill na Piochdaich am blar an dara uair cha do chaill iad am misneachd; agus thill Domhnul thairis air a' Mhonadh Leumnach, seachad buin Mheallnafuarmhonaidh, gu Gleanna Moireastuin. Aig an Dìg Odhar, 'sa Ghleann so, chaidh baiteal eile chuir, agus an ruaig a chuir air Domhnul Breac. B'fheudar dha a' chasan a ghabhail, 's a chuid bu mhò dhe 'shluagh fhagail marbh air a bhlàr.

Tha baiteal Ghlinne-Moireastuin air ainmeachadh ann an Eachdraidh Thighearnach (Annals of Tighearnach) a tha 'g innse gu'n do thachair e 's a bhliadhna 638.

An Gobhainn Mòr.

Bha roimhe so duine àraidh ann an Polla-Mhàili ris an canadh sluagh "an Gobhainn Mor." Bha seachd mic aig a' Ghobhainn, agus bha e fhein 'sa chuid mac cho maith air inneil airm a dheanadh ri duine a bhuail riamh ord air innean. Gu h-àraidh bha cliù orra air son na claidheamhean fuar-iarunn a rinn iad. Bha na claidheamhean so air an deanadh gun teine idir, le teas a chuir 's an iarunn le buillean nan ord; agus bha meas mor aig na Gaidheil orra a thaobh 's gu'n do lean buaidh mhor iad. Cha'n e a mhain gu'n robh cliu air a' Ghobhainn Mhor mar ghobhainn, ach 's mor an cliu a bh' air fhein 's a sheachd mac mar laoich.

Bha crodh aig a' Ghobhainn ann am Polla-Mhàili a bha air leth briagh, ach ann an uine ghoirid dh' fhàs iad cho bochd 's gu'n gann a dh'éireadh iad 's a bhathaich; 's a dh' aindeoin na gheibheadh iad ri ithe cha ghabhadh iad coltach ni b'fhearr. Faisg air Polla-Mhàili tha Tòrr-na-sìth, torran boidheach a bha, ann an laithean a' ghobhainn, 'na aite comhnuidh aig na sithichean. Tha iad a cuir air a ghobhainn gu'n robh sithich na leannan aige ged a bha 'bhean beo. La air an robh e fhein 'us ise 'sa choille, dh'innis i dha gu'n do ghoid na sithichean an crodh briagh, agus gu'm

b'iad *croth sìth* a bha nise 'sa bhathaich. Ann am fearg mhor rinn an gobhainn air a' bhathaich agus thoisich e air a' chrodh leis an tuadh. Ach ann am priobadh na suil thug iadsa an cinn a na bualaidhean agus mach as a bhathaich ghabh iad. Rinn an gobhainn greim cruaidh air earbull na ba 'bheir dheireadh, agus lean e rithe gus an d' thàinig iad gu Carn-an-Rath ann am Beinn a'-Gharbhlaich, faisg air Achadh-na-ba-baine. Dh' fhosgail an Carn agus chaidh an' crodh a stigh; agus ma chaidh, lean an Gobhainn gus an d' thainig e gu seòmar àluinn anns an robh gach ni bu luachmhor' na cheile; agus chaidh iarraidh air an ni bu docha leis ainmeachadh 's gu'm faidheadh e e. Ann an oisinn uaigneach de'n t-seomar bha loth bheag pheallagach air an cuala an Gobhainn a' leannan sith a bruidhinn mar an loth a b'fhearr 's an righeachd; agus thubhairt e gu'n gabhadh e an loth. "Fiacall a bial d'iompaidh," orsa na sithichean, oir dh'aithnich iad gu'n d'fhuair e comhairle mhaith; ach thug iad an loth dha, le aithne gu'n a cuir 'an cairt gu brath, oir fhad 'sa chumadh e ann an crann i nach biodh loth eile 'san tir a threabhadh rithe—

Threabhadh i Achadh-nam-bo,
'S an Lurga-mhor bho cheann gu ceann;
Mar sin 's an Gortan-ceapagach
Mu'n leigeadh i as an crann!

Bha'n loth pheallagach iomadh la aig a' Ghobhainn Mhor, agus b'fheumail i dha-fhein 's dha muinntir na duthcha gu léir. Ach ma dheireadh chaidh lòban a chuir oirre a dh' innearadh; agus riamh an deigh sin cha robh i ni bu treise na loth eile.

Bha seachd mac a' ghobhainn a cadal anns an t-sabhal air Cnoc ris an abarar fhathast Torran nan Gillean. Bha nighean a Ghobhainn posda aig fear air an robh Gille Phadruig Gobha mar ainm. Anns na laithean sin thachair dha Camshronach duine 'mharbhadh ann an Loch-Abair; agus theich e gu Urchudainn, far an d'fhuair e obair ann an ceardaich a' Ghobhainn Mhor. Chuela Mac Dhomhnuil Duibh gu'n robh am mortair 's a Ghleann, agus chuir e daoine a dheanadh greim air. 'N uair a chuala 'n Gobhainn gu'n d' thainig na h-Abairich, thug e air an duine air an robh iad an toir 'fhalt agus fhiasag a ghearradh. Thainig na h-Abairich 'na cheàrdaich a dh'fhaighneachd air son an duine, a bha aig an àm buaileadh an uird. "Buail an t-ord, a Ghille mhaol," ars' an Gobhainn—Bhuail an Gille maol an t-ord mar fhìor ghobhainn; agus cha d'aithnich na daoine e. Thill iad dhachaidh agus dh'innis iad nach do theach an turus leo. Greis an deigh so fhuair Mac Dhomhnuil Duibh a mach gu'm b'e am fear air an robh e 'n toir a bha da riridh 'sa Ghille mhaol, agus lasadh 'fhearg an aghaidh a ghobhainn

agus sluagh a' Ghlinne; agus chuir e roimhe sgiùrsadh a thoir orra! Thainig e fhein agus moran sluaigh, agus ghlac iad Caisteal Urchudainn. Bha 'an so an duthaich fo 'chasan, ach an gobhainn 'sa chuid mac, agus cha robh chridh' aige feuchainn riuth-sa le sàbaid; agus smuainich e gu'n gabhadh e doigh eile. Chuir e fios air Gille Phadruig Gobha, cliamhuinn a' ghobhainn, agus gheall e dha na'm faigheadh e seòl air an gobhainn 's a mhic a chuir gu bas, gu'm faigheadh e talamh a ghobhainn ann an Pollamhàili. "Tagh buidheann dhe na fir is tapaidh a th' agad," orsa Gille' Phadruig Gobha, "agus leanadh iad mise am meadhon na h-oidhche 'nochd." Mar sin a bha, agus dh' fhag an Gille agus na h-Abaraich an Caisteal am meadhon oidhche, agus rinn iad air an t-sabhal 's an robh mic a' ghabhainn, a smuaineachadh na'm faigheadh iad cuir as daibh-se, gu'm biodh e farasda 'n seann ghobhainn a chuir gu bàs. Sheas cuid diubh aig dorus an t-sabhail, agus chaidh an corr a stigh agus bhuail iad air na gillean. Dh' fhiach na gillean ri faidhinn mach, ach mar a bha iad dol thairis air starsuinn an doruis, bha na h-Abaraich cuir nan eanchuinn asta le cabair. 'N uair a bha 'n obair so aig an t-sabhal bha bean a' ghobhainn a faicinn bruadar gu'n robh muc mhor dhubh, 'us cuain chuilein aice, a bùrach fo clach-bhuinn an tigh. Chunnaig i am bruadar so tri uairean; agus 'an sin dhuisg i an Ghobhainn, 'us thug i air a dhol gus an t-sabhal a dh' fhaicinn ciamar a bha na gillean. Thug an Gobhainn an claidheamh mor aige leis, agus air dha tighinn gus an t-sabhal agus na h-Abaraich fhaicinn, thoisich e orra. Theich iadsa, agus lean esa, a marbhadh air na h-uile beum! Bha e a deanamh gu cruaidh air a chliamhuinn, agus 'nuair a chunnaic an gealtara sin so, thoisich e air eigheachd "'s mi fhein a th' ann! 's mi fhein a th'ann!" "Tha fios agam gu'n tu fhein a th'ann," fhreagar an Gobhainn. Ma dheireadh rug an Gobhainn air a chliamhuinn air dhaibh bhi dol thairis air allt ris an abarar fhathast "Allt Gille Phadruig Gobha;" agus ghearr e a chluais de. 'Sin litir agad, ars esa a bheir thu dha Mac Dhomhnuil Duibh, agus innis dha gu'm bi mise aig mo bhiadh-maidne am màrach cuide ris. An sin thill e gus an t-sabhal, agus fhuair e a chuid mac marbh, ach am fear a b' òige. Chaidh druim an fhir so a bhristeadh, agus riamh an deigh sin, chaidh e fo'n ainm "an Gobha Cròm."

Ghabh an Gobhainn Mor bàs a mhic cho mor gu cridhe, 's gun do chaochail e 'an ùine ghoirid. An deigh a bhàs, chuir an Gobha Crom a chuid acainn air srathar Ghaidhealach air muin each, agus dh'fhag e Urchudainn, ag radh gu'n stadadh e far am bristeadh an t-srathar. Cha do bhrist an t-srathar gus an d' rainig e Peart. Anns a' bhaile sin thog e ceardaich, agus tha muintear Urchud-

ainn a cumail a mach gu'm b'e an "Gobha Crom" a bha 's an t-sàbaid fhuilteach a bh'eadar Clann Dhaibhidh 's Clann Chatain an lathair an Righ, air Innis Pheairt, 'sa bhliadhna 1396.

Tha feadhainn gus an la 'n diugh ann an Urchudainn a tha creidsinn gur h-ann dhe sliochd a Ghobhainn mhor a tha iad, agus tha e air a radh gur h-ann bhò 'n a Ghille Mhaol a thainig Clann Ic 'Ille Mhaoil a tha 's a Ghleann.

Creach Innse Bhraoin.

Thainig roimhe so bean bhochd a mhuinntir Braidh Loch-Abair gu tigh Granndach Sheoglaidh ann an Gleann Urchudainn, agus dh' iarr i cead tàmh fad na h-oidhche. Fhuair i leabaidh, ach 'n uair dh'eirich bean an tigh 'sa mhaduinn, fhuair i am mach gu'n d' thug a bhean bhochd leanamh gille chum an t-saoghail 'san oidhche. Chaidh leabaidh 'us biadh a chumail rithe gus an robh i 'n comas am baile fhagail, agus 'nuair a dh' fhalbh i, chùm fear Sheoglaidh an leanamh, agus thog e suas e mar a mhac fhein. Dh' fhàs an gille mòr, agus air dha faighinn a mach gur h-ann dhe Clann 'Ic Uaraig (Kennedy) 'an Loch-Abair a bha e, thoisich e air taobh mor a chumail ri na h-Abaraich a bha 'cleachdadh creachan a thogail ann an Urchudainn. Ma dheireadh dh'fhas cuisean cho teth eadar e fhein 'us gillean oga na duthcha, 's gu'n d' fhag e an Gleann agus chaidh e gu duthaich a mhathar. Ann an Loch-Abair cha robh an Gille Dubh (oir b'e sin an t-ainm a bh' aig sluagh air) fada ga dheanamh fhein iomraideach ann an togail chreach; agus ann an ùine ghearr smuainich e fhein agus Clann 'Ic Uaraig gu'n rachadh iad 's gu'n togadh iad crodh Urchudainn. Ghabh iad am monadh gu Seoglaidh, agus 'nuair a thainig iad gus an aite sin bha na daoine anns a mhonadh buain na mòine. Thionail iad crodh Innse Bhraoin gun bhacadh, ach cha do bhean iad dha crodh Sheoglaidh, agus thill iad gun dàil do'n mhonadh. Cho luath 'sa bha iad an comas, chruinnich prasgan dhe daoine Bhraighe Urchudainn, aig Seoglaidh; ach a chionn 's nach ro iad idir cho lionmhor ri Clann 'Ic Uaraig, dhiult fear Sheoglaidh dhol air toir na creach. "Theid mise ann," arsa bean Sheoglaidh, "oir tha e coltach gu'm feum na mnathan an claidheamh a ghabhail, 's gu'm feud na daoine tamh aig a' bhaile cuir a chuigeal!" Ghabh fear Sheoglaidh tàmailt ri so, agus dh'fhalbh e le 'dhaoine an deigh a' Ghille Dhuibh. Thainig iad air na h-Abaraich anns a' Choire Bhuidhe; agus thug an Ghille Dubh an crodh air ais dha fear Sheoglaidh gu'n fhacal feargach eadar riutha. Thill daoine Urchudainn leis a chrodh. 'Nuair a bha iad da no tri a cheudan slat bho na h-Abaraich dh'eirich cearr eadar riutha agus iadsan, agus thog fear dhiubh a ghunna ri 'shuil agus loisg e oirre. Shaoil le Clann 'Ic

Uaraig gur h-ann orra fhein 'chaidh losgadh, agus loisg iad air ais. Mar sin thoisich baiteal a lean gus an do thuit fear Sheoglaidh agus a chuid bu mho de dhaoine, oir cha robh ann ach beagan diubh. Cha'n e a mhain gu'n do ghlac an Gille Dubh rithist an crodh a bh'aige, ach thill e agus thog e crodh Sheoglaidh. Bha bean Sheoglaidh tròm 's an àm, agus ghuidh' i air truas a ghabhail ri, agus i 'sa staid 'san robh i. Ach 'se am freagar a fhuair i—"ma tha thu tròm, beir searrach!" agus dh'fhalbh na h-Abaraich le cuid cruidh. Thog muinntir Urchudainn cuirn anns a' Choire Bhuidh air an d' thug iad Cuirn Marbh Dhaoine mar ainm. Tha iad 'an sin gus an la 'n diugh.

'Nuair a thainig a h-ùine bha mac aig bean Sheoglaidh; agus 'n uair a dh' fhas e mòr, b'e miann a chridhe creach Innse Bhraoin agus bas 'athar a dhialladh air a' Ghille Dhubh. Anns an inntinn sin ghabh e turus gu Braigh Loch-Abair, agus dh' fhaighnichd e air son tigh an duine sin. Fhuair e an tigh, agus an Gille Dubh 'na bhraisiche duine aig taobh an teine. Chaidh an dithis 'an còmhradh a' cheile, agus bho sgeula gu sgeula thainig iad gu Creach Innse Bhraoin. An deigh do'n Ghille Dhubh an sgeula aithris, dh' innis Fear òg Sheoglaidh dha, gu'n d' thainig a nise àm an diallaidh. "Co thusa," ars' an Gille Dubh. "'S mise," fhreagar an t-oganach, "an searrach a bha 'am broinn bean Sheoglaidh la creach Innse Bhraoin;" agus le na facail sin sparr e a sgian dubh 'an cridh' a' Ghille Dhuibh gu 'bun! 'An sin ghabh e a chasan, agus cha do stad e gus an robh e fo dhruim Tigh Sheoglaidh.

FEBRUARY 17.—On this evening, Mr G. J. Campbell read the following

REMARKS ON SCOTTISH GAELIC LITERATURE,

by Mr Nigel M'Neill:—

It is proposed in this paper to give some of the leading characteristics of Scottish Gaelic Literature, with special observations on the compositions known as the Poems of Ossian.

Gaelic literature has never been properly, because never dispassionately, estimated. All attempts to bring its worth into relief may be arranged into three classes. The mere chroniclers of the number of Gaelic books, their dates of publication, &c.; Reid, the author of the "Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica," may be taken as the

representative of this first class. The fulsome undiscerning enthusiasts who cultivated a fixed determination to find in the Celtic language and in its literature the germs, or rather the great originals of the languages and literature of the greatest countries, ancient and modern; Lachlan MacLean, the author of a "History of the Celtic Language," and Wm. Livingstone, the bard, author of the "Vindication of the Celtic Character," may be taken as the representatives of this second class. The unfriendly critics, the traducers of the Celt and all his belongings, who habitually spoke of himself and of all his literary pretensions with contempt, and whose darling political idea had been the extirpation of the Celt, who was looked on as a rival and an alien "in blood and speech;" Dr Samuel Johnson, and all the roaring young lions of anti-Celtic prejudices downwards represent this third class. The first class have supplied us with an excellent guide to the materials necessary for a critical account of our literature; the second, by their unregulated enthusiasm and wild exaggerations, have brought our literature into contempt, furnishing with matter of ridicule the third class, whose great aim had been to sneer everything Celtic into utter oblivion. The writings of these three classes themselves constitute a large amount of literature of a doubtful cast. They have, however, all helped much to clear the ground for the critical, impartial historian, who, it is hoped, will soon make his appearance.

There is besides a fourth class in germ, some of whose efforts assumed a correct critical direction. Among the few representatives of this class, the best trained mind for the appreciation of the true, the beautiful, and the good in Gaelic literature, was that of the late Rev. Thomas Pattison, author of "The Gaelic Bards." In this work we have indications everywhere of aesthetic tastes of a high order, which, had their possessor been spared, would have won him fame equal with that of his fellow-students and literary contemporaries, Mr Buchanan the poet, and Mr Black the novelist. The early death of Mr Pattison has been a great loss to English letters, as well as unfortunate to the interests of the Celtic race. There is another who has done Herculean service to the cause of Gaelic literature, and who is deserving of a tribute of great respect as a critic for his biographical and critical notices of the bards—Mr Mackenzie, the author of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." He, however, leans slightly to the failings of the second class referred to, whose enthusiasm, effervescence, and undiscerning laudations too truly indicate the unsubdued and untoned character of their high intellectual gifts. There are also many interesting critical observations in the "Celtic Gleanings" and "Review of

Celtic Literature," by the Rev. Dr Thomas Maclauchlan, who has done otherwise very extensive service. MacPherson, earlier, in his introduction to the translations, and in his numerous notes, left us some remarks on Ossianic Literature.

After premising thus what the critics have done for our literature, let us refer to some of its leading characteristics. And in doing so, we must speak of what *is not*, as much as of what exists —of the literary elements absent in our literature that the attention of the nascent Celtic poets may be, if possible, directed to their proper development.

Let us examine, first, then, whether Celtic literature presents all the features which other great bodies of literature possess. A comparison of our literature with those—though we must acknowledge that the institution of comparison on account of many circumstances is scarcely fair to the Highlander—will evince at once the absence of two or three features in ours of outstanding prominence; these we may call negative characteristics. They are the epic and the dramatic features. To these may be added the comic or serio-comic element in literature. For we have no burlesque writers unless the witty poems of MacCodrum, the Uist bard, and some snatches of Rob Donn be considered representative of this feature.

With regard to the epic feature, the dictum of sneering Celts and Saxon ill-wishers, that we have no epic, can not be gainsaid. The pretensions of Fingal and Temora, as from the hands of MacPherson, to the character of epics are quite hollow, and can not bear in that character the scrutiny of the keen appreciative reader of Virgil, Danté, or Milton. Those pretended epics of Ossian are epic only in name and length. They are essentially balladic; and there can be no hesitation in affirming that the ballad was the first and original form. A number of ballads on the subject of Fingal strung together with the episodes of the trying situations and slaying of beautiful women thrown in between, made up Fingal; and the same process was adopted in the manufacture of the other epics. The world would have relished them equally much, and more so, had James MacPherson presented them in their own innocent primeval simplicity, and not draped them imitatively in the unwieldy and unnatural garb of less spirited people. Nor on referring to the works of other poets since the days of Ossian can we be relieved by the discovery of an epic. Some of the poems of Mac Mhaighstir Alastair and of Livingstone are pretty long; the longest of Macdonald's, the "Birlin," is, however, only about 600 lines, and the longest of Livingstone's between 900 and 1,000. It is quite evident that, without referring to the

nature of the poems at all, there can be no comparison between such and the 10,000 or 11,000 lines of the "Paradise Lost."

This result, the absence of epics in Gaelic literature, forces us to observe that there seems to have been for ages back a rooted aversion in the Celtic mind to undertake the accomplishment of any great design. It can not be said that the conditions of success in epic composition are wanting in the case of the Celtic mind, although it is a fact that hitherto the poetical works of the Celt do not exhibit literary epic patience and epic perseverance. In other spheres Celtic patience and perseverance are truly extraordinary. With his brilliant exploits, his mighty military achievements; with his successful defence of his mountains for thousands of years, and with the hitherto undimmed brightness of his surpassing energies—with all these before us in their epic pristine splendour, as well as in their glorious successes, we cannot help according to the Celt the possession of the eternal conditions of epic success. These are patience, perseverance, with an inherent love for measure which must characterise the doer of great deeds requiring years for their accomplishment. Even in matters of every-day life, the Celt exhibits these qualities. How few there are of Southern or Lowland extraction who would work or make a pleasant living of it in the hard rocky, or barren nooks into which some of our Celtic brethren have been oppressed, with the gloomy, rainy clouds above, and an equally uninviting soft soil beneath? How few they are who would live thus with Celtic perseverance? They have frequently tried it alongside the derided Celt, and been as frequently found wanting. But, above all, where could you find people who would endure so patiently, so unrepiningly, the long-continued infliction of wrongs, and the cruel wresting away from them of their hereditary rights? (This ignominious patience must soon come to an end.)

The Celt's possession of Epic perseverance in other spheres convinces us that the Celtic mind is capable of undertaking and accomplishing literary Epic designs, whenever, or wherever the congenial circumstances exist. The age, the man, and the circumstances, will come together.

With regard to the Dramatic feature of Literature, though we have neither Tragedies nor Comedies, our Literature is not destitute of Dramatic forms. We have what may be called Dramatic poems. But it must be admitted that we have no regular Tragedies nor Comedies. Theatres were never in vogue with the Celt; hard, real, terrible life was in too close proximity to his experience to allow of mimic representations. To him, the snow-wreathed mountain and the misty glen, with its hundred mistier

corries and foaming cataracts, were a theatre grander far than the finest temples made with human hands. True it is, however, that elements tragic enough,—appallingly tragic—surrounded the life of our ancestors, though they never assumed a regular, literary, dramatic form. Many a pleasant, social entertainment also they had in the halls of Kings, of Princes, and of Chiefs, with the sounds of the harp and the songs of the bards in full harmony with the gentle, lovely voices of lovelier *òighean*. At such feasts ballads narrative of many a mighty achievement, by many a mighty hero, were recited by the bards amidst the applauses of royalty and of chiefs of military renown. It never occurred to the bards that there might be amusement in mimicking such scenes. They lived amidst enough of real tears, real tragic life, without having recourse to artificial imitation. The people were too peripatetic and predatory in their habits to permit of stage culture. Their life was too real, too earnest, to render it desirable; and with their military haste, their brilliant feats of war, their martial expeditions, and the deep-flown pleasures of their social being, stage representations could not seem otherwise than flat, stale, and unprofitable:—therefore the absence of this kind of literature in Gaelic letters. And if the Celt had no artificial theatre it need not be said that none of the immorality that follows such corrupted him.

We have confined our remarks to the poetical department, because hitherto we have scarcely any other department. Those of Philosophy, History, etc., are, with trifling exceptions, blank. Somewhat akin to the poetic is our Taleologic Literature, represented by "The Popular Tales of the Western Highlands," which is of great value from an historical point of view.

Space will not permit to say much regarding the positive characteristics of Scottish Gaelic literature: these, however, are *practically* known and felt by most Celts. The first that strikes us, in looking at his literature, is the great passion for poetry shown by the Celt wherever he is. He has given his first and only love to poetry. All the admiration, the enthusiasm, the sympathy, the love, and passion of the lover, he has bestowed on poetry, The poetical genius, like a sort of universal inspiration, seized the soul of the whole race, until it became a race of love, sentiment, and emotion. The mental attitudes favourable to profound reflection and to philosophy, with its subtle analysis of the intellect, were not much cultivated since the days of Abaris, the hyperborean philosopher from Iona, who paid a visit to the Grecian philosophers of the Porch. The cooler calculations of reason were considered tame compared with lays of patriotism, love, and military deeds,

or with the sweet bursts of bardic song. And, while the Celt's great passion is poetry, in that field, again, it would seem that descriptive poetry is the kind he most relishes and cultivates. Indeed, it would appear that the Celtic genius is descriptive, tinged, or rather, relieved, with the presence of emotion and sentiment. The language itself, on account of its highly descriptive nature, has contributed much to this characteristic of Gaelic poetry. This descriptive character of the language suggests another leading characteristic, whose presence furnishes the spell —the natural magic—of Gaelic poetry—the element of sensuous imagery. This element of sensuous imagery, fed by the highly emotional nature of the Celt, constitutes the deeply poetical character of Gaelic song.

The next leading characteristic is love. This poetical element has been, by the Gaelic bards as by those of other countries, very energetically, but, at the same time, with great purity of thought and expression, developed. It is the leading theme, the first inspirer of the lays of the most of the minor worshippers of the muse. In connection with this exhibition of feeling, the sad, melancholy retiring spirit of the Celt has very fully revealed itself. There is the same symbolic cry, the same tears over the world slipping away from his grasp, which he wails over the coyness or loss of his deeply-loved mistress.

Now may be introduced, very appropriately, and by suggestion, the highly elegiac character of Gaelic poetry. The *cumha*, or elegy, was never inattentive to the good qualities of the departed. It was a species of composition sadder than the tomb itself. Its wail was so piercing, its sorrow so heartrending, and its regret so enduring, through bardic influence, that, occasions arising naturally in succession, as well as on the path of the tragic, warlike life of the Celt, it preserved and cultivated a spirit of sadness and proximity to the grave which shed its gloom over the whole race.

The satiric element was not developed to any considerable extent. The greatest satirist was *Iain Lom*. *Rob Donn*, *Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*, and *Duncan Bàn* have also written good satires.

Before referring to Gaelic hymns we may remark that the Highlands have produced, in proportion to the population, a larger amount of first-class popular lyrical poetry than any people on the face of the earth; and these compositions, though the production of simple, unlearned individuals, in many cases, showing finish, taste, and elegance of a high order.

With regard to our Gaelic Hymns it may be truly said that we have one hymn-writer, Dugald Buchanan, that has never yet been

surpassed by any hymn-poet, of any country, ancient or modern. The great characteristic of our hymns is their devotional and evangelical tone. A heterodox mist, or even an unscriptural or doubtful expression is never met with. They have, however, one great fault in common—their length, which renders them more like spiritual poems than like hymns. The same fault characterizes all the popular songs of the Celts. The singing of 50 or 100 stanzas with our ancestors seemed a very common, and quite a feasible thing.

Considering the region of the world where it has been produced, the amount of good Gaelic poetry, even in print, is truly immense; and claims thorough critical investigation at the hands of those who are able and anxious to show the outside world the treasures and rich qualities of the Celtic genius of which we all feel so justly proud.

Ossian's Poems being our greatest works,—"the source of our fame,"—claim particular reference in a paper on Scottish Gaelic Literature.

The Ossianic compositions, ushered into the world by the clever and ingenious James Macpherson, are the only Gaelic literary works which have received anything like an adequate amount of intelligent criticism. They were at first criticised unreasonably, fiercely, and crucially,—were investigated in a deadly process in which all merit might almost be expected to evaporate into its native heaven. The result was that they came out "gold of the seventh refining." Then their genius, pure, ancient, and sublime as their native hills and skies was universally acknowledged. It appeared on the scene of letters, British and Continental, decked out for the admiration of the whole world, in the garb of Celtic primitive belief and manners. It brought men face to face, as it were, with a bygone age, whose men and women, though fifteen centuries distant in respect to people's ever-varying manners, were still felt in their high-toned morality, their chivalry, and their tenderness in all relations of being, to be wonderfully akin to the best and noblest echoes of modern times. This genius of ghosts and sadness, surrounded by the snowy wreaths of its native hills, the wandering mists of its native valleys, in full accord with the deep shadows and gloomy clouds of its native skies, presented to the imaginations of men fresh phenomena so unearthly and fascinating that the whole world gazed in rapture. This genius again uttered a cry peculiar and piercing, but still highly human—a cry unheard since the age of the Titans. It reached the heart of all the young poets in Europe, and it chimed harmoniously over that lava-stream of melancholy which overflows for a season the whole

soul of youth. Goethe, Byron, and Lamartine felt and acknowledged the potent force of the spell. Thus, the sublime, melancholy, and magic strain of the Celtic bard of Cona affected all the literature of modern Europe.

It does not matter exceedingly whether you hold James MacPherson of 1760, or the son of Fingal of 360, the author; the spirit is felt, in the case of either view, to be ancient and Celtic. There can be no doubt regarding the existence of Ossianic poems and ballads for ages before MacPherson; and it is equally beyond disputation that MacPherson, even supposing his whole work is not a translation, has, to a certain extent, utilized such ballads and poems. In any case, the marrow of the work must be acknowledged to be Ossianic. And Macpherson, while we cannot help condemning the *form* or *shape* in which he sent forth those grand compositions of byegone ages,—the absurdity of his working into the impossible consistency of Epics materials which would be more relished in their primeval balladic garb,—deserves the gratitude of Celts as well as the homage of the discerning, for bringing, as has been already referred to, "this soul of the Celtic genius in contact with the soul of the nations of modern Europe." There can be no hesitation in pronouncing James MacPherson, whether translator or author, of the works going under Ossian's name, a genius, equal in some of the most necessary qualifications of the poet, to the great half-mythical Ossian himself. MacPherson was a poet of no mean order; and he has left to our language, and to our literature, what might otherwise be lost, a priceless legacy—the one great work, of which we have a true and worthy reason to feel proud. For Ossian alone is our one mighty work, which even the most enthusiastic writers on Celtic matters could venture to compare with the great and finished productions of other nations.

Reading the poems of Ossian and those of any of the modern Gaelic poets—*Mac Mhaighstir Alastair* for example—we feel at once that we breathe the air of different regions, or live in the atmosphere of the influences of different ages; while it is equally true that we discern at the same time between them and the common herd of versifiers a vast interval in the range of their poetical conceptions and imaginations. The minds of both were nurtured by the same poetical elements, the same influences and scenic images; but the spirit of their poetry is widely different. Both breathe a spirit that speaks of "the land of the mountain and the flood"—"tìr nam beann, nan gleaun, 's nan gaisgeach"—but the echoes that convey to us the notes of their voices—their deep utterances of the soul—their cries of the human—from the fairy land of fancy and passion, are far unlike. The inspiration

of both is that of the great Bens, the mysterious-seeming valleys, rendered here and there unearthly vocal by the gurgling tones of some stream and those of deep crying unto deep. And considering that the language of the two poets is the same, that they lived in the same country, that the source of their poetical pictures and representations was the same, one would suppose that the resemblance between the two would be very striking in these instances. Such, however, is not the case. MacDonald is wild, picturesque, and gorgeous, presenting ever the dread realities of nature, and loves to picture her coarser characteristics more than her qualities of tenderness; while Ossian also is wild, but sublime, imaginative, and ever pure and refined in his conceptions; MacDonald's poetry glows with sensuous imagery, luxuriance of thought, and voluptuousness of feeling, partaking more of the earthly, animal, and material portions of creation; while Ossian's continually moves us with his magnanimity of thought, his regular, sustained, and solemn grandeur, and his exhibitions of tenderness and generous valour,—thus moving in the higher regions of human conception and feeling in a glow of aerial magnificence and moral loftiness,—thus his genius ever soaring to the contemplation of what is ethereal, heavenly, pure, and spiritual, and never descending to depicture what is low, common, or altogether earthly. The music of Mac Donald is wild, spirited, and irregular, and his verses occasionally harsh; while that of Ossian is subdued, soft, and mellifluous, and his cadences ever harmonious. Mac Donald, in the accomplishment of his more elaborate efforts, gives many indications of spasmodic tendencies; while the most majestic designs of Ossian are finished with the ease and freedom of one who is conscious of strength sufficient to complete successfully the greatest undertaking. In intensity and fiery vehemence of thought and expression MacDonald will yield to none; but he wants the condensity and dramatic terseness of Ossian. But for occasional signs of spasm and feeble appendages of phrases to finish a verse or to make the rhyme orthodox, the "Birlin," notwithstanding MacDonald's dramatic inferiority, would be equal in most respects to any of Ossian's poems of the same length. The force of thought and energy of poetical ardour with which he

> "Hurls the Birlin through the cold glens,
> Loudly snoring,"

is truly absorbing; and if not equal, certainly not much inferior to anything of the kind we have read. We may here give a description of morning from the "Birlin" (Mr. Pattison's translation), and compare it with Ossian's master touches on the same

subject. It may serve to illustrate the difference between Ossian's conceptions of common phenomena and those of other Highland bards.

"The sun had opened golden yellow,
From his case,
Though still the sky wore dark and drumly
A scarr'd and frowning face;
Then troubled, tawny, dense, dun-bellied,
Scowling and sea-blue;
Every dye that's in the tartan
O'er it grew.
Far away to the wild westward
Grim it lowered,
Where rain-charg'd clouds on thick squalls wandering
Loomed and towered."

This vigorous and striking representation is very descriptive of a Hebridean morn in spring; and though his descriptions of nature are generally more extended than Ossian's, he never flags. "Where rain-charg'd clouds on thick squalls wandering loomed and towered" is very majestic. We get from Ossian in general but a verse on morning, a subject that suffers such exquisite pains too frequently in the crucifying hands of minor poets, rhymers, and versifiers. Such as,

"Dh' eirich maduinn air innis nan stuadh."

Morn brightened on the isle of waves.

Ossian is so rich in resources of poetical *talk* that he merely suggests the general vital point, and, like Milton, leaves you to infer the necessary existence of particulars. He does not give life-size portraits of the same subject every time it occurs in his poems; he brings all his mental energies *once* into operation and then makes a successful attempt, such as the following Address to the Sun or Morning, and does not afterwards endeavour to picture from another point of view which might perhaps not be so faithful to nature and to his own conceptions of things. It is somewhat long, but its beautiful imagery and its poetical entirety would be defaced by witholding a single verse of it:—

"Son of the Young Morn! that glancest
O'er the hills of the east with thy gold-yellow hair,
How gay on the wild thou advancest
Where the streams laugh as onward they fare;

And the trees yet bedewed by the shower,
Elastic their light branches raise,
While the melodists sweet they embower
Hail thee at once with their lays.

But where is the dim night duskily gliding
On her eagle wings from thy face?
Where now is darkness abiding?
In what cave do bright stars end their race—
When fast, on their faded steps bending,
Like a hunter you rush through the sky
Up those lone lofty mountains ascending,
While down yon far summits they fly?

Pleasant thy path is, Great Lustre, wide-gleaming,
Dispelling the storm with thy rays;
And graceful thy gold ringlets streaming
As wont, in the westering blaze.
Thee the blind mist of night ne'er deceiveth,
Nor sends from the right course astray;
The strong tempest, all ocean that grieveth,
Can ne'er make thee bend from thy way.

At the call of the wild morn, appearing,
Thy festal face wakens up bright,
The shade from all dark places clearing,
But the bard's eye that ne'er sees thy light."

We shall quote one other picture of morning by MacDonald from the opening stanzas of his "Sugar Brook," where the unrestrained vehemence and gorgeousness of the Birlin give place to simple truthful delineations. Like Cowper he descends very much in this delicious poem to particularities of portraiture; and his minute picturing contrasts powerfully with the dramatic vividness and graphic vastness of Ossian's imagery.

"Passing by the Sugar Brook,
In fragrant morn of May;
When, like bright shining rosaries,
The dew on green grass lay;
I heard the robin's treble,
Deep Richard's bass awake;
And the shy and blue-winged cuckoo,
Shout 'goo goo' in the brake.

The thrush there threw its steam off,
Upon a stake alone;
And the brown wren so blithesome,
Had music of its own;
The linnet with a jealous bend
Tuned up his choicest string;
The blackcock he was croaking,
The hen did hoarsely sing."

Ossian gives us *all* the poetry of this in four lines; and that in such choice language and with such forcible clearness and expressive vividness that you could not wish a single word added, while you are satisfied to perfection with what you have. We quote these lines in the original; they are given already above in the second half of the first stanza in the translation.

Tha croinn uaine ro' dhrùchd nam fras,
Ag éiridh gu bras a' d' chomhdhail,
A's filidh bhinn nan coillte fàs
A' cur fàilt' ort gu moch le'n òran.

The exquisite and faultless melody, the aerial silentness of music that pervades these lines, have a mysterious and most striking effect on the soul.

In the glowing and adequate depicturing of magnificent objects Ossian is unapproached. His muse is essentially sublime and imaginative; while that of many of the succeeding famous bards is mainly made up of emotional sweetness, or tame, spasmodic, but splendid delineations, richness of diction, or an endless glow of melodious words. Dugald Buchanan is perhaps the only modern poet that possesses much sublimity; many verses of his minor pieces, and nearly the whole of his Day of Judgment, are dramatically vivid and very sublime. In the fine ethereal spirit that pervades his poetry Ossian is not unlike Hogg. Indeed, the resemblance between the two is in many respects well traceable. But the poet among the Celtic modern bards between whom and Ossian is the most perfect resemblance is William Livingstone. Except in the absolute difference which the civilization of many centuries creates between them in the manner and garb in which each delivers himself of his "all-comprehending idea" or message, and which the transformation through which the spirit of Antiquity passes ere it appears in modern times renders necessarily discernible, Livingstone is in all other instances truly Ossianic, both by the nature of his genius and by the form in which he has given expression to it. We forbear here to touch on their points of likeness.

Ossian is not the poet of a particular clan, tribe, or race; he is the general interpreter of humanity at large, and the special painter of the time, life, habits, and achievements, of those brave warlike people who first occupied the plains of Europe, and who form the substratum of the populations of most European nations. He lived at a time when the world was going through a mighty metamorphoses, when tribes were beginning to assume a national cast, and nations an individuality, and were preparing to run the race sketched out to them by Destiny, the path of each bounded by a particular boundary or limit of sea, stream, mountain, or valley, and were throwing aside all the encumbrances of superseded customs and laws that might clog their progress or defeat their designs. The language of the blind old bard of Cona began to show signs of confusion into many dialects, and was already no more in several countries after other languages had been based upon it, as the mother dies and leaves the house to her daughters. The Feinn—his own peculiar people—appeared in immortal brilliance crowned with the laurels of deathless warlike heroism on the stage of the world and now disappeared from the scene—fading together like a sun-gleam in wintry weather hastening over the wide heath of Lena. Now as he muses on the departure of his kindred heroes and hunters and on the loneliness of his own state, led by the white-armed Malvina, the betrothed of his fallen son Oscar, he seeks their former haunts and breathes, as he rests in the well-known shades, the pathetic lamentation "the last of my race!"

Na Gàidheil gu bràth!

SECOND ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE SECOND ASSEMBLY was held on the evening of Thursday, the 10th of July, in the Music Hall. We take our report of the proceedings from the local papers. *The Highlander* of 12th July introduces the proceedings thus:—

Many will inquire what is the meaning of the "second" annual assembly of the Gaelic Society in the capital of a Gaelic speaking province, and wonder if the Gaelic Society of Inverness is only an infant entering upon its second year. The question is certainly pertinent, and the wonder natural. We know that there are now in Inverness numbers of persons who are ashamed to confess that the Gaelic Society only came into being sometime in the year 1871. Perhaps it would not be very far wrong to say of those who are

thus ashamed, there are some who would have been more or less ashamed to have joined such a society a year and a-half ago. So strong was the anti-Celtic idea in Inverness a very short time ago that both Celts and Saxons put their heads together to denounce the movement as retrograde, impertinent, fantastic, and all the rest of it; and a large amount of small wit was expended in the vain attempt to make one of the most natural and healthy movements ever started in Inverness, ridiculous. One of the most ludicrous things imaginable was to see and hear men, who had never managed to get rid of a strong Highland accent themselves, fancying that they were transfixing a member of the Gaelic Society with a keen arrow when mimicking his Gaelic accent. They reminded one of the gallant Major O'Dowd, who swore in the strongest accent of Roscommon, that the greatest misfortune that ever befel him was being born in Ireland! These are among the most deplorable signs that, whether conquered or not, the men who exhibit them possess the souls of a subjugated people, and are uncomfortable at the prospect of being expected to act the part of free men. It is to be born in mind, in extenuation of this craven conduct, that many influences have been at work to make the people of Inverness actually believe that their only chance of getting on in commerce, and getting up in society, lay in disowning their race, and becoming as quickly as possible transformed into so many Cockneys. The wonder really now is that Inverness did not occupy a large extent of space in those works now-a-days devoted to the elucidation of the subject of the transmutation of species.

Instead of that, Inverness is a striking example of the persistency with which one type of humanity holds its place as well as its form; and the existence of the Gaelic Society, and the results which it already exhibits, are striking facts with which to carry to the minds of the dullest a conviction of a truth which had well nigh been stamped out under the feet of recreant Celts themselves. No doubt Saxons had something to do with this recreant action; but we have little, if any, right to blame them for it. They asserted their ideas and their power, and they made their mark in our midst. If the Celt had been equally faithful to the idea entrusted to him, the Saxon would have coalesced with him, and helped him upwards and onwards according to the genius of the race. There is always an advantage in having two good pure, vigorous races in close neighbourhood, so long as they both know how to respect themselves and one another. The evil is when the one is not satisfied unless it lords it over the other; the still greater evil when the one invites the other to do this lording over it. What we want is to see the Saxon treated with generous hospit-

Gaul, but, sad to say, far more in the garb of modern England. Just as the pipes are turned to the march of "The Celtic Society,"

Duncan Davidson, Esq., of Tulloch, mounts the platform and takes the chair. Along with him are.—The Rev. Alexander MacGregor; Charles Mackay, LL.D.; Revs. Alex. Stewart, Nether Lochaber; Dr Murray Mitchell, Robson, and D. Sutherland; G. J. Campbell, Esq.; Bailies Simpson and MacBean; Alex. Dallas, Esq., Town Clerk; Chas. Innes and Alex. Fraser, Esq., solicitors; John Mackenzie, Esq., Provost of Inverness; Provost Lyon MacKenzie; Sheriffs Macdonald and Blair; Dr Carruthers; Osgood Mackenzie, Esq.; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; John Murdoch, Esq., of *The Highlander*. In the Hall we observed—W. Mundell, Esq., Inverlaul; A. Macdonald, Esq., solicitor, and Misses Macdonald; Dr Macnee; Mr Mackenzie, Broadstone Park; Mr Menzies, Millarton; Mr John Mundell, Scalascaig; Mr D. Shaw, Leys; Mr Macdonald, live stock agent; Mr Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Dr Macdonald; Mr D. Cameron, Union Street; Mr Macdonald, Tormore; Mr Fraser, Banker, Lochcarron; Mr Mackenzie Caledonian Bank; Mr L. Davidson, Kingussie; Miss Wakeman; Mr Angus Ross, Wool Broker, Glasgow; Mr Murray, Inverness; Mr Mackenzie, Bookseller; Mrs and Miss Murdoch, Tomatin Cottage; Mr A. Mackenzie, Church Street; Mr Davidson Solicitor; Mr Fraser, Union Street, &c.

The platform was adorned with stags' heads, and draped with tartans from Clachnacudain House.

Mr A. Stewart was then introduced, and gave, with fine effect, *An Gaidheal, am measg nan Gall.* It is true a large number present did not understand a word of what was sung, but the influence of the very sound was felt even by them, and the Gaelic speaking portion of the audience were quite electrified, so much so that he was called back and gave some verses of another Gaelic song in praise of Lord Clyde.

Mr J. Fraser then gave "The McGregor's Gathering," which he sang in his well-known style of excellence, accompanied by Miss McLearnan on the pianoforte. Both were cordially greeted by the audience, who would fain have had them back.

This was followed by a dance. Messrs Gordon, Smith, Macpherson, and Stewart, danced *Ruidhle Thullachain* with great spirit, to the music of the pipes. Many would have had a repetition of the treat, but time and order forbade.

The choir was then called upon, when the Misses Mactavish, Fraser, Barclay, and Mackay, together with Messrs Wm. Mackay, D. Mackintosh, Jas. Cameron, and J. Mackenzie appeared, and gave forth in rich and heart-reaching strains the plaintive song of

Fear a' Bhata, Miss McLearnan presiding at the piano. The effect of this pure stream of mountain melody on the hundreds of mountaineers present was striking, and all yielded to the influence. The singing was admirable, and the accompaniment most effective.

The Rev. Alexander M'Gregor was then called upon, and received with loud and long continued cheers; and the eloquent address which follows elicited repeated cheers from those who understood the language in which it was spoken :—

Fhir suidhe Urramaich agus ionmhuinn,—Cha bheag an sòlas do'n Chomunn so,—agus is mòr gun teagamh an toilinntinn do gach àrd agus iosal a tha 'làthair a'n so air an fheasgair so, gu'm bheil Ceann-Cinnidh cho cliùiteach, comharraichte; Uachdaran cho bàigheil, truacanta, agus Gaidheal cho càirdeal, ceanalta ri Tighearna Chluainidh 'na Ard riaghladair air an ceann. Mar a thubhairt am bàrd :—

"Sàr cheànnard air sluagh curannt 'thu,
Leis an doirteadh fuil 'sa' bhlàr;
Bhiodh cuimhneach, ciallach, faiceallach,
Neo-lapach anns an spàirn;
Bhiodh reubach, fuilteach, faobharach,
'Sa' chaonaig ris an namh,
'S bu tréunail colg nan gaisgeach aig',
'Toirt euchd nan arm thar chaich!"

Cha'n 'e mhain, Fhir-suidhe Urramaich, gu'm bheil mòr-spèis aige-san do na Gaidheil, agus d'an duthaich, d'an cleachdannaibh, agus d'an canain oirdheirc, ach tha e fein comusach air a' chanain sin a labhairt 'na fior-ghloinead, air comhradh a dheanamh ìnnte ri dhillsibh fein, agus air gach uile mhaise agus mor bhuaidh a bhuineas do chainnt Oisein agua Fhìnn a thuigsinn agus a thoirt gu soilleir fa'near. Agus a ris, a thaobh éididh aosda nan Gaidheal, c'ait am faighear am measg nan sonn air fad aon uasal eile do'm fearr an tìg am breacan 'san fhéile, na do Thighearna Chluainidh; seadh, a' bhonnaid bhinneach, le ite an fhireoin mhoir ag éiridh gu h-àrd, agus le osain ghearra air a chalpannaibh geal crùinn? Tha na cinn-fheadna Ghaidhealach gun teagamh fathast 'nan uaislean urramach, agus air iomadh buaidh cliù-thoilltinneach, aah mo thruaigh? co 'nam measgan gu léir aig am bheil cumhachd a' Ghaidhlig a labhairt? Co 'nam measgsan air fad nach 'eil gu tur aineolach air cainnt nam beann chum comhradh a dheanamh ìnnte, ach esan na aonar a ta 'cur urraim air "Comunn Gailig Inbhirneis," le suidhe a dheanamh co tlachdmhor 'na chaithir-riaghlaidh os an ceann? Gu ma fada beo Tighearna

Cluainidh, agus gu robh sliochd a shliochd-san a' giùlan a dheaghainm-san agus a chliù sios, lìnntean gun aireamh r'a teachd! *(Amen! and applause).*

Fhir-suidhe Urramaich, dhealbhadh agus shuidhichead an Comunn so chum leas nan Gaidheal a chur air aghaidh, agus chum an cainnt agus an cleachdanna a chumail air chuimhne re linnte r'a teachd. Cha'n 'eil ni bhuineas doibh, no gaisge a rinn iad, no cruaidh-chas a dh'fhuiling iad, nach miannach leis a' Chomunn so a rannsachadh a mach chum an cliu! Cha'n 'eil teagamh idir, nach e mor-dhurachd a Chomuinn gach díchioll, éug-samhail a dheanamh, gach strith agus saothair a chleachdadh, agus gach maith 'nan comas, a chur air aghaidh, air son an luchd-du'cha fein athleasachadh a thaobh nithe aimsireil, modhannail, agus spioradail! Ged nach 'eil annam-sa ach duine beag, aodhar bochd ann am inbh iosail, aig nach' eil ach neoni a'm' chomas, gidheadh, is taitneach leam fhaicinn gu'm bheil aig mo luchd-du'cha fein cairdean a ta dealaidh, dileas, agus dian, agus leis a'm miann gu'n soirbhicheadh gach ni leo? *(Applause).*

Tha duilichinn orm, gidheadh, (mar a tha air gach neach a tha eolach air uile-bhuaidhibh urramach nan Gaidheal), gu'm bheil éigin air a cur air aireamh co mor diubh tir am breith fhagail, gu dol thar chuanta fad agus farsuing dh'ionnsuidh dhuchanna céin. Mo thruaigh! 'S i'n èigin fein a dheanadh so! S i'n éigin fein a spionadh air falbh á gleanntaibh an eolais, iadsan ris am bheil iad air an taghadh le mile ceangal co dluth, 's cho tean 'sa ta an iadhshlat ris na craobhaibh aosda! Cha'n 'eil comas air, ach, tha e cianail, muladach, gu'm biodh neart na du'cha, agus iadsan a bha riamh cluiteach chum an righ, agus an tir, agus an saorsa a theasairginn à laimh nan namh, air am fogradh air falbh do chearnaibh coimheach. Cha'n ann an diugh no'n dé a thachair so, ach bha e dol air aghaidh o cheann ficheadan bliadhna air ais. Tha fios aig na h-uile nach 'eil sluagh air an talamh aig am bheil barrachd spéis, agus teas-ghràidh do dhuthaich am breith na th'aig na Gaidheil—*(applause)*—agus is ni mulagach e gur éigin doibh a fagail. An uair a dh'aidicheas na h-uile nach robh riamh sluagh ann, a bha ni bu chliuitiche, mheasaile ghaisgeile, agus chairdeil' no na Gaidheil, is duilich nach tugadh cothrom doibh am beoshlainte fein fhaotuinn ann an tir an roimh-aithrichean! Ghreasadh iad chum chriochan cumhann, agus chuireadh am fearann aca fo na caoraich bhàna! Ochan! mo thruaigh! chithear a' chaora mhor, mhin, bhan, ach gann ann an uile sgiorachdaibh na h-Alba, le a gnuis gheal, aoidheil, agus le a tròm-rusg air a druim, chithear i ag ionaltradh ann an aois-laraichibh nan tighean sin anns an d' aruicheadh iomadh curaidh calma, tréun, agus is cianail an

sealladh e! Aig a' cheart am so tha moran a' cur rompa dol air imirich do dhuchannaibh fad as. Tha dochas againn uile gu'n eirich gu math dhoibh, agus gu'n soirbhich gach ni ris an cuir iad an lamh, leo. Tha müinntir nan Garbh-chrioch 'nan daoine glice, tuigseach, agus deagh-bheusach, agus 'nan daoine a bha riamh air an cleachdadh ri mor-chruadal, agus cruaidh-shaothair! Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil iad air gach seol freagarrach air son nan du'channan sin 'dh'ionnsuidh a'm bheil iad a cur rompa dol, agus dh'ionnsuidh an deachaidh na miltean diubh o chean leth-cheud bliadhna air ais.—Ach an uair a tha-chuis mar sin, nach 'eil e ni's freagarraich' gu,m biodh iad air an aruchadh, agus air an gleidheadh 's na gleanntaibh, 's na h-eileanaibh, agus 's na garbh-chriochaibh sin far an d'rugadh iad? Nach mor an call iad do'n Rioghachd Bhreatunnaich, an uair a dh'fhagas iad i? Nach cunnartach am briseadh a nithear le'n imirich-san air neart-cogaidh na rioghachd! Tha e cinnteach, gidheadh, gu'm bheil na Gaidheil a tha dol null air fairge, le'n teaghlaichibh, a' deanamh ni a bhios chum buannachd dhoibh fein aig a cheann thall, o'n tha cothrom agus ceartas air a dhiultadh dhoibh ann an tir an roimh-aithrichean. Leis an imirich sin ni iad solar air son an sliochd rè linntean r'a teachd. A réir coslais, bithidh an sliochdsan céudan bliadhna an deigh so, a' sealbhachadh bheannachdan a' phailteis, na sithe, agus na saorsa, an uair a bhios "SEANN ALBAINN A' CHLUARAIN," air tuiteam, feudaidh e bhi, gu neoni! *(Applause).*

A reir coslais, bithidh a' Ghaidhlig ghrinn againn fein ga labhairt, agus 'ga searmonachadh a'n America, 'n Australia, ann an California, agus ann an cearnaibh iomallach eile dhe'n t-saoghal, an uair nach cluinnear aon lide dhi ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba. Feumar a chuimhneachadh gu'n robh rioghachdan agus cumhachdan talmhaidh, dh' aindeoin am meud, am maise, agus an greadhnachais, ag eiridh agus a' tuiteam anns gach linn o'n chruthachadh a nuas gu ruig an la an diugh. Chaidh iad sin seachad, cosmhuil ri sgiamh an t-saoghail, agus cha'n 'eil aobhar againn a chomh-dhunadh nach lean an Rioghachd Bhreat unnach uair eigin air slighe chaich! Feudaidh an t-am a' teachd anns an tilgear a laghanna air chul, anns an lughdaichear a cumhachd, agus ans am brisear a co'dhealbhadh 'na bhloighdibh! Feudaidh so uile tachairt do dhuthaich-breith na muinntir sin a dh'fhag i, agus a ta 'ga fagail, an uair a bhios an sliochd-san a' soirbheachadh, agus a' dol a'n lionmhorachd ann an duchannaibh cein, agus a' labhairt cainnt lurach an roimh-aithrichean fein 'na h-uile oirdheirceas agus mhaise, mar a bha i aig Fionn agus aig Oisean o chian! *(Applause).*

Ach do bhrigh gur atharraichean so nach fhaic sinne agus nach

'eil sinn idir ag irraidh fhaicinn, tha e ceart agus freagarrach gu'm biodh eachdraidh nan Gaidheal, an cleachdanna, an treubhantas, agus an iomadh buaidh urramach air an gleidheadh air chuimhne, agus air an teasairginn o dhol a'm mugha! *(Applause).*

'Si durachd "Comuinn Gailig" a' bhaile so, agus gach Comuinn Gaidhealach eile, a dhol gu'n dulan chum so uile a dheanamh. Tha iad a' gnàthachadh gach innleachd chum gach fiosrachadh fhaotuinn mu na nithe so, agus cha diobair iad a'm fad is beo iad. Air an doigh cheudna 'se durachd mhoran de mhaithibh na rioghachd, o'n Bhanrigh choir air an righ-chaithir, an ni ceudna a chur air aghaidh. 'S e so durachd cridhe mhoran eile de dhaoinibh cumhachdach agus foghluimte 'nar tir fein—seadh, daoine de gach inbh, dreuchd, agus staid, gaisgich chalma, foghlumaich ionnsuichte teallsanaich sgrudail, ollamhain de gach gne, ollamhain-diadhaidh, ollamhain-leigheis, ollamhain-lagha, agus an leithide sín, a' dol a'm boinn r'a cheile chum gach ni air am beil fiamh na Gaidhlig a theasairginn, agus a chumail suas. 'S e an ni ceudna durachd cridhe nan daoine dealaidh sin, a tha 'cur a mach au "ARD-ALBANNAICH" anns a' "GHAIDHEIL" ann an Glaschu, agus na h-uiread eile. 'Se so durachd "BUN-LOCHABAIR," co ealanta, deas-chainnteach an comhnuidh *(Applause).*

Tha aobhar gairdeachais aig uile chairdibh nan Gaidheal, gu'm bheil na h-uiread de na Goill fein aig am bheil speis-cridhe do shliochd nam beann, leis an Ard Theagasgair *Blackie* air an ceann! Uime sin, mar a thubairt a' Bhan-Bhard, Mairi Nic Ealair :—

Dean a dhuthaich nan treun,
Iollach eibhneis as ur;
Chualas nuallan 'nam piob,
A'n tigh riomhach nan tur
Is t'uaisleau 'nan ceudan,
Gu h-eudmhor tighinn cruinn,
'Chumail suas na cainnt bhuadhar
Bha dual do na suinn!

Chruinnich bantighearnan min-gheal
'Nan side is 'san srol;
'S iad a' boisgeadh le seudaibh,
Mar reultan 's na neoil;
A'm maise 'san ailleas,
'Toirt barr air a' cheile,
'S an gaol air a' Ghaidhlig,
Ga gnath chur an ceill.

The rev. gentleman resumed his seat amid the most deafening applause.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Miss Fraser then came forward and sang in fine style, "O! for the bloom of my own native heather." Miss Fraser is well known to be an accomplished vocalist, and it is enough to say that she did herself justice on this occasion, and greatly delighted her large auditory.

Mr. W. G. Stewart, a well-known and most obliging member of various useful societies in Inverness, came forward and recited in finished style, and with most grotesque effect, TURUS EACHAINN DO PHAISLEY.

Mr. Smith made his appearance again, and performed *Gille Calum*, to the music of the pipes. This he did in dashing style, and yet with freedom and grace, and greatly to the delight of the spectators.

This closed the first part of the evening's proceedings.

Pipe-Major M'Lennan then undertook to fill an interval with the sound of the pipes. This he began by playing *Chumh an aona mhic*. This fine *piobaireachd* greatly delighted those versed in such matters, and all seemed to appreciate the wonderful manipulation of the performer. Then there were the dignity, the elegance, and the gracefulness of the whole combination of pipe and piper, which made quite a favourable impression even on those who could only appreciate what they saw. After the *piobaireachd*, he was joined by Messrs Macdonald and Fraser, and all three struck up *Piobaireachd Dhomhnuill Duibh*. In this way the ear was filled during the interval with measured and harmonized sounds, and those assembled moved about, some going out, whilst others stood about in clusters congratulating one another on the success of the re-union, and the treat they were enjoying.

Dr. Charles Mackay, who was received with loud applause, said that being a Highlander so far as he could trace his descent, and not having a single drop of Saxon blood in his veins, he stood there with a feeling of shame that he could not speak the language of his ancestors. He was sorry that the eloquent speech of Mr. Macgregor was not intelligible to him, but the sonorous beauty of the mere sounds was striking even to his ears, and put him in mind of the old lady in England who said that Mesopotamia was a blessed word; it filled her with emotions of delight only to hear it pronounced. *(Laughter and applause.)* Something of the same kind filled his mind on hearing the Gaelic spoken. He did happen to have studied that venerable speech so as to know something of its methods, its structure, and its beauties, and he envied his reverend friend the power of speaking it so well; but not being able to use the language of his ancestors, he must just address them in plain Saxon English:—in what he might call the language

of the comparatively modern interlopers upon the sacred soil of the Highlands. *(Applause.)* He was glad to discover proofs every day that there was a revival not only in this country and in Ireland, but in England and on the Continent of Europe, of the study of the venerable tongue of the Gael. In this department of philology the Germans were far ahead of all the rest of Europe, and had published ten times as many works upon the subject as ever were published in Scotland, or within the limits of the British Islands. The Germans knew more about the language than people here, even than those who spoke it fluently. For his own part a conscientious course of study had convinced him that Gaelic lay at the root not only of the vernacular and colloquial English, but of French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek. A correspondent of a paper published in Inverness had lately discovered (and newspaper correspondents discovered everything now-a-days) that twenty years ago he had been unwise enough to assert that the music and poetry of Scotland were almost wholly confined to the Lowlands. The charge was no sooner made than he pleaded guilty to it, but he would urge in extenuation the offence was committed in ignorance, for he had not at that time studied the language of the Highlands. But he was older and wiser now—or if not wiser, he might be allowed to say he was less foolish, and had discovered that the Highlands did not compare disadvantageously with the Lowlands, either in music or in poetry. It was of the Celtic nature to be poetical. The greatest poet of Scotland, perhaps the greatest of his kind that any country had produced, Robert Burns, though claimed by the lowlands, was in reality a Celt by birth, descent, and name. The original name of his family was Burness, which every Highlander knew to signify the fall or cascade of the burn. Ayrshire, where he was born, was the most Celtic of Lowland counties, all its rivers, valleys, and mountains, farms and estates, having Gaelic names. The pure Anglo-Saxons had never produced a very great poet. The hills and rivers of South-England had never inspired a rural bard of any note to celebrate their beauties or sing their praises; but in Scotland—both Lowland and Highland—there was not a stream flowing, a lake shining, or a mountain rearing its summit to the clouds, that had not been celebrated in immortal verse. Scotland had been called the

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,"

but other lands had also brown heath and shaggy wood. Scotland had been called the land of cakes, but there were cakes, and good

cakes, too, in other countries. Scotland had also been called the land of brave men and bonnie lasses, but there were brave men and bonnie lasses in other countries, only not perhaps in equal numbers. *(Laughter and applause.)* Scotland, with mere justice, might be called pre-eminently the land of music and of song, in these respects, perhaps, surpassing every country in the world. To this it was indebted for its large Celtic element. The greatest of poets—Shakespeare himself—notwithstanding his Anglo-Saxon name—might be claimed as partially, if not wholly, of Celtic blood. He was born in Warwickshire, the very heart and centre of England, in which the Saxon invaders had never wholly displaced the original Celtic inhabitants. Shakespeare had wandered on the banks of the Avon, a river with a Gaelic name; and had meditated or sported in the leafy recesses of the forest of Arden, a name that also was purely Gaelic. The songs of the Anglo-Saxons were neither abundant nor beautiful. Ben Jonson wrote beautiful songs, but he was a Scotchman and a Celt. Thomas Campbell wrote some of the finest songs in the English language, but he also was a Scotchman and a Celt. Thomas Moore wrote some of the finest lyrics ever printed in English, but he, too, was a Celt and an Irishman. All the Celtic races were lovers of song, and were stirred and excited by song to an extent that often surprised the more impassive Anglo-Saxons and Germans. Just now in Paris they could not find a song with which to receive the Shah of Persia. If they struck up the Marseillaise, the Communists and Red Republicans would take fire. If they struck up "Partant pour la Syrie" the Bonapartists would be encouraged to hope for the restoration of the Empire; and if they had recourse to La Parisienne, the inspired strain would be held to excite the Orleanists to make an effort for the Crown. Song did not stir the sober English in this fashion. In fact the only two songs which were truly national to the south of the Tweed were "Rule Britannia," written by James Thomson, a Scotchman; and "God Save the Queen," originally "God save the King," of which the author was unknown, which it was originally treason to sing, because it was written by a Jacobite in favour of the Stuarts, whom the author wished to "send" back victorious over the House of Hanover. But this was a wide subject, on which time would not allow him to enlarge. In conclusion he would only say that he had very great pleasure indeed in being present at such a large gathering assembled for such a purpose, and in meeting so many old friends in Inverness. *(Cheers.)*

Mr. Sim was then introduced and gave, with great taste and sweetness, "Bonnie Scotland," the accompaniment by Miss

M'Learnan. Admirably the two acquitted themselves, and the large audience greeted the performance with every sign of appreciation.

The four dancers made their appearance again, and did the Highland Fling to the great delight of the audience. This was followed by one of the gems of the whole evening's performances.

The choir sang *Air faillirin Illirin Uillirin O!* with great spirit and in fine taste. Miss M'Learnan again presiding at the pianoforte; and the audience seemingly ready to bound off their seats in response to the stirring and melodious strains of the singers, who seemed to have their audience spell-bound.

Rev. Mr. Stewart, Nether-Lochaber, was the next speaker, and was received with applause. He commenced by observing that if in getting up at two o'clock that morning, and galloping across Drumochter, the backbone of Scotland, through mist and small rain and cloud, and coming an equal distance by train in a smoking carriage—if in doing all this to be present there was any merit or any virtue, then, in the words of the song written by his eminent friend on the left, he might say they ought to "Cheer, boys, cheer." *(Laughter and applause.)* Some might think it a very easy thing to speak at a meeting like that, before so many people, but he wished they would only come and try it. He had felt a considerable amount of mental perturbation all day at the thought of it, and notwithstanding the pleasant colloquy of Davie, the driver of the coach, and the kind attentions of the guard of the train, and his reception by his friends in Inverness, he still felt in a considerable state of mental flurry. Give him a good goose quill and a large folio, and he might undertake to write something, but to make a speech before such an audience was a very different matter indeed. However, since he came into the hall, and met so many kind friends, he felt that with their warm sympathies he might get on better than he expected—in fact, the hand-shaking which he had gone through was enough to make him feel as if he had suffered from rheumatism for the last twelve months. (*Laughter and applause.*) He was also very fortunate in having the support of Mac Dòmhnull Dhu, their member of Parliament. (*Applause.*) And with all these encouragements, he thought he might well cock his beaver. (*Applause.*) I assure you, continued Mr. Stewart, that I am not a little proud, as well as pleased, to be present here this evening at this the second annual festival of the now world-renowned Gaelic Society of Inverness. I say world-renowned advisedly, for you have no idea how deep and heart-felt an interest is taken in all your sayings and doings by our leal-hearted countrymen in all the British colonies, and in every

foreign country wherein, for the time being, a son of the mountain may be resident. All the way from Moulmein in Burmah; from Canton and other cities of China; from the Indian Presidencies; from the Mauritius; from the Cape; from all parts of Australia and New Zealand; from the Canadas and the United States; from Buenos Ayres, Demerara, and the West Indian Islands; from all these places I have, since our last year's assembly, had letters, and in almost all of them there was more or less reference to the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Our countrymen abroad were delighted to find that we were at last alive to our own dignity and interests as a nation at home, and proud that we had at length got the right thing in the right place—a Gaelic Society, destined, I do believe, to be the best conducted and most influential thing of the kind in the kingdom—a Gaelic Society in the Capital of the Highlands, the pride and gem of the north! On appearing before you last year, I at once and unhesitatingly predicted that your meeting was to be a success—and a decided success it proved. To suppose for a moment anything else regarding this year's festival, would be simply an insult—an insult to the programme I hold in my hand, to the array of talent around me on this platform, to the large and enthusiastic assemblage before me, and to Cluny Macpherson, your distinguished and excellent president, whose very name is synonymous with all that is high-minded, and chivalrous, and Celtic, and kindly. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the rapidity with which your Society has attained to its present eminence. Born, if I may so put it, to-day, to-morrow it had attained a robust and healthy manhood. It reminds me of an ancient Fingalian *sgeulachd* that I wrote down a short time ago from the recitation of an old Glencoe man. The story goes on to tell how a certain Fingalian chief had a son born to him as it were to-day, which son, to the surprise of every one, was on the morrow morning a full-grown warrior, of gigantic proportions, taking his part in a battle that was fought against the Danes, and laying about him like a very Achilles, performing prodigies of valour. (*Laughter.*) His miraculous growth is accounted for in the *sgeulachd* by the fact that his nurse, "a wise woman," had, immediately after his birth, bathed him *thrice* in the waters of an enchanted well, at the bottom of which lay coiled the serpent of wisdom, and valour, and strength. Somewhat similar seems to me to have been the progress of this Society, a childhood, as it were, of but a single day, followed by a vigorous manhood, in its quickness of growth unexampled, perhaps, in the history of such institutions. It is a well-known phrase, of such meaning in the hunting-field—as you, Lochiel, know—that "blood tells," and

Celtic blood, pure and uncontaminated, is, I believe, at the bottom of all this success. (*Applause.*) Your volume of "Transactions," for 1871-72 is a wonderfully good book, of which you have every reason to be proud. Outwardly, small and unpretentious, quite becoming a Society yet in its infancy, it is inwardly as full of good matter as a freshly laid egg is of meat. The inaugural address by the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Professor Blackie's lecture on "Nationality"; the Rev. Mr. Macgregor's Festival address—Mr. Macgregor, who writes Gaelic with all the elegance and force with which Cicero wrote Latin, and all the homeliness and care with which Addison wrote English, always illustrating his remarks with snatches of Gaelic song, a habit characteristic of Scott, and which lends such a charm to his inimitable romances—why, sir, any one of these articles possesses sufficient vivacity and buoyancy in itself to float a much more ponderous and bulkier book than the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. (*Applause.*) And here let me say a single word on behalf of the clergy. There was for a time, sir, in this country, a foolish prejudice against what was called literary clergymen; if they were to write at all, it must be only tracts and sermons, and if they were to speak, it must be only from the pulpit, or on the floor of kirk-sessions, presbyteries, synods, and general assemblies. This prejudice, however—the existence of which was very much owing to the clergy themselves—has, I am happy to say, been knocked on the head, and long since consigned to the limbo of all the stupidities. The clergy now take their fair share in every good work out of the pulpit, and, *extra ecclesiam*, beyond the walls of the church as well as within, and your "Transactions" show how capable they are of aiding in the furtherance of the noble and patriotic work which you, as a Society, have solemnly declared it to be your mission to foster and encourage. In a note to one of his novels—"Waverley," I think—Sir Walter Scott tells a very good story of a worthy old lady who kept an hostelry at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire. One day a gentleman, well advanced in life, and three younger men, entered the old lady's inn, and with a good deal of high-handedness and fuss, ordered their dinner. The dinner was duly served and eaten, and some of the old claret discussed, and the bill called for and paid; but the old lady did not think much of her guests. Their reserved and haughty bearing disgusted her, and she felt, above all, insulted by the fact that she was not offered a glass of her own wine as she laid it on the table, as was the habit of the period. When about to leave the house the old gentleman said, "You probably do not know, my good woman, whom you have entertained to-day. Your hostel, I'll be bound to say, has rarely, if ever

before, been honoured with four such guests." The old lady could'nt see it. "You must know, then," continued the gentleman, "that I am a 'placed' minister of the Kirk of Scotland, incumbent of such and such a parish, and these are my three sons, all of them 'placed' ministers of the Kirk of Scotland too! Now tell me, Luckie, have you ever in your life entertained such a company before?" The old lady, who by this time began to understand who her colloquist was, and remembered hearing that neither he nor his sons were at all popular as preachers, bluntly replied, "Indeed, sir, I canna say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once, in the forty-five, when I had a Hieland piper here, with *his* sons, all Hieland pipers; *and deil a spring they could play among them.*" (*Loud laughter.*) Now sir, in the Society's volume of "Transactions" you will find the names of some four or five clergymen, each of whom has proved that he can play a spring, and to some purpose, and with reverence be it said, without unduly "drawing the long bow" either. (*Loud applause.*) I might add more, but will not detain you seeing that our time is limited. (*Applause.*)

As a compliment to Lochiel, Mr James Fraser sung the "March of the Cameron Men," which he rendered very effectively, and for which he was loudly cheered.

Lochiel, who was received with hearty cheers, said—If my worthy friend on the left, (Mr Stewart), one so able and fluent in speech, and so ready with his pen, expressed his diffidence in addressing you, and that, too, after having his thoughts directed to the subject the whole day, and enjoying the solace of the gaurds by coach and railway, what must be my feelings, called on as I am in this most unexpected manner, to speak on a subject before so many people more able to give utterance to their sentiments upon it—sentiments, however, in which I fully sympathise and share? (*Applause.*) But if I have not been so fortunate as to secure the ear of the guard of the coach, or the guard of the train, I have, without saying anything disrespectful of those two worthy persons, enjoyed the greater honour and pleasure of travelling, though without knowing it, in the same carriage with Dr. Charles Mackay! (*Applause.*) I had the great privilege and satisfaction of being able to compare with him certain roots of the Gaelic language with which I was unacquainted, other roots of the Sanscrit with which I was still more unacquainted, and passed in this way a most agreeable couple of hours. It was with great pleasure I arrived just in time to hear his able and interesting speech on behalf of the Society with which we are all connected, and to which we wish well. (*Applause.*) The immediate object

I have in rising is to ask you to tender your best thanks to the other gentlemen who have spoken—Mr. Macgregor, Dr. Charles Mackay, and Mr. Stewart. Mr. Macgregor spoke, I am sure, with an eloquence and feeling that did honour to his head and heart, and Mr. Stewart is known to the end of the world for his writings in the *Inverness Courier*—not only for his learned discussions of Celtic subjects, but for the enthusiastic and heartfelt interest which he takes in everything that conduces to the maintenance and extension of our ancient language and literature. (*Applause.*) I grieve to say—and I say it most sincerely—that unfortunately I am not a Gaelic scholar myself. I feel I deserve to be hooted out of this hall for not knowing the language. At the same time I am bound to say that there is no one here who feels more strongly or more sincerely and deeply the advantages of Gaelic literature to the rising generation of this country, or who would regret more to see it banished from the studies of our national schools. (*Applause.*) I believe there is no better way of appealing to the heart of a child, than through the medium of its mother tongue, and no better way either of appealing to its intellect and reaching it with those subjects which constitute education, than through the instrumentality of the language which the child knows better than any other, and through which it loves to learn. (*Applause.*) I have no sympathy, whatever, with those utilitarian doctrinaires who tell us that because the Gaelic language is confined to a portion of this country, therefore it is a hindrance and an incumbrance to our progress. I feel when I speak to a Highland lad, a crofter's son, or a gillie, that he has the advantage over me, in that he speaks two languages perfectly, while I speak only one perfectly. (*Applause.*) And although I cannot pretend to great enthusiasm for a language which I cannot speak, I do profess to have an enthusiastic love of the Highlands. I feel it more every time I come from the south, and my only regret at present is, that after two days I must turn my back upon these beautiful Highlands. (*Cheers.*) I shall say no more, except to thank Mr. Fraser for the way in which he has sung that heart-stirring song, "The March of the Cameron men," a song which did apparently touch every one of you most deeply, and which touched myself more than any one else. (*Applause.*)

The motion was seconded and carried amid great cheers.

This was followed by a reel, which the previous four performers danced in fine style, sending much of their own active energy into the spectators.

Dr. Carruthers then moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was carried with great applause, and a vote of thanks to

the musicians and artists, moved by the Rev. A. Stewart, concluded the proceedings.

The choir then sang *Dhia gleidh Bhanrigh.*

The Company dispersed, the pipers playing "Good night and joy be wi' you a'."

So closed the second assembly of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and we feel sure that we did not say too much when we anticipated that it would be another bound upward on the part of the Society. The Council, the Committee, the Secretary, and all who have had any hand in getting up this rare national reunion, deserve the hearty thanks, not only of those who were present to enjoy the treat, but of the tens of thousands scattered over the world, who rejoice at the evident revival of Highland feeling and spirit in the land of the Gael, of which the Gaelic Society in its numbers, in its earnest work, and in its recreations, is so good an example.

"ON LETTERS."

As the integral representatives of intelligible articulation in speech, and a brief comparison of Gaelic with English in relation to them.

BY

ALEXANDER HALLEY, M.D., F.G.S.

Ball-beatha de Chomuinn Gailig Inbhir-nis agus Londuin.

The history of *letters* is one of the most pertinent topics in discussing the *development* or *formation of language*; but it is not possible, in the very limited time that can be allotted to any *one* paper, at the meetings of a society, to enter at all fully upon many points of interest connected with the theme. I will therefore, crave your permission to limit myself to a few remarks bearing on the subject rather as "nuclei" for *consideration*, than as dogmatic or absolute propositions.

When men first attempted to fix and to exhibit the sounds of language appreciably and definitely to the eye, they drew *pictures of objects to indicate them*, either directly or symbolically. This system is known under the name of "Hieroglyphics;" to this day, many letters still extant, own their origin to some such symbolic root or sign. For example, the first letter of our alphabet—the capital A called in Hebrew "Aleph," which means an *ox*, is a symbolical representation of the head of the animal with two horns and ears.

The letter M, too, which in Hebrew is called "Mem," and means *water*, represents the wave of water in motion.

I need hardly allude to the well known fact that in many languages, especially in the natural or primitive ones, the "onomatopaia" or formation of names, has close reference to some characteristic *sound* or other peculiarity, of the object named; in the Gaelic language, this is particularly marked. The name of the *cow*, "bo," a *sheep* "Caor," a *horse* "Each," a *calf* "Laogh" and many others which I need not *indicate* to a *Celtic* audience; all bear most distinct resemblance to the natural cry of the various animals, *provided* the letters are *naturally* and *properly* pronounced.

Again, as with the Chinese, the object pictured may stand not only for itself, but for other objects with a similar name—*e.g.*, a picture of a *Yew Tree*, might represent *itself*, or the pronoun *you* or a *Ewe*, a sheep; a "Pear," might represent the *fruit*, or a *pair*, or the verb *to pare*, to cut.

The most perfect, simple, and useful form of signs, however, used to indicate the sounds of the *voice* in *speech*, probably developed itself gradually into the so-called "Alphabet" from many sources and forms of definition, and after many periods of change. Yet it is not improbable, that at some future age, when *space* and *time* come to be regarded even more tangibly and jealously than at present, a *more compact and yet not less distinct* system of *articulate sound-pictures* may be introduced and generally adopted instead of our present alphabetical writing.

Phonetic Shorthand now so commonly used and so necessary where rapid and yet correct reporting of the speeches of our political and social orators has to be accomplished, is a great step in this direction, which only wants full development and teaching *for common practice*; and it is to be regretted that it is not introduced, into the ordinary curriculum of our public schools.

The principles that ought to apply to representative characters or *letters* may be thus briefly stated.

1*st*—that *every* elementary articulate sound should be represented by a corresponding character or *letter*.

2*nd*—that each letter, or combination of letters, should indicate only *one* special and definite sound.

3*rd*—that *no more* letters should be employed than are necessary to exhibit *every* individual sound.

If it were otherwise, the *written* picture of the language would *not* be a correct or adequate representation of the *spoken* language, or speech.

Now the perfectness of a speech depends, in the first place, upon the precision with which the integral sounds of articulation in letters, can be fully enunciated and represented.

It is not to be supposed that in the *primary* attempts to *systematise*, that this principle would be correctly or uniformly attained, but by careful observation, the laws governing and applicable to the development of determinate articulate Letter-sounds, would *eventually* be fully discerned—hence certain fixed and determinate sounds came to be represented by determinate signs, called "letters.". The number of these letters varies in different languages, and the "alphabet" so called, did not assume its present form, until practical use had *eliminated* the *serviceable*, as well as the *useless* sounds and signs. There is reason to believe that it originated in Phœnicia, and thence passed into Greece and Rome.

The form generally used in Britain as well as by other nations of Western Europe, about the end of the *Sixth* century, was the Roman, or what has been called the *Hibernian*, having been taught by the missionaries from the schools and colleges of Ireland and Iona; and it was not until the *Eleventh* century that the present form, more or less, was adopted into English.

In the *Gaelic* language the *Beth-Luis-nion*, so-called as was the Greek *Alpha-Beta* from the names of the first letters of the *Letter-muster*, consists of *eighteen letters*, including the euphonic aspirate *H*, which however initiates *no* Gaelic word, and was formerly represented by a simple point or dot, its chief use being to modify the sound and value of letters, by affixture and combination with them.

Arranged according to the Roman method, the letters in use in the Gaelic language are *A*, B, C, D, *E*, F, G, H, *I* L, M, N, *O*, P, R, S, T, *U*; *eighteen in all.*

In the *English* orthography, besides, there are J, K, Q, V, W, X, Y, Z; *eight more*, making *twenty-six altogether.*

These letters are divided into vowels and consonants.

The *vowels* make *simple, open, perfect sounds of themselves.*

The *consonants*, articulations or joints, require to be *joined to a vowel*, in order to produce *their* sounds.

The organs involved in the formation of Voice and Speech, consist of—

The Lungs, or bellows.

The Windpipe, or nosle, conducting the air from the Lungs.

The Larynx, or vocal apparatus at the top of the Windpipe.

The Buccal or Oral reverberating cavity, bounded by the precincts of the Pharynx, Palate, Cheeks, Lips, and Tongue, and capable *at will*, of infinitely varying and modulating the sounds emitted in speech.

The *Vowels* usually defined and specified, are five in number—viz., *a. e. i. o. u.*

In *Gaelic* they are but *imperfectly* represented by these *five*; there should in fact be *six*, for there *are* six perfectly distinct simple vowel-sounds, as I will endeavour to show as we proceed.

These articulate sounds are produced by the action and modulation of the muscles and tissues of the *mouth, tongue, and palate*, combined with the *efflux* of the *voice*. They are, however, *otherwise*, independant of the *Larynx*, which is alone concerned in the formation of the voice.

For the clearer comprehension of the mode of formation of the vowels and of the position of the mouth, &c., in their enunciation, and on Horace's principle that

> "What's heard more slowly stirs the mind
> Than what by trusty eyes we find." *

I beg to draw your attention to the following rough diagrams of sections of the Mouth, Tongue, Palate, and Fauces—*i.e.*, of the organs connected with the production of articulation. Varieties in the position of which, when acted upon, by the articulate breath or voice, produce the Vowels and Consonants.

If we note carefully the bearings and forms of the organs in the utterance of the *Vowels*, it will be perceived that in their *Normal* sounds they *advance from behind forwards in the mouth.*

The first vowel *à* (pronounced like *ä* in *fär*, or in *fäther*, in English, or in *ärd*, high, in Gaelic), is produced at the back of the palate, opening the mouth rather fully, slightly raising the arches of the palate, whilst the median portion of the tongue is depressed, or rendered slightly concave, allowing the articulate breath or voice to exhale from the Larynx.

The next vowel sound, although distinct, has no *single letter-symbol* to represent or distinguish it. It is indicated in Gaelic, by the dipthong *ao* sounded as in *caol*, *caor*, &c., and is produced a little in advance of the above *à*; the posterior arches of the palate rise still more; the root of the tongue also rises slightly, —its median portion however is not affected, but the anterior portion or point advances, the mouth or cheeks being slightly more compressed.

These two, form the first, natural couple of *Broad* vowels.

Next come *E* and *I*, the couple of small vowels.

E normally, is pronounced as *e* in *there*, English, or in the Gaelic *è* (he). It is produced by advancing the tongue and lower jaw slightly, bringing the front of the tongue into distinct but slight contact with the inner surface or back of the lower teeth, at

* "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

the same time closing the jaws a little, so that the free edges of the teeth are about $\frac{3}{8}$ths of an inch apart.

I normally is pronounced like double *e* in *see* in English, or as in *mìn* (smooth) in Gaelic. It is produced by still further compressing the mouth or jaw; the lower jaw being raised and projected slightly forward and closed a little, so that the edges of the front teeth are only about a quarter of an inch apart; the margins of the upper surface of the tongue coming in contact with the teeth of the upper jaw, and are slightly protruded so as nearly to fill up the space between the upper and lower teeth.

Last come *O* and *U* the second couple of broad vowels.

O is the only vowel nominally sounded in English, as in the word "open," or as in "tom" (a knoll or hillock) in Gaelic. To produce it, the jaws separate so that the front teeth are about $\frac{3}{4}$ths of an inch apart,—retracting and depressing the point of the tongue.—the lips (especially the under one, which is the more mobile), are projected and concentrated, the lower lip rising for the purpose, the perfection of the sound being emitted from the Horatian "ore rotundo" or rounded opening of the mouth about $\frac{3}{8}$ths of an inch in diameter.

U has normally the sound of double *O* in "moon," in English, or as in "ùr" (fresh) in Gaelic, and is produced by still farther contraction and projection of the lips, and raising and projecting the lower jaw—concentrating both lips, so that the opening surrounded by them is little more than $\frac{1}{8}$th of an inch in diameter.

Having thus given the normal distinctive sounds, and the mode of their production in the specific vowels it is proper to state that the vowel sounds are susceptible of infinite variety, and run into one another by a continuous gradation. Each has certain variations or sounds both as to quantity — *i. e.*, "time," which may be long or short, and as to accent—*i. e.* tune, which may be sharp or flat. These variations aid the euphony, or serve the purpose of giving a different meaning to the word by its sound. To some extent these variations are distinguished by accents, placed over the letters.

We now turn to the Consonants, and with the exception of *C* which is always pronounced hard, like the Greek *K*, and a few others, they have in Gaelic mostly the same force as in English. J, K, Q, V, W, X, Y, Z, in English, are wanting in Gaelic, but, *B* and *M*, by aspiration (*bh* and *mh*) in the beginning and middle of words, both sound like *V*, hence the one sometimes occurs in lieu of the other, and some words are spelt indifferently with either.

As just stated *C* was the sound of *K* but when aspirated *Ch* is pronounced like the Greek *X (chi)*.

Dh and *gh* before the small vowels, in the beginning and middle of words, have the power of *Y* guttural; before the broad vowels they have a guttural quasi *G* sound; when sounded at the end of a word, they have a sound like "ugh"; all of these gutturals are peculiar.

Fh is always silent.

In general in Gaelic any letter coming before *H*, is silent.

S loses its sound after *T*; and before the small vowel (*e* or *i*) is pronounced like *sh*.

T sounds usually more like *D* in English, but with the small vowels it has the sound of *ch* in English.

Ph sounds like *F*, but is used to shew the radix of its word.

All the consonants have their sound changed by being *aspirated*, and the effect is different on different consonants.

No consonants are written double in Gaelic, except *L*, *N*, *R*.

These are the chief points of distinction between the power and sound of the consonants in Gaelic and in English. I may remark however, that Stewart (in his Grammar, second edition, page 18, note) says, "It is certain that the natural sound of *D* aspirated is that of *th* in *thou*; as the natural sound of *t* aspirated is that of *th* in *think*. This articulation from whatever cause, has not been admitted into the Gaelic, either Scottish or Irish; although it is used in the kindred dialects of Cornwall and Wales."

From what has been stated, it is evident that the chief use of the vowels is to represent the vocal sounds of speech, whilst the consonants represent its articulations or joints—hence their name. The vowels are continually varying, from diversity of tone or dialect in different districts. But the articulations or consonants are less subject to variations. The reason of this, is that the different modifications of the vowel sounds effected by easy, facile or minute changes, in the conformation of the organs uttering them; whilst those of the articulations are produced by more distinct and operose inflections of these organs.

It follows from this that the vowel sounds usually admitted are uttered with ease, in whatever situation they occur, for the same organs are employed for all; but as in forming the consonants or articulations, different organs act, a degree of difficulty is apt to arise in shifting from one articulation to another, when, as in certain words, they do not easily coalesce, and thus, for the sake of easing the pronunciation and to get rid of discordant sounds, a gradual alteration in the mode of spelling is prone to occur.

Hence it is found that the changes that occur in the articulations, spring from a cause more urgent and constant in its nature, as well as more uniform in its operation, than those which occur

with the vowels, in which, a cause more local and temporary in its nature, as well as variable in its operations, acts.

If this idea or theory be correct, it ought to follow that in all polished tongues, an agreement should be found among the irregularities which occur to the articulations. That is not so marked in those which affect the vowel sounds.

As it appears then, that the vowel sounds in speech are constantly varying in the mouths of different speakers, from causes which either elude our search or are of trivial import, it would therefore be a vain attempt to make writing follow exactly all these minute variations, and although it may thus happen, that the same vowel-sound may be represented in some instances by different letters and *vice-versa*—different vowel-sounds by the same letters—yet this disagreement between speech and writing, must be tolerated, for the sake of preserving uniformity where alone it can exist, viz.—in the written language.

Again, if it appear that the variations from established analogy which are made in the articulations are less frequent, and proceed from obvious and cogent causes, ought not these variations to be exhibited in writing, for the very sake of preserving the general correspondence betweeen the *written* and *spoken* language, which must manifestly be maintained.

One exception, however, from this principle seems allowable, in the case of quiescent consonants, where these are requisite to point out the derivation of vocables on the radicals of declinable words; but even here, the exception should be very limited, as in many instances the roots are easily discovered without any such index in the *written* any more than in the *spoken* language.

As before stated, it is one of the fundamental or settled principles in Orthography, "that *each letter* or combination of letters in the written language, should always denote *one and the same* sound." Yet in actual practice this rule is not strictly applicable, for, almost every one of the letters represent more than *one* sound; yet it must be remembered, that there is an evident *affinity* between the several sounds of the same letter, and it will be readily admitted that less confusion and inconvenience follow from representing a few kindred sounds by the same letter, than would occur were the characters multiplied, so that each separate sound had its own appropriate letter.

As an example of departure from the principle above named, let me notice that in the case of the liquid consonants *L*, *N*, *R*, the distinction in Gaelic between the plain and aspirated state, is not signified in writing,—in both states the consonant is written in one way. This appears to be a mistake—analogy, the laws of in-

flection, and correctness, all require that this anomaly should cease to exist. In the vocative singular, and genitive and vocative plural of indefinite nouns, these letters assume their *attenuated* sounds and ought to be *aspirated*; so also in the aspirated cases of the adjective; again after the possessive pronoun *á* (his), and in the past tense and infinitive of verbs (*Forbes's Grammar*, page 10). If these letters were aspirated like the others (by affixing the letter *H*), the errors in reading and the ambiguities in Syntax would be done away with.

The *2nd* principle of Orthography, "that each letter or combination of letters, should indicate only *one* special sound" is seldom violated in the Gaelic language. The sound of *ao* (*ao*—my second broad vowel) is sometimes represented by *a* alone, or by *o* alone; *dh* and *gh* final, have analogous sounds; *bh* and *mh* as before remarked, both sound *V* and are interchangeable; and *C* final, is sometimes sounded as *chd*; but these are the chief deviations from the rule.

The *3rd* Rule of Orthography, viz.—"that no more letters ought to be employed than are necessary to represent the special sounds"—is one that is characteristically broken by all the polished or cultured tongues. In the English language the superabundance of letters is a frequent cause of perplexity—much increased by the *uncertainty of pronunciation* in those not redundant; as a single example, the combination *ough* varies in a remarkable way, as—*thorough*, *plough*, *enough*, *cough*, &c., &c.

G and *J* and *Y* in English are often transposed. Thus the English word *gate* from the saxon *geat* is called *yatt* in the upper parts of Yorkshire, and *yett* in the Lowland districts of Scotland.

J and *Y* are modifications of the vowel *I* articulated or turned into a consonant—the *J* being an importation from the French.

Q is a Latin redundancy, amply represented by *cu*, just as *X* can be by *ecs*.

In regard to Orthography, it has been remarked that "our utterance is warped the moment we set ourselves to observe and examine or note it;" and that "Orthography is always in the rear of pronunciation." Both of these dicta are true; but the standard that certainly determines Orthography is the *Press*. Hence, since the invention of Printing in the 15TH Century, the variations of spelling are comparatively small and insignificant.

In Gaelic, quiescent letters, both vowels and consonants, are not unfrequent; yet, although they have no sound themselves, they are not always without influence in pronunciation, as they often determine the sound of other letters. Most—if not all—of the quiescent vowels seem to have been introduced for this purpose,

determining the broad or small sound of the adjoining consonants. Now, a consonant has its broad sound both when *preceded* and when *followed* by a broad vowel; in like manner it has its *small* sound, both when preceded and when followed by a small vowel. If a consonant were preceded by a broad vowel, and followed by a small vowel, or *vice versa*, it might be doubtful whether the consonant should be pronounced with its *broad* or with its *small* sound. Hence the rule of Gaelic Orthography, "*Leathan ri leathan 'us caol ri caol*"—broad to broad, and small to small; *i.e.*—that in polysyllables the last vowel of one syllable, and the first vowel of the next syllable, must be of the same quality.

"It is owing to the rigid observance of this rule, that so many diphthongs appear where the sound is expressed by a single vowel —and that the *homologous* vowels—when used in their quiescent capacity are interchanged or written indiscriminately for each other. The former cause loads most of the words in the language with superfluous vowels; from the latter, the orthography of many words appears unsettled and arbitrary." Both of these points may be considered as *blemishes* in the fair character of the Gaelic language, and the question may fairly be asked, whether this rule ought not in many cases to be set aside?

"The labials *b*, *m*, *f*, *p*, whether aspirated or not, have no distinction of broad and small sound. It cannot therefore be necessary to employ vowels, either prefixed or postfixed to indicate their sound; thus *abuaich* (ripe), *gabhaidh* (will take), *chromainn* (I would bow), *ciomaich* (captives), are written with a broad vowel in the second syllable, corresponding according to the rule, with the broad vowel in the first syllable, yet the letters *abich*, *gabhidh*, *chrominn*, *ciomich*, fully exhibit the sound!

"The prepositive syllable *im* when followed by a small vowel, is written *im* as in *imlich* (lick), *imcheist* (perplexity)—but when the first vowel of the following syllable is broad, it is the practice to insert an *o* before the *m* as in *iomlan* (complete), *iomghaoth* (a whirlwind), *iomluasg* (agitation), yet the inserted *o* serves no purpose in respect to the derivation, inflection, or pronunciation!

"The absurdity of the universal application of this rule, appears unequivocally in words derived from other languages; from the Latin words *imago*, *templum*, *liber*, are formed the Gaelic *iomhaidh*, *teampull*, *leabhar*. Nothing but a servile observance of the rule could have suggested the insertion of a broad vowel in the first syllable of these words, where it serves neither to guide the pronunciation, nor to indicate the derivation.

"Another instance in which the observance of this rule seems unnecessary, is when two syllables of a word are separated by a

quiescent consonant:—thus in *gleidheadh* (keeping), *itheadh* (eating), *buidheann* (a company), *dligheach* (lawful), the aspirated consonants in the middle are altogether quiescent; the vocal sound of the second syllable is expressed by the last vowel—why then write a small vowel in the second syllable?

"But there are still other cases in which the rule might be safely laid aside.

"Many of the inflections of nouns and verbs are formed by adding one or more syllables to the root. The first consonant of the root must always be considered as belonging to the radical part—not to the adjective termination—the sound of that consonant whether broad or small, is determined by the quality of the vowel which precedes it in the same syllable, not by the quality of that which follows it in the next syllable. It seems therefore unnecessary to employ any more vowels in the adjected syllable, than what are sufficient to represent its own vocal sound. Yet the rule under consideration has been applied to the orthography of the oblique cases and tenses, and a supernumerary vowel is thrown into the termination, whenever that is requisite to preserve the qualitative co-relation with the next vowel in the preceding syllable. Thus in forming the nominative and dative plural of many nouns, the syllables *an* and *ibh* are added to the singular, and these letters fully express the true sounds of these terminations; if the last vowel of the nominative singular is broad, *an* alone is added to form the nominative plural, *e.g.*, *lamh-an* (hands), *cluas-an* (ears); but if the last vowel be small, an *e* is thrown into the termination, as in *suil-ean* (eyes), *sroinean* (noses). Now if it be observed, that in the two last examples, the small sound of the *l* and *n* in the root is determined by the *preceding* small vowel *i* with which they are necessarily connected in *one* syllable, and that the letters *an* fully represent the sound of the termination, it becomes evident that the *e* added in the last syllable is altogether superfluous and embarrassing.

"So, in forming the *dative* plural—if the last vowel of the root be small—*ibh* is added; *e.g. suilibh, sroinibh.* But, if it be broad the termination is written *aibh*, as *lamh-aibh, cluas-aibh* but the *a* here is totally useless.

"These remarks apply with equal force to the tenses of verbs, *e.g. creid-idh* (will believe), *stad-aidh* (will stop), *chreid-inn* (I would believe), *stad-ainn* (I would stop), *creid-ean* (let me believe), *stad-ain* (let me stop), creid-ibh (believe ye), *stad-aibh* (stop ye).

"The same observations may be further applied to derivative words formed by adding to their primitives the syllables—*ach*,

achd, ag, an, ail, as—in all of which *e* has been uselessly introduced when the last vowel of the preceding syllable is small; as *sauntach* (covetous), *toil-each* (willing), *naomh-achd* (holiness), *doimhn-eachd* (depth), *sruth-an* (a rivulet), *coul-ean* (a whelp); *cuach-ag* (a little cup), *cail-eag* (a lassie), *frarr-ail* (manly), *caird-eil* (friendly), *ceart-as* (justice), *caird-eas* (friendship)."

The foregoing remarks appear sufficient to establish the following general conclusions.

That in all cases in which a vowel serves neither to exhibit the vowel-sound, nor to modify the articulation of the syllable to which it belongs, it may be reckoned as nothing better than a useless encumbrance, and should be expunged.

There seems therefore, much reason for simplifying the present system of Gaelic orthography and pronunciation, by the rejection of a considerable number of quiescent vowels.

The pith of these latter observations, is drawn in a great measure from the admirable remarks made by the late Dr. Stewart, in his excellent grammar. Upwards of sixty years have elapsed since the publication of his second edition, yet no result has followed from the statement of his *cogent* opinion. Have I then taken too great a liberty in thus prominently bringing forward *his* great authority, and in using the fact as a powerful argument in favour of the foundation of a *Professorial Chair of Gaelic and the Kindred Celtic* at one or more of our great Scottish Universities, the very purpose and object of which, would be the study and teaching of the noble and venerable language—the correction of errors and abuses of orthography and style—and a renovation of its purity and vigour? Is it not the duty of all true Celts to further this cause to their utmost? Is there no rich Celt—no Highlander with *means*, as well as the *heart*—to found and endow such a Chair and Professorship? If not, "*mo naire*!"

In conclusion, I feel that there are many other points of interest connected with this national topic, upon which I have not ventured to touch; but, if by the remarks I have made and brought before your notice, I happily rouse the zeal of many of you, far better able than myself to lubricate the subject, my attempt will not have been in vain. In homely vernacular then, I will simply say to you all--

"*Biannachd l'ibh.*"

MEMBERS OF SOCIETY.

I. LIFE MEMBERS.

Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson.
Fraser-Mackintosh, Charles, of Drummond, M.P.
Halley, Alexander, M.D., 16 Harley Street, London.
Mackenzie, Sir Kenneth S, of Gairloch, Bart.

II. HONORARY MEMBERS.

Anderson, James, Solicitor, Inverness.
Blackie, Professor John Stuart, Edinburgh University.
Bourke, Very Rev. Canon, Pres. St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, Ireland.
Cameron, Captain D. C., Talisker.
Campbell, George Murray, Gampola, Ceylon.
Chisholm, Captain A. MacRae, Glassburn, Strathglass.
Colvin, John, Solicitor, Inverness.
Davidson, Duncan, of Tulloch, Ross-shire.
Davidson, Donald, Solicitor, Inverness.
Duff, George S., Sanquhar House, Forres.
Farquharson, Rev. Archibald, Tiree.
Ferguson, Mrs., Earnbank, Bridge of Earn.
Fraser, Huntly, Merchant, Inverness.
Grant, John, Cardiff, Wales.
Grant, General Sir Patrick, G.C.B., &c., Muirtown House, Inverness.
Grant, Robert, of Messrs. Macdougall & Co., Inverness.
Grant, William, Bellevue, Shrewsbury.
Innes, Charles, Solicitor, Inverness.
Macandrew, H. C., Sheriff Clerk of Inverness-shire.
Macdonald, Alexander, Balranald, Uist.
Macdonald, Allan, Solicitor, Inverness.
Macdonald, Andrew, Solicitor, Inverness.
Macdonald, Captain D. P., Ben-Nevis Distillery.
Macdonell, Patrick, Kinchyle, Dores.
Mackay, Donald, of Nicol & Co., Holm Mills, Inverness.
Mackay, Donald, Gampola, Kandy, Ceylon.
Mackay, Donald, 267 South Displainer Street, Chicago.

Mackay, George F., Roxburgh, Otago, New Zealand.
Mackay, James, Roxburgh, Otago, New Zealand.
Mackay, John, C.E., Mountsfield, Shrewsbury.
Mackay, John, of Ben-Reay, near Montreal.
Mackay, John Stuart, 267 South Displainer Street, Chicago.
Mackay, Neil, Dowlais, Merthyr-Tydvil, Wales.
Mackenzie, Rev. A.D., Free Church, Kilmorack.
Mackenzie, Major Colin Lyon, of St Martins, Provost of Inverness.
Mackenzie, Colonel Hugh, Poyntzfield House, Invergordon.
Mackenzie, John, M.D., of Eileanach, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Osgood H., of Inverewe, Poolewe.
Mackintosh, Æneas W., of Raigmore, M.P.
Mackintosh, P. A., Clutton, Somersetshire.
Maclean, Rev. John, Free Church, Stratherrick.
Maclennan, Alexander, of Messrs. Macdougall & Co., Inverness.
Macpherson, Captain Gordon, of Cluny.
Menzies, John, Caledonian Hotel, Inverness.
Neaves, The Hon. Lord, L.L.D., Edinburgh.
Nicolson, Angus, L.L.B., Editor of *The Gael*, Glasgow.
Ross, Rev. William, Rothesay.
Scott, Roderick, Solicitor, Inverness.
Seafield, The Right Hon. the Earl of, Castle Grant.
Shaw, A. Mackintosh, Secretary's Office, General Post Office, London.
Stewart, Charles, of Brin and Dalcrombie, Inverness.
Stoddart, Evan, Burundalla, Sydney, Australia.
Sutherland, Alexander, Taff Brae Cottage, Cefn, Merthyr-Tydvil.
Sutherland-Walker, Evan Charles, of Skibo.

III. ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Alison, James Mackenzie, Redcastle.
Baillie, Bailie Peter, Inverness.
Bannatyne, W. Mackinnon, Royal Academy, Inverness.
Barclay, John, Accountant, 67 Church Street, Inverness.
Black, George, Brewer, Inverness.
Brownlie, Alexander, Rector, Raining School, Inverness.
Cameron, Archibald, Auchafarick, Muasdale, Kintyre.
Cameron, Colin, Polmaily, Glen-Urquhart.
Cameron, Donald, of Lochiel, M.P.
Campbell, Donald, Draper, Bridge Street, Inverness.
Campbell, George J., Writer and N.P., Union Street, Invernes.
Campbell, Fraser, of Fraser & Campbell, High Street, Inverness.
Campbell, T. D., of Cumming & Campbell, Ness Bank, Inverness.

Carmichael, Alexander A., Excise Officer, Lochmaddy, Uist.
Charleson, Hector, Church Street, Inverness.
Charleson, Kenneth, Highland Club, Inverness.
Cook, Alexander, Glen-Urquhart.
Couper, William, 5 Huntly Place, Inverness.
Cullen, James M'C., 63 Stevenson Street, Calton, Glasgow.
Dallas, Alexander, Town Clerk, Inverness.
Davidson, James, Solicitor, Inverness.
Davidson, Lachlan, Banker, Kingussie.
Falconer, Peter, Plasterer, Inverness.
Forbes, Dr. George Fiddes, of the Bombay Army, Viewfield House, Inverness.
Forsyth, Ebenezer, *Inverness Advertiser* Office, Inverness.
Forsyth, W. B., of *The Inverness Advertiser*, Inverness.
Fraser, A. R., British Linen Company's Bank, Kingussie.
Fraser, Alexander, Drummond Estate Office, Union Street, Inverness.
Fraser, Alexander, Solicitor, Inverness.
Fraser, Andrew, Builder, Inverness.
Fraser, Andrew, Cabinetmaker, Union Street, Inverness.
Fraser, D., Glenelg.
Fraser, Donald, Solicitor, 9 Castle Street, Inverness.
Fraser, Hugh, Inspector of Poor, Inverness.
Fraser, James, of Fraser & MacTavish, Lombard Street, Inverness.
Fraser, James, C.E., Inverness.
Fraser, James, Mauld, Strathglass.
Fraser, James, Manufacturer, 41 North Albion St., Glasgow.
Fraser, Kenneth, Writer, 67 Church St., Inverness.
Fraser, Miss, Farraline Villa, North Berwick.
Fraser, Simon, Banker, Lochcarron.
Fraser, William, Jeweller, High Street, Inverness.
Fraser, William, Iron Founder, Inverness.
Fraser, William, Glenconon, Skye.
Galloway, George, Chemist, Inverness.
Garden, Archibald, Thornbush, Inverness.
Gollan, John Gilbert, of Gollanfield, 56 Lansdowne Road, London.
Hood, Andrew, Commercial Traveller, 39 Union Street, Inverness.
Hood, Miss, 39 Union Street, Inverness.
Keith, Charles, Bookseller, Inverness.
Kennedy, Donald, Farmer, Drumashie, Dores.
Kennedy, Neil, Kishorn, Lochcarron.
Macbean, Bailie Alexander, Inverness.
Macculloch, Duncan, Teacher, 55 Castle St., Inverness.
Macdonald, Alexander, Messenger at Arms, Inverness.

Macdonald, Alex., Flesher, New Market, Inverness.
Macdonald, Angus, Queen Street, Inverness.
Macdonald, Andrew L., Sheriff, Telford Street, Inverness.
Macdonald, Colin, Draper, High Street, Inverness.
Madonald, Finlay, Druidaig, Kintail.
Macdonald, James, clerk, National Bank of Scotland, Inverness.
Macdonald, John, Merchant, Exchange, Inverness.
Macdonald, John, Excise Office, Lanark.
Macdonald, Robert, 48 Telford Road, Inverness.
Macdonald, William, M.D., Inverness.
Macdougall, Donald, Craggan, Grantown.
Macgregor, Donald, 42 Glassford Street, Glasgow.
Macgregor, Rev. Malcolm, F. C. Manse, Ferrintosh.
MacIver, Donald, Student of Aberdeen University, Church Street, Inverness.
MacIver, Duncan, Cabinetmaker, Church Street, Inverness.
MacIver, Finlay, Carver, 72 Church Street, Inverness.
Mackay, Alex., Carpenter, 32 Rose Street, Inverness.
Mackay, Charles, Builder, Culduthel Road, Inverness.
Mackay, David, Publisher, 33 Bridge Street, Inverness.
Mackay, George, Royal Artillery, Gun Wharf Barracks, Portsmouth.
Mackay, Robert, Merchant, Hamilton Place, Inverness.
Mackay, William, Writer, with Messrs. Gibson-Craig, Dalziel, & Brodies, W.S., Edinburgh.
Mackay, William, Bookseller, High Street, Inverness.
Maekenzie, Alexander, Clothier, 2 High Street, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Alexander, Grocer, 22 Church Street, Inverness.
Mackenzie, A. C., Teacher, Maryburgh, Dingwall.
Mackenzie, E. G., Solicitor, Inverness.
Mackenzie, C. D., 102 Linthorpe Road, Middlesbro' on Tees.
Mackenzie, Donald, Grocer, 31 High Street, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Finlay Matheson, 208 Stirling Road, Glasgow.
Mackenzie, Hector, Gollanfield House, Fort George.
Mackenzie, Hector, 54 Telford Road, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Hugh, Bookbinder, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Captain John, 62 Telford Road, Inverness.
Mackenzie, James H., Bookseller, High Street, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Malcolm J., Teacher, Parish School, Lochcarron.
Mackenzie, Thomas, late of High School, Broadstone Park, Inverness.
Mackenzie, William, 17 Telford Road, Inverness.
Mackenzie, William, Draper, 10 Bridge Street, Inverness.
Mackinnon, Charles, Back Street, Campbeltown, Argyle.

Mackintosh, Charles, Commission Agent, Church Street, Inverness.
Mackintosh, Donald, The Hotel, Glenelg.
Mackintosh, Duncan, Bank of Scotland, Oban.
Mackintosh, Ewen, Roy Bridge Hotel, by Kingussie.
Mackintosh, John, Divinity Student, Mauld, Strathglass.
Mackintosh, Lachlan, Milton of Farr, Daviot.
Mackintosh, Peter, Draper's Assistant, Hunt Hall, Inverness.
Maclachlan, Duncan, Publisher, 64 South Bridge, Edinburgh.
Maclean, Alexander, of Black, M'Lean & Co., Lombard Street, Inverness.
Maclennan, Alexander, Clerk, N. C. Fire Office, Inverness.
Maclennan, Ewen, 45 High Street, Inverness.
Maclennan, Kenneth, Clothier, 14 Museum Street, Ipswich.
Macleod, Alexander, Grocer, Huntly Street, Inverness.
Macmillan, John, 2 High Street, Inverness.
Macneil, Nigel, 84 Argyle Street, Glasgow.
Macphail, Alex., Farmer, Cullaird, Dores.
Macphater, Angus, Lintmill of Campbeltown, Argyle.
Macpherson, Col. A. F., of Catlodge, Waverley Hotel, Inverness.
Macpherson, Pryse, 2 Hill Street, Richmond, Surrey.
Macpherson, Mrs Sarah, Alexandra Villa, Kingussie.
Macrae, Rev. Alex., Free Church Manse, Strathpeffer.
Macrae, Rev. Angus, Glen-Urquhart.
Macrae, Donald, High School, Inverness.
Macrae, Duncan, Braintraith, Lochalsh.
Macrae, Duncan A., Fernaig, Lochalsh.
Macrae, R., Postmaster, Beauly.
Macraild, A. R., Inspector of Poor, Lochalsh.
Menzies, Duncan, Millarton, Inverness.
Mundell, John, Scallisaig, Glenelg.
Munro, James, London House, Inverness.
Munro, John, Wine Merchant, Inverness.
Murdoch, John, Editor of *The Highlander*, Inverness.
Murray, William, Chief Constable, The Castle, Inverness.
Noble, Donald, Baker, Muirtown Street, Inverness.
Noble, John, Bookseller, Castle Street, Inverness.
Rose, A. Macgregor, Divinity Student, 15 College Bounds, Old Aberdeen.
Rose, Hugh, Solicitor, Inverness.
Ross, Alexander, Architect, Inverness.
Ross, James, Shipowner, Portland Place, Inverness.
Ross, John, Auctioneer, Inverness.
Ross, Jonathan, Draper, 4 High Street, Inverness.
Rule, William Taylor, Solicitor, Inverness.

Shaw, Donald, Solicitor, Inverness.
Simpson, Bailie Alexander, Inverness.
Sinclair, Duncan, Teacher, Parish School, Lochalsh.
Sinclair, Roderick, 15 High Street, Inverness.
Stewart, Colin S., Dingwall.
Sutherland, Rev. A. C., Strathbraan, Perthshire.
Tulloch, John, Painter, Academy Street, Inverness.
White, John, 93 North Frederick Street, Glasgow.
Wilson, George, S.S.C., 14 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

IV. APPRENTICES, OR JUNIOR MEMBERS.

Macbean, Lachlan, Draper's Assistant, 6 Castle Street, Inverness.
Macaskill, D., with D. Watson, Long Row, Campbeltown, Argyle.
Macdonald, Murdoch, with Mac Iver & Co., Church Street, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Alex., 17 Telford Road, Inverness.
Maclennan, Donald, 15 Innes Street, Inverness.
Macpherson, Wm., with Mac Iver & Co., Church Street, Inverness.
Noble, Andrew, Assistant Grocer, 9 Bridge Street, Inverness.
Ross, Donald, 39 Union Street, Inverness.
Smith, Alex., Assistant Grocer, 9 Bridge Street, Inverness.
Thomson, Robert, The Grocery, High Street, Inverness.
Watson, David, with D. Watson, Long Row, Campbeltown, Argyle.

Highlander Newspaper and Printing and Publishing Company, Limited, Inverness.

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST
STAMPED

RETURN TO ➡ CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
202 Main Library
642-3403

LOAN PERIOD 1	2	3
4	5	6

LIBRARY USE

This book is due before closing time on the last date stamped below

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

LIBRARY USE NOV 17 1976

REC. CIR. NOV 18 '76

FORM NO. DD 6A, 12m, 6'76 UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
BERKELEY, CA 94720

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C042602480

308243
821c
G128
v 2

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY